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PICTORIAL REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1922

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

N. S. EDITION

(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

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RENEW PROMPTLY—The demand for PICTORIAL REVIEW keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

It's Up-Grade, but We're on the Way!

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

FOR months past this magazine has been earnestly advocating some sort of a program of work upon which all of the great national women's organizations could agree. We should adopt a platform for the benefit of the politicians if for nothing else, because they are aching to know what we want before they write their platforms. As the elections approach and the presidential campaign begins to loom they are really getting nervous.

Now such a program has been formulated and suggested by the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association. It has been indorsed by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and it should be speedily and fully discussed by every woman's club in America. Perhaps your club will not be able to indorse this program in its entirety. Perhaps it will have some modifications or some suggestions to make. At any rate we should talk about it.

Nothing is more needed at this particular time than a concrete, emphatic statement of woman's position on certain fundamental issues. It has been nearly three decades since women first got together and stated a few broad general principles upon which they were agreed. They could not vote, and man's world paid little attention to them; yet the tide soon began to turn.

We asked for temperance and we got the Volstead Act. But some of our ambitions of that day are still unattained. We wanted equal pay for equal work, and a single standard of morals, and better educational opportunities for women; and we still want them and are going to demand them.

Thirty years ago women felt very keenly the need of reforming the marriage and divorce laws, and that need is as urgent to-day as it was then. The National Divorce Reform League was an all-man affair and the secretary stated that "our most intelligent contributors among women have preferred to leave both the membership and the work of divorce reform in the hands of men."

Well, he couldn't say that to-day. We are not content to leave this matter in the hands of men alone. It was naive, to say the least, for these men to set themselves to studying "the problems of marriage, divorce, polygamy, chastity, *children*, and *women*." It never occurred to the poor dears to study *themselves* in relation to these problems!

We Used to Try to Reform Dress!

BUT the subject to which women gave the most attention in the making of that first woman's platform was that of dress! Compare that dress reform plea with modern dress, and judge for yourself whether or not we have attained our ideal. That ideal called for "no interference with the free and natural action of the organs and limbs of the body"; and modern dress confines no part of the anatomy. It called for "no contradiction of the natural womanly outlines," and certainly modern dress hides nothing that it does not reveal. It called for "simplicity of construction and ease of adjustment to the wearer," both of which conditions have been fully met. It called for "adaptability to a variety of materials and to changes of temperature."

Temperature! Who puts on a high-neck dress these days merely because the mercury registers zero! Yes; we can well afford to leave dress out of our platforms now. In these thirty years we have either arrived at our goal or we never will.

But at any rate we have got to restate our platform in relation to new social and economic conditions brought about by the War and the changed status of women, and in the platform suggested by the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association we have at least the basis for an agreement. Let us consider it:

The proposed platform consists of six prominent welfare issues known as the "Six P's." They are *Peace, Prohibition, Protection of Women in Industry, Physical Education, Protection of the Home*, and *Public Schools*.

Here's the Platform, with the "Six P's"

THE proposed peace program includes reduction of armaments by international agreement; recodification of international law; participation in the World Court at The Hague; and some lasting organization of nations.

The protection of women in industry involves the support of the Woman's Bureau in the Department of Labor; and the Physical Education item provides for the support of the policy of giving Federal aid to the States for the promotion of physical education following the general lines laid down in the Fess-Capper Physical Education bill. By the Protection of the Home plank is implied support of the Fess Home Economics bill.

The principles embodied in the Towner-Sterling Educational bill are indorsed under the Public Schools' section, and provide for a Department of Education with a secretary in the Cabinet, Federal aid to the States for the removal of illiteracy, the Americanization of foreigners, physical education, the training of teachers, and the betterment of educational opportunities for the children of the nation.

This is a broad and seemingly sound platform upon which all women's organizations can well afford to stand. It is one that is easily understood, and information on which is readily accessible. Copies of measures pending in Congress can be secured for the asking. Women's clubs are urged to study the measures, pass resolutions indorsing them, and send copies of the resolutions to the press and to Congressmen. This has been found to be a most effective means of crystallizing public opinion.

Mrs. William Tilton, legislative chairman for the Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association, 1201 16th Street, Washington, D. C., will furnish any information that may be wanted. It is highly important, she says, that organizations unite in holding a meeting several weeks before primaries, to which all candidates for Congress are invited to come and state their position on the "Six P's." This procedure is non-partizan. Organizations do not unite in supporting any candidate; they simply unite in asking that candidate to make public utterances on the "Six P's."

During the past few months there have been something like a dozen meetings of national organizations of women, representing about fourteen million organized, intelligent, experienced politically educated women voters. It is obvious that with those fourteen million votes solidified we could name the next President of the United States; and it could be Madam instead of Mr. President if we said so in fourteen million voices.

We could dictate the national policy; we could inaugurate a system of education that educates, and a system of economy that is economical. We could force our lawmakers to stop putting new patches on the crazy old fabric with which we are supposed to cover the nakedness of our moral code.

The trouble with our women's organizations seems to be that we are not equipped with self-starters. We wear ourselves out cranking up our machinery, and then we are apt to "start off in several directions at once." Now, at last, we are all ready to go, and here is a definite road ahead of us. Let's all get together and step on the gas! We'll soon be hitting on all cylinders—and we've got to make the grade!

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LAURETTE TAYLOR

Her Comedies of Manners—Begging Pardon!— Her Quality as a Woman, and Her Rich Contribution to the Art of the Stage

BY HILDEGARDE ANGELL

Photo by Tribune-Graphic

"HER MOTHER MADE HER DRESSES"

Photo by De Young

MISS LAURETTE, FAT AND FIVE

YOU know," said Miss Taylor, "if God hasn't done anything for a girl, hasn't given her personality or a pretty face, or a figure, or a good voice, or some definite asset for a theatrical career, I usually try to discourage her. Success in the theater is hard enough for the most gifted; the others ought not to try.

"But when I see a girl who has some of these essential things I want to help along. Now this child—let's see you, are you fat? You look fat!"

The "child" in question took off her cape and pirouetted across the empty stage with her arms held straight out from the shoulders. "I'm not fat!" she protested.

"No, you've a nice figure. But you're so small—what can I do with you? Why, you're only half a bag of peanuts, anyway! You were just made to play 'Peg.' You must have made a delightful 'Peg' with that turned-up nose and your red curls! But there aren't many parts like 'Peg.'"

Miss Taylor, statuesque in the glare of the single, high-power light hung over the center of the stage, looked at the "child" in ruminative silence. The stage-hands, crowding past her to shift the sets from Act 4 of the matinee to Act 1 of the evening, failed to disturb her cogitations. Finally they bore fruit.

"Put on an evening dress, and come down here next Monday night," she said. "Put your curls on top of your head and wear high-heeled slippers. I have one short man in my caste and I'll let you dance with him in the ballroom scene. It isn't a part, it's only so that I can keep my eye on you till something better turns up. I have two girls dancing in that scene now for the same reason. If I let them go I don't know where to find them when their chance comes—or else I forget, because I see so many!"

And the "half a bag of peanuts," the girl who had played 'Peg' in a stock company in the Middle West, and who had come to see Miss Taylor now in New York because Miss Taylor had once written her a note—"from one 'Peg' to another"—went away, blissfully happy. After all, good luck, and Miss Taylor, had not passed her by!

Miss Taylor, whom the gods must have loved greatly, considering the gifts they gave, knows all about the difficulties to be encountered on the way to success. To look first into the matter of environment, she has known both the kind of opposition which she could respect, and that amount of encouragement needed to give her ambition its first impetus.

Miss Taylor's grandmother, a very stanch old lady, a Roman Catholic who has never been able to bring herself to countenance plays and play-acting, has never come to see her act, but they seem nevertheless to have cherished mutual regard for each other's view-points. Her mother who, before she settled down at fifteen to other ways of self-expression—she was only sixteen when Miss Taylor was born—had cherished a longing for a stage career, gave her young daughter the help of her constant enthusiasm: and that must have been a very material assistance to the ardent young girl determined to overcome the inevitable obstacles.

Miss Taylor's first attempt at acting was a perfectly spontaneous affair. At the age of eight, when, in the course of a family migration, she was shifted from one public school in Harlem to another, she determined to assume a virtue since it was not hers by natural right. At the first school there had been a little girl whose great popularity seemed to lie in the fact that she spoke with a French accent. Perhaps she had curls as well, and a little French shrug—but her charm was primarily her accent, and entranced little boys hung upon her lips. With a new school Miss Taylor made a fresh start. Her name, she said, was "Laurice," and from the first day her accent was full-fledged and unmistakably French, and her success was immediate. Miss Taylor of eight saw life stretching before her, considerably enlivened by charmed strings of little boys to dance attendance.

The charmed strings are still there, the little boys have grown up and are still charmed, but they have had to look beyond the attraction of the French accent, which was, after all, a superficial and short-lived affair. It came to an untimely end on the afternoon when "Laurice," walking home from school, surrounded by a bevy of admirers, met her father.

"Laurette," he said, "where did you put the door-key?"

She rose gallantly to the occasion, tho she felt that the odds, with that "Laurette" coming out that way, were already against her.

"Under ze mat, fazzer!"

For some reason he was incensed. "Take that thing out of your mouth!" he roared at her, and her little bubble was pricked. It was a sad little girl who went home, shorn of her accent, and, for the moment, of her admirers. And for the moment, too, she was forced to forego the delights of impersonation.

At fifteen Miss Taylor tried again, and this time with the consent and connivance of her family. She herself acknowledges that a singing voice was not among her gifts, and yet she sang—did song and dance stunts, seven turns a day, in variety shows in small Massachusetts towns.

She and her mother made her dresses—charming, modest things they were with ruffles and furbelows, and a poke bonnet to go with them; and then they went up to Massachusetts and stuck it out for weeks and weeks. But it was a trail which led nowhere, and after a while they had to give it up and come home. Miss Taylor had more school, and for a while her play-acting was limited to K. of C. performances and charity bazaars.

The time came, however, when she went to work in earnest: two years in stock in Seattle, in ingénue and soubrette parts, everything from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to *Camille*, playing a different part each week and rehearsing at the same time the new play for the next week! Not easy, with small pay, and the necessity of making, and turning, and dyeing her own dresses into the bargain! Small wonder that at the end of the two years there was a nervous breakdown. Can it be said that Miss Taylor doesn't know what she is talking about when she says that success on the stage means hard work, even under the most favorable circumstances?

It is a long road from the dark days of that stock company to the shining light that is Miss Taylor to-day, the Miss Taylor who is "Peg," and the triumphant heroine of *Out There*, triumphant since it was her enterprise that took that play over the country and netted $683,248 for the Red Cross, the Miss Taylor who is the alluring child in *Happiness*—will any one who saw her ever forget her, rocking in that green plush interior of her would-be benefactor, chanting over and over to herself, "I'm sick of the sight of my Sunday suit!"—who is, most recently, the girl of *The National Anthem*. Her passage along that road can be measured by a good many plays, and, in the early stretches by the awakening interest of the producers; of the Shuberts who were the first to see that she might be worth watching and so bound her to them with a fast and

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Photo by Tribune-Graphic

THAT POKE BONNET WHICH DID SEVEN TURNS A DAY

SWEET THIRTEEN—AT THE CHARITY BAZAAR AGE

Photo by Ira D. Schwarz

ADORABLE IRISH "PEG" IN MANNERS' IMMORTAL COMEDY

IN "HAPPINESS" AN IRRESISTIBLE CHILD—AT LEFT

FAR FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS, YET SHE SEEMS HAPPY

Photo by White Studio

Photo by White Studio

THE LOVELY HEROINE OF "OUT THERE"

AS THE MOTHER IN "BARBARAZA"

Photo by White Studio

IN "THE NATIONAL ANTHEM"

A SOMBER MOMENT IN "ONE NIGHT IN ROME"

Photo by Sarony

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This food information may influence your child's health

IN the nursery we have long recognized the magic of mother love. Now we are fast learning how much the kitchen, too, calls for a mother's heart and watchful care.

In one of our prosperous suburban communities the Board of Education recently reported in part: "One-third of our pupils are under-nourished. Children are too often entirely dependent upon servants for their food."

Think of it! Wealthy children under-nourished! With food a-plenty, insufficient thought was given to its selection and making.

Fortunately, however, most intelligent mothers know that their home kitchens can mold, for good or for ill, the very lives of their boys and girls.

They know, for example, that a certain amount of fat, in foods, is essential to human health and strength. The wise mother assures herself that the fat employed in baking and frying foods for her children is one which readily digests.

When she uses Crisco, she knows that she follows a safe course, for her little ones and for the older members of her family as well. For Crisco, a pure fat of vegetable origin, provides both easy digestion and delicious, natural-flavored foods.

Women are often kind enough to tell us that their reputation as fine cooks is based largely on their Crisco foods. Light, tender cakes; flaky pie crusts; fried foods whose quickly-formed brown crust prevents fat absorption.

Few thoughtful mothers once they are familiar with Crisco's fine digestibility, will hesitate to invest, each week, a few added cents for health's sake.

Crisco is sold by grocers in small, medium sized and large cans. Made and sold in Canada, too.

EMILY'S WHITE CAKE

½ cupful Crisco
1½ cupfuls sugar
3 cupfuls flour
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful water
1 teaspoonful flavoring
whites of 3 eggs

Cream Crisco. Add sugar slowly and cream together. Sift dry ingredients, and add alternately with the liquid. Add flavoring. Beat mixture thoroughly and last fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour in cake mixture; put in moderate oven, allow to rise for five minutes, increase heat to bake; at the end of fifteen minutes reduce heat to allow cake to shrink from the pan. Entire time for baking twenty minutes.—*Kate B. Vaughn.*

Send for "The Whys of Cooking," the most helpful cook book you ever used. Mail 25c to Section N-9, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Two Simple Home Tests!

Low Melting Point. Easy Digestibility.

Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other fat. With a teaspoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food authorities say that an easily digested fat should melt near body heat—98½ degrees. Crisco, you will find, melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you to establish Crisco's fine digestibility.)

Avoid Smoke and Odor!

Put into separate pans equal amounts of Crisco and any other fat. Heat slowly for eight minutes, or until they reach a temperature where a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds.

Notice that the Crisco does not smoke in this proper frying temperature.

You will find Crisco very welcome in your kitchen as an aid in keeping your whole house fresh and free from cooking odors.

Digestible [VEGETABLE] ***Shortening***

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer
For flaky and digestible pastry
For wholesome digestible fried foods.

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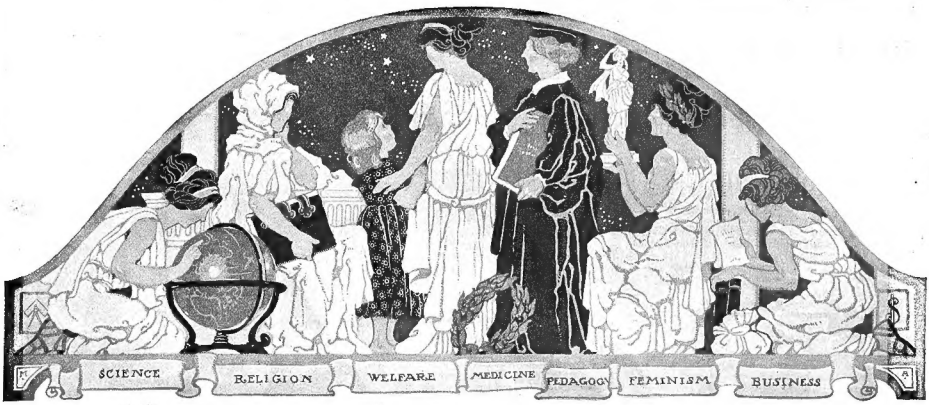

Everybody Knows These Great American Women, of Course! But Who Are They?

BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

DECORATIONS BY MARIE ABRAMS

WHO are the six greatest living American women? I have put this question to hundreds of people—men and women ranging in the social scale from a scrubwoman in New York to a man leader of the group of so-called American "intellectuals."

I queried a young woman clerk in a department store of Hartford, Conn., and a prominent educator who has stepped into the spotlight because of his "intelligence tests" in a great university. I put the question squarely up to a woman's club in a mid-Western city, and a few days later I tried it on a group of high-school students in a New Jersey town.

In no instance did any one attempt to give six names. Everybody stumbled and hesitated over giving one. *The name of only one woman was mentioned more than once.*

Why can we not name our great women offhand as we can name our great men? Can it be that we have no really great women? Or have we only superwomen—women of superior endowment who have achieved in their chosen fields, but who have lacked the opportunity to develop greatness?

It has been interesting to note that every one to whom the question was propounded thought of some woman prominent in some particular field—a field in which the person questioned was usually interested. The girl in the department store and a number of the schoolboys and schoolgirls mentioned their favorite motion-picture actress. Clubwomen almost invariably think of some leader in the woman movement, often mistaking popularity for greatness.

Now, can greatness be limited to a single field, or must it break its bounds and take a wider, a more universal sweep? And what is greatness, anyway; and are the elements of greatness different in woman from those in man? These are some of the questions I have been asking, and, analyzing the answers, I find that they vary widely and that scarcely two people answer them alike.

How would you answer these questions? How would the members of your club answer them? How much do you know about the women of achievement in your own native land? Who are they and what have they done?

The ignorance of the average man or woman on the subject of America's great women is humiliating enough, but the ignorance of the average school-child is positively appalling.

Writing recently to this magazine, a woman related a significant incident. Visiting the school which her children attended, she requested the privilege of asking the class questions. Not a single hand went up at "Who was Susan B. Anthony?" and "Who was Lucretia Mott?" But when she asked, "Is Gloria Swanson married?" thirty hands went up instantly!

If you doubt that this story is indicative of a national state of mind try similar questions on your school-children. If you doubt that the average American neither appreciates nor recognizes America's great women, sound out the people you meet in a day's journey along the lines I am suggesting.

Having been pretty much over the civilized world within the past year or two, I have found that the name of but one American woman is generally well known in other lands. From Patagonia to Norway intelligent people know her name and something of her accomplishments. In her own country she seems almost forgotten—certainly neglected. More than a hundred clubwomen undertook to answer my question as to the greatest American woman and yet not one of them mentioned her name.

America's Best-known Woman—Do You Know Her?

CAN you guess, offhand, who she is? Does her name come trippingly from your tongue? If not do not be discouraged. When Mrs. Asquith, of autobiography fame, came to America a reporter asked her if she intended to meet any of America's great women. "But *are* there any?" she asked. The woman to whom I have referred was mentioned, and she said, "What has she done? I never heard of her."

And yet this particular American woman is very widely recognized abroad as one of the greatest sociologists of her time. She is the author of a number of books which are considered to be of immense value to civilization and to the whole study of human relations. Among them are "Democracy and Social Ethics," "Newer Ideals of Peace," and "The Spirit of Youth in the City Streets." Not one of them has been a best-seller. It is doubtful if any woman's club in the country has ever included them on its study list, yet no woman of the day who pretends to average intelligence would dare to admit that she is not interested, and vitally interested, in the subjects with which they severally deal.

The author of these books formulated and demonstrated the social ideal—"to span the gulf between the rich and the poor, or between those who have had cultured opportunities and those who have not, by the process of neighborliness."

Because we women have failed to recognize or appreciate her, a well-known man publicist has said, "Can any one, seeing the lone eminence of —— ——, assert that imaginative sympathy, patience, and the spirit of conciliation are the ordinary traits of women?"—these being her characteristics in a very marked degree.

Indeed, there is little doubt that if there is one American woman who stands out against the background of our modern feministic mosaic as truly great, in all that the word implies, this is the woman; and yet how many of us know her? Have we read her books? Are we familiar with the philosophy because of which her name is written permanently into the annals of the twentieth century? Can we even guess her name?

"The Efficiency Engineer of the Woman Movement"

THERE is another woman who is as truly great as the sociologist to whom I have referred, but in an entirely different way. She is called "The Efficiency Engineer of the Woman Movement." Who is she? A few years ago when some of us were talking sentimentality from soapboxes she was analyzing relentlessly, with cool logic and sweet reason, the causes underlying the backwardness of women. She was one of the first, and certainly one of the most brilliant, of the early advocates of the economic independence of women. That she was in very truth a prophetess of the new day for women no one can doubt who will review her writings of ten or twenty years ago.

This woman was so far ahead of her times that she frightened us. The things she told us about ourselves were startling. We were not ready to admit them or to hear them. In certain exclusive social circles her very name was tabu—so "advanced," so brilliantly and so startlingly radical, was she considered to be.

For a number of years this brilliant American woman was frequently quoted in the critical journals abroad, and fortunate indeed was the American magazine or newspaper that could announce her name among its contributors.

She lives among us to-day, scintillating of mind, deep in knowledge, rich in experience. She knows more about the fundamentals of feminism, and certainly more about the psychology of American women, than any foreigner can possibly know. Yet our women's clubs strain their treasuries to pay superficial foreign celebrities to come over and tell us, at the rate of about ten dollars a minute, how many types of us there are! As a matter of fact, the majority of these men have studied but one type thoroughly—the type of modern American clubwomen that "falls for" the rhapsodies of his press-agent. With that type he is perfectly familiar, from first-hand contact, while the other sixty-four types he merely card-indexes and makes cheap jokes about. Any lecture bureau agent will tell you that women speakers are on the bargain-counter. Women seem to be constitutionally opposed to paying women anything at all, while mediocre foreigners look like ten dollars a minute to them.

If the woman movement has ever, at any

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

You Know—Now Tell Us!

DO WOMEN know their own leaders? Mrs. Clarke is frankly pessimistic on this point, especially since the disclosure of public ignorance during the past few months. Now let's show her! Won't you jot down the names of the women described in this article (as you believe them to be) in the order described, and mail your list to Ida Clyde Clarke, in care of Pictorial Review. Add your name and address, please.

We'll print the returns, whether flattering or no.

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THE MAN WHO SAT

The Story of a Strange Love

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"'A PEACH, AND THE MEN! AND THE WAY THEY FOLLOWED THAT GIRL!'"

THIS is the story the steam sailorman told me. It had impressed me as odd at first that in the storehouse of his recollection, filled with the figures, the passages, and episodes of great spaces, it should be the comparatively domesticated basin of water known as the Mediterranean that should attract the truest enthusiasm of his memory—odd and somehow ironical—until he let me know that it was there within those coasts, bound out of Gibraltar for Nice in a six-hundred-ton rich man's steam barkantine yacht, that he suffered his first and only disaster at sea.

It is natural, of course, that shipwreck should stand out as the salient property in a mariner's recollection. But after all, when he came to tell me of it, this was hardly a proper shipwreck; at least it had none at all of the romantic trappings we have been taught to expect; no gales, no reefs, no taking to the boats. There was not even a lee shore, since there was no wind to make one. A calm, clear Riviera noon, the yacht steaming smartly to the eastward broad off the Esterelle, the owner and his wife ensconced in deck-chairs aft, the navigator in his chart-room, the chef in his galley, God in His heaven and all right with the world—all this and my sailor smoking his pipe on the bowsprit-butt—all this and Giles, chief engineer, lowering his head through the open hatch of the boiler-room and going suddenly pasty around the gills—all this at high noon close off the Azure Shore of France—when boom! bang! up goes the iron paraphernalia of the boiler-room through the yacht's white deck!

"Well," continued the sailorman, when he had described the confusion of the following moments, the cries of the victims, the half-successful attempt at panic, the "fit" the owner's wife "threw" on the afterdeck, the tardy arrival of tugs from behind the mole at Cannes, the French doctor, the French doctor's cuffs—when he had described all this:

"Well," he said, "it was about that time I came on Giles, sound asleep in the port-side scuppers and bleeding to death.

"'If ever you moved in your life,' says I to myself, 'move now!' I looked around me wild and witless, and there was that doctor aft bringing the old lady to with a bucket of water in the face. 'Get hold of him, Tobey,' says I, 'and do it quick!' For this engineer, this Giles, was as good a man as ever lived. 'Move!' says I.

"And do you know, sir, I never moved. I looked down at Giles. I looked at the shore, all upstanding fine mountains and cheery white towns. I looked at the Mediterranean Sea, all full of birds and fishes and boats with pink sails. I looked up at the blue sky where God's supposed to sit in mercy. I looked down at Giles again.

"I just got through saying he was as good a fellow as ever was double-crossed by the devil and a plugged gage. There was never anything high and lofty about Giles. He was never the kind that was above a half-hour's chin of a night-watch with the like of me, tho I was an A. B. and he was chief, for he'd brought himself up to that from nothing by his own hard work, and he still could laugh. And a buck of a lad he was, too, a big straw-headed Scotchman for the girls to look at (and he knew it too and loved it), with a leg and a chest and a chin and that laugh of his. You might have thought it vanity till you heard that laugh. No, a good man and a likely man, Giles was, and a friend of mine.

"Well, I stood there looking down at him asleep in the scuppers and bleeding quietly to death. I stood there like an idiot. And I says to myself of a sudden, 'If you love him, Tobey, turn the other way. Turn your face and shut your mouth and leave him go in peace.'

"I did it. I turned the other way. And just that minute the doctor passed and I lost my nerve and grabbed him by the sleeve, and 'Here's a man,' says I, 'needs help.' There came a time when I wished, for that, they'd hauled the tongue out of my throat the day they called me Tobey."

Late that afternoon, tied up under the mole at Cannes, my sailor watched his friend go ashore on a stretcher, breathing, but "still asleep." A half-hour previous to this the bulk of the crew had been paid off, and the owner, his wife, and retinue, shaken, disgusted, and thoroughly homesick, had got themselves down the gangplank and "off for Cleveland, Ohio, in a flock of cabs." The remains of two stokers and an oiler were removed at nightfall. Then the crowd on the mole broke up and peace descended upon the vessel; a peace destined to endure for months.

The sailor did not need to tell me about that, for I've known the like. I can see her sitting there, still gaping and smutty amidships, tied by her stern to the mole along with the other abandoned ones, so close to the dance of life that its skirts brushed their hawser-ends, and withal isolated, remote. "Wallflowers" at the ball.

I say, close to the dance. The dress-parade of the Croisette would bow and rustle and clack its heels under her very counter. The Flower of Fashion would bloom in the shadow of her spars. At dusk, when the flame was going out of the sky behind the Esterelle, the tea-soppers from Bougie's and Rumpelmeyer's meeting the stream of aperitif-swiggers flowing westward toward the Allées, would set up within a stone's cast of her blighted taffrail the diurnal whirlpool of half-after-five. And when the night came down black and electric-starred, and the façade of the Casino, lying broad beyond the mole, burst into hundred-penciled light, the glow from it would run down across the stone to the very threshold of her empty gangplank and cast a ghostly refraction on the nether side of her awning-cloth. The lilt of an aria escaping the opera wing, the pestilential outburst of the Southern Dixie Jazz-band in the dancing-hall, the monotonous formulas of the *croupiers* at *boule*: "*Les jeux sont faites!*"—"*Rien va plus!*"—all these strays of sound, separate or intermingling, would float out through the night to die in the darkness among the spars of those play-ships beyond the mole, a world away.

For they are a world away. After all, there is no silence. The mistral is blowing burly and chill against the seaward side of house and hull, trunk and spar. It bears in its body the bitterness of weed and muck and spume, the roar of far-off breakers, the impalpable sleet of the main. The spent ripples rock the craft infinitesimally amongst its tetherings; the halyards slat the masts; the wraith of the attending seaman, the pea-jacketed janitor, bending over a watch in the yellow eye of a galley-port, yawns and speaks to God: "God, is it only that late yet?"

"IT WAS lonesome work there," said the sailor. "You wouldn't think it, nor did I the first few days, what with everybody in the world going by, flower-fights at the end of the mole, free music, cheap drinks up the line. And plenty of English and Americans. Americans? Well, you know: you were there once. No, I can see them strolling out the mole now, dressed kind of careless at a thousand dollars a throw, stopping to look at the name and sailing-port on the counter, shifting their gaze to the flag with a sort of Adam's-apple motion, then to me, nursing a chew on the taff'l, then to somebody's poodle-dog scratching a flea off on the boulevard. I got so I sat at the bow-end by preference and spit to sea. No, it was lonesome work.

"'It'll be better when Giles comes back aboard,' I says to myself. But it wasn't. If it was lonesome before it was twice as bad now, being lonesome for the two of us. He wouldn't rouse himself even to that. He used to be ambitious and on the job. Of course he couldn't be on the job now, the condition he was in, but it wasn't that. He was changed, inside. He was dead. I can't make you understand, but if you'd seen him sitting there, sitting there—"

THE sailor did make me understand. He succeeded in making me envision the engineer sitting there and sitting there, from the early light to the dark of every day, stretched out in the departed owner's deck-chair, his figure swathed to mummification in the owner's expensive rugs; his handsome head, craggy with the drain of fever, relaxed on the pillow; his face, bloodless at first but beginning after a while, with the solid food, the incessant inverted sunshine off the deck, and the unconquerable life-lust in the marrow of his Scotch bones, to recapture little by little the old ruddiness of cheek—his face, I repeat, set somberly away from the near tide of life, and the eyes in it, narrowed under the lids, resting for hours at a time with a heaviness of surrender on the blue horizon beyond the Isles.

Or no, not of surrender. "He was dead," were Tobey's words. But about this condition there was something too positive; something constructed, sustained, and fierce.

"All my life long," he said one day to Peg Tyrone, "I've been working for some one else. Fetching and carrying and tinkering and running off to the ends of the world for some one else. I'm through. From now on I do nothing for any one. Not even myself."

He pronounced this without affectation, either of bravado or self-pity. The matter-of-factness of it, addressed not to her but as always to the line of the sky, shocked her profoundly—as will be seen.

That was some weeks, I judge, after her advent upon the scene of the yacht's deck. What had brought her wandering up that gangplank in the first instance I can not say. Perhaps the sailor's "She came up half grinning and half bold, like a kid playing pirate on his own," may be as near as anything to the mark. Perhaps indeed it may have been some vagrant, mild, feminine cousin in her of the manly impulse to "go to sea" that lured her feet there. Or again it may have been the suddenly conceived new pleasure of fleeing the familiar pleasure of masculine adoration. That she was used to this the sailor left no doubt.

"They fell down by squads, sir, and rose up to follow. A peach! An unpicked peach in the morning with the fuzz on and the men! The Frenchmen,

ANOTHER masterpiece, this, from one who is considered by many the greatest of living American writers of the short story. Pictorial Review, by the way, is the one periodical having the honor to publish his work. Other tales of this distinguished series—of which "The Man Who Sat" is the third—will appear in early numbers of this magazine.

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Englishmen, Dutchmen, Turks! You'd be amazed! And the way they followed that girl! Indecent, sir. The only time I saw Giles look alive those days was the one time one of her beaus took it into his head to follow her on board. Giles surprized his pillow by lifting his head. He gave a look at this fellow—no Frenchy either, by jingo, but an honest Republican from Pittsburg way that ought to have known better."

"'Well?' says Giles, like that.

"'Just looking around,' says the man, looking around at *her*.

"'While you're looking you might look at the sign on the gangplank-lift,' says Giles in the same tone. He put his head to rest again and stared at the skyline, as usual. The girl laughed. The man left.

"'Why,' says Giles after a long time, without moving his eyes, 'why do you come here?'

"'On my word of honor,' says she, 'I don't know.'"

It would not be easy, perhaps, for any one to say. She was still young, healthy, buoyant; her success was in her own hands (she sang contralto rôles at the Casino Opera at least twice a week, and her Paris début was fixed, I gathered, for the Spring), and above all these personal properties, behind, around, binding them together, was the incomparable property of her beauty—that glinting, hundred-mooded clash-in-the-flesh-of-Spain cast on the shores of Ireland, before which men bowed them down and rose up afterward to follow. That made everything so easy. She was Fortunatus's daughter.

"'Never have I had to work for anything,' she once told Giles. 'Never have I had to do anything I didn't love the doing of.'"

PERHAPS half the secret is hidden there. There is a perversity in nature which leads the human system, after having dined to repletion on noble foods, rich soups, fat roasts, and perfumed sweets, to crave at the banquet's end a morsel of abomination, such as certain kinds of cheese. I don't mean to liken Giles to cheese, nor to call him abominable. But there is still something there. In Peg Tyrone's train there were princes (authentic ones, if the sailor is to be believed), and some men clever and some rich. And there at the end of this noble and desirous repast sat Giles, the seafarer, rearing the corn-colored head of a minor god, to be sure, but still the engine-hostler, the fellow of low estate, his hands still scarred with his years of servitude, his body still racked with disaster of his own making, his heart gone back to clay. There he sat, chained to the scene and witness of his failure by the humiliating circumstance that he had nowhere else to go. Hardly the figure, you know—in competition with princes!

No. But there sat Giles, swathed "like a mummy" in his eternal rugs, and there sat Giles, and there sat Giles. And in that circumstance itself may have lain perhaps the secret's other half. Giles was stationary, if nothing else. Peg Tyrone's life was, I doubt not, like the town about her, a thing of perpetual motion. It was a tissue of daily, even hourly change. Therein lay its peculiar delight. If a thing were pleasant, a face, an advance, an inner view, a dance, a frock, an ambition, a rendezvous, a cup of tea, it was doubly to be valued on account of its evanescence. If it were not pleasant, it had not long to be endured; something new was at the door. Therein lay its delight, I say, and at the same moment its germ of rot and unfulfilment. In the midst of that whirlpool of colored hours, but not of it, sat Giles, colorless to be sure, but for one thing hard, and for the other thing still. He was always there, like the Rock of Gibraltar.

"She took him up one day on that," pursued the sailor. "She says to him, cocking her head to one side to study him; she says, 'Why do you never move?'

"I WAS scraping the dingey ten feet away, and my ears stood up to hear him answer. He waited a minute.

"'When I left the hospital,' says he, 'the doctor told me I could sit as long as I liked.'

"'I know,' says she, 'but Giles, look at you! An ill man, are you? With two cheeks like that? No, Giles, it's a fraud you are, my lad.'

"'The doctor said I could sit. It's the first chance I ever had.'

"'But lad! lad! have you no rebellion in you? A man is the creature that tells the doctor to go to perdition and gets up and walks abroad to catch his death—that's a man! Isn't there sometimes in your hands the itch for a go of work, or in your feet to run on the grass? Isn't there an ambition left in the heart of you?'

"It took him a minute to swallow that. But, then, he always made her wait. And in his own good time, speaking to the ocean at large, he says, 'All my life long I've been working for some one else—fetching and carrying and tinkering and running off to the ends of the world for some one else. I'm through. From now on I do nothing for any one. Not even myself.'

"That took her aback. *That* was something for a Christian to get down. By and by she says, 'Giles,' she says, 'I don't believe a word of it. You say that because you haven't thought. Now let's suppose,' says she, 'there was some one—a girl, say—a little baby girl—playing on the mole just there, all alone—and suppose you were to see her slip now and go tumbling down into the water. Now, don't you suppose, Giles, that you'd rouse up your lazy bones and get across the four precious yards to that rail and over it—quick enough? Tell me that, lad!'

"Never a word. I took a peek at his face and I saw it settling into itself like a block of Portland cement. Never a stir nor a word. Peg was biting her lips; I saw that, too. But she wouldn't give up.

"'Giles, darling,' says she, leaning toward him a bit, 'you know you would now, wouldn't you?'

"'I'll be damned if I would,' says Giles."

He pronounced it, if I get my narrator's sense, not in any swashbuckling way, but with an air of somber and static ferocity. It was not the sort of thing one says to a lady, especially (I'm afraid to confess) to a lovely one. A slap in the face could not have been more shattering to the illusions of Peg Tyrone.

"Until that moment (it is conceivable) she may have succeeded in interpreting his silences, his sustained aversion of the eyes, his boorish ways with her in general, as but the gestures of a shyness not to be wondered at in one of his state and station when confronted with the gratuitous and almost incredible society of Peg Tyrone—and as such, of course, as a novel guise of the familiar homage of men, doubly pleasant for an idle hour. (So little did she suspect that Giles, too, had known what it was to be the darling of another sex.)

"After that, tho; after she had made the world-overturning discovery that what she had to do with here was no awkward, incredulous swain, but a man self-flayed in deliberate agony and issued from the ordeal delivered from all the shackles of the senses, the hunger of sight, the thirst of the ears, the itch to touch—a man (it must have seemed to her, in short) to whom the volume of space occupied at any moment by Peg Tyrone's loveliness was precisely as interesting as any other chance equal cubic content, and not one mathematical whit more so or less—when she had made this discovery there was only one thing for her to do, and that was to think deliberately about something else and say something vacuous and casual and take her leave for good and all. That was the only possible thing, unless, indeed, she wanted to go stark mad and fall in love with Engineer John Giles. And that would hardly do; unless, indeed, she could find some other name to do it by.

"FATE, it appears, working darkly amongst the vocal cords of the engineer, had even now prepared the name.

"'I'll be damned if I would!' he had pronounced. After a moment he went on, talking to the edge of the world. 'If I were once to walk myself as far as that rail the spell would be broken, and I'd never sit again. I'd go on walking

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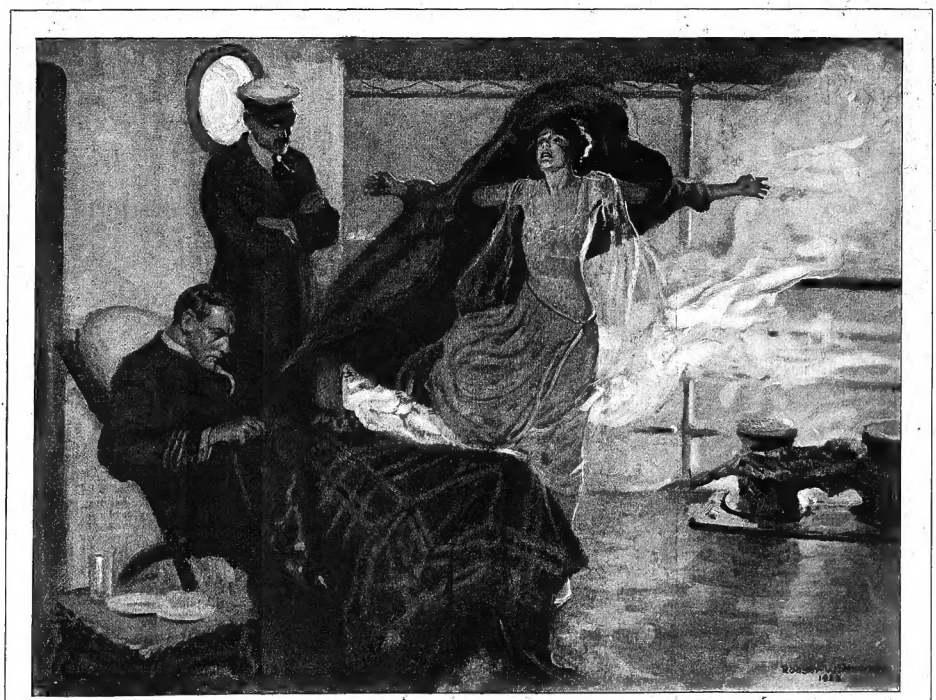

"'I'VE COME TO TELL YOU THE WAY I LOVE YOU, GILES. I LOVE YOU THE WAY I LOVE A POISON SERPENT!'"

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"TAWAKKEI HAD GIVEN HER A TINY BASKET MADE OF CHERRY-STEMS; SHE TO HIM A HANDFUL OF PURPLE BERRIES"

THE GHOST WEDDING

The Romance, with Its Mortal Perils, of the Princess Lei-Suan and the Basket-Weaver

BY DONALD CORLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERTRUDE KAY

SAN-YADA, the Governor of the Province of Chouan, was drinking tea in the audience-room of his palace, with his feet upon a cushion of rabbit furs. His shoe-maid, Ssu, had just taken off his oiled-silk boots and brought to him slippers of green silk embroidered with pink wading-birds.

And the toes of San-Yada found comfort in them.

The cold rain of the fading afternoon rattled at the fretted windows of horn, and the November wind sought to come in, like a querulous ghost.

He clapped his hands.

And Gair-li, the tea-maid, brought him fresh tea, and his pipe, wrought of the thin shank-bone of a flamingo, with a bowl of silver.

San-Yada took his pipe eagerly, since it always held the breath of life for him after a long day of governance, of bickering, and the high-handed and merciless and just dealing required of the head of a mighty province.

And to-day had held more complicity than usual.

For not only had he tried six criminals of the first degree and sentenced them to beheading, but his helmet-maker had brought four helmets of bronze to be fitted—an irritating process—and scant leisure had been left to San-Yada for contemplation, which was not only the privilege of his rank, but a necessity of his ripening years.

And in addition he had had to appoint a wine-taster to the province (his own palate being somewhat dimmed), and then finally there had been the matter of his ancestor's wedding to arrange.

For, two hundred years before, Kweng-toi, the father of San-Yada's clan, had been betrothed to Soy-wan, daughter to a neighboring clan-prince, of the hill-castle of Tonga, four crow-flights to the east. In pursuit of some hill-bandits Kweng-toi had been killed by a bandit-arrow, which pierced his breast where he had that day left out one plate of his armor (in order to show the lining of red silk that Soy-wan had given him for a betrothal-gift).

And so had the marriage remained unmade.

Soy-wan, the Clan-princess of Tonga, had mourned away her life in three days, and Time had not canceled the marriage contract between the two houses—(which could have been accomplished in the traditional way by marrying a daughter of Tonga to the grave-tablet of Kweng-toi—since the four girl-children who had been born to the hill-castle thereafter had not reached bride-age without mishap.

The first had died of a tortoise in her heart, and the second had run away with a wandering teller of stories who had beguiled her. The third had been blinded by venturing too near the kiln where her father (who was hereditary china-maker to the Emperor) was firing two yellow jars for imperial tea-leaves, and the fourth—but it was one of the secrets of the hill-castle what had become of *her*. It was known, however, that she had been born during the passing of a comet.

The reviewal of these postponements of the ancient contract embittered the orderly mind of San-Yada as he smoked his flamingo-pipe. He desired not the invasion of his quiet palace by the ghost-bride who was to be wedded to his ancestor's tablet to-morrow—and thus become a member of his household, and a charge to his burdened mind—and still there was her dowry to be thought of.

For in the hill-castle of Tonga a daughter, Lei-suan by name, had reached traditional bride-age, and to-morrow her years would number sixteen (or as many as there were golden dragons on the towers of the hill-castle). And the Governor had had, therefore, to ride to the Temple of Kronak, high up in the hills, where, in the Garden of the Dead, stood the lichened tablet of his ancestor, Kweng-toi, and see to the uncovering of the tablet for the wedding. And the cold rain had anguished his bones and brought wrinkles to his placid face. But a delay of the ghost-wedding until more suave weather was not to be thought of, since some mishap might come to Lei-suan. The eldest of her five brothers (who was Marquis of Tonga) had insisted upon the completion of the contract to-morrow, pointing out that the portents of the sky were in the main propitious and the Seven Governors of Heaven in a pattern of accordance.

After all, it would soon be done, the Governor reflected, and he lifted his fourth cup of tea with less acrimony. And the following day he would be free to complete the sixteenth act of the play he had been commanded to write for the Emperor's Convocation of Princes.

He reached his sixth cup.

And into the room glided like a lizard Froo-tin, his sister, a shriveled and discontented crone.

She made such obeisance to San-Yada as the presence of the tea-maid and the decorum of the palace demanded, and seated herself on a floor-mat some little way off.

"'DID YOU, FATHER OF THE PROVINCE, MAKE YOUR PATERNAL VISIT TO THE TEMPLE TO-DAY?'"

SHE waited until San-Yada had invoked the ring of contentment from his flamingo-pipe, and then she spoke, in a whisper like the Autumn wind.

"Did you, Father of the Province, make your paternal visit to the temple to-day?"

To which San-Yada inclined his head and blew a ring of smoke.

"And had the priests cleansed the leaf-mold from the death-tablet of our ancestor?"

Again he bowed.

"And so, to-morrow, we shall go there, and attend the wedding of Lei-suan to Kweng-toi's honorable ghost?"

A third inclination completed the interview.

And Froo-tin, the Governor's sister, being satisfied with questioning, withdrew to plan, after her own fashion, the reception of the ghost-bride.

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Four crow-flights away to the east of the Palace of Chouan stood the hill-castle of Tonga, like an ivory chess-piece on the golden field of Autumn.

Now, to it, one morning in the early blossom period of that year, had come a certain basket-weaver of Khotan, named Tawakkei, with baskets upon his shoulders—baskets for kumquats and closely woven baskets for kitchen-earth; thin, foolish baskets for sprinkling flower-blossoms upon pathways; baskets stained with walnut-juice, and baskets of perishable tendrils, made for a day——

And since all followers of crafts were honorable in the Province of Tonga, Tawakkei, the basket-weaver, had been bidden to cross the castle-bridge and enter the courtyard, and he so came to where Lei-suan, the Clan-princess, was sunning herself and at the same time crushing purple berries with her heel upon a length of blue silk for pleasure.

And the person of Lei-suan was small and delectable, and her feet had needed no binding, being as two grains of rice—or, as some poets had said, "like two golden lily-buds, not yet unfolded into dancing."

And the person of Tawakkei was comely, and slim as a mountain-birch, and his manner pleasing, and his countenance gracious.

And between them had fallen a silence, and about them had crept an estrangement from the courtyard of the castle.

And Tawakkei had given her a tiny basket made of cherry-stems for a humble gift.

And she to him a handful of purple berries.

And thus had begun the eye-mating of Lei-suan and Tawakkei, and the enactment of their desires.

And since that morning, he had come to the hill-castle many times, on the cusp of the moon, now bringing a basket of rushes to contain plums, or a basket of slim lily-flower stems, made for a day, with lilies woven into its sides.

And always had Lei-suan (whose five brothers were intent upon kilning their yellow china, commanded for the Emperor's Convocation of Princes) found a way to see Tawakkei, or to drop a flower in the courtyard for him, or to send her tame crow to pursue him upon the roadway after he had gone—to tease his footsteps with remembrance.

And so had common intent possessed them, and since strategy is born of intent, one day, shortly after the wedding-day of Lei-suan had been appointed, a basket-weaver had presented himself to San-Yada, the Governor of Chouan, with his face stained as of another country, and with certain of his wares, beautifully wrought, to ingratiate him. And he had besought the Governor to buy his body for a year and a year, for two purses of hexagon money, to ply his honorable trade under protection.

AND San-Yada, that day, taken with the youth's demeanor, and with his skill, and since many shapes of baskets were required in the palace—some for linen, some for rice, some for the revenues of the province, and some for the heads of criminals—had employed him.

And so was Tawakkei named basket-weaver to the Palace of Chouan, and given a room with a window of horn in it, and clear paper screens, and two jars of peacherven, for each year of his bondage, besides the two purses of hexagon money. And he was regarded as above the other makers of things, and as master of a craft.

And upon his door hung the scroll of the Governor, stating his rank, and the fealty of his body to the Clan of Chouan, and that he was above petty reproach as befitted a craft-master, and his safety intact, for a year and a year.

By this means did Lei-suan plan to see her basket-weaver when she should become a chattel of the Clan of Chouan by marrying the death-tablet of Kweng-toi.

And she had, therefore, taught her tame crow many guileful tricks and much pleasant malice.

On the following day, toward afternoon, San-Yada, the Governor, drank much tea, and ordered the wedding-horses to be got ready.

And in the sheeted rain they rode to the Temple of Kronak, the Governor, and sixteen warriors of the clan. And Froo-tin, his sister, was carried in a covered chair between two horses, with her feet upon a brazier of charcoal, and sneezing constantly.

And a swordsman led a riderless horse to represent the ghost-ancestor, and upon the horse was tied a box containing the toys of Kweng-toi when a child, and his helmet and his rusted sword.

And in the Garden of the Dead, at the Temple of Kronak, white-dressed priests waited, uncovered from the rain, in rows like tall, thin poplar-trees.

Through the opposite gate of the Garden of the Dead rode the five brothers of Lei-suan, on amber-colored ponies, with their sister in their midst upon a white gazel. Four outriders carried a tent on poles, to shield them from the rain. And upon three led ponies was the dowry of Lei-suan.

The tent was spread, and a golden cloth laid for the Princess to kneel upon; the rank-scrolls of the dead ancestor were read, and the chief priest of Kronak, Hsia by name, intoned the ceremonial words of ghost-marriage as the little bride knelt.

And when the reading was done, and the drawn sword of Kweng-toi stuck upright in the sodden earth before the death-tablet, with his helmet upon it, the box containing his toys was opened, and certain of them broken, to betoken his passing from single state—albeit a ghost. Then did Lei-suan touch with her forehead, three times, the tablet of the ghost-bridegroom, in signification of obedience to his family, represented by the Governor, who then broke in two pieces the arrow that had killed Kweng-toi.

And the head-dress of a bride was brought, and set upon the little clan-princess's head, and into her hair were thrust, by Froo-tin, with acrimony, the hairpins of marriage, and the Governor cut away a strand of her hair with his sword, and it was burned.

Then was the silken coat of Kweng-toi put about Lei-suan, for her bride-cloak.

And these ceremonies terminated the contract of marriage between the houses of Tonga and Chouan, so long unfulfilled.

"LEI-SUAN CARRIED THE HEAD-BASKET WITH THE HEAD IN IT"

Whereupon the marriage-tent was folded, and the brothers of Lei-suan mounted their amber ponies; the saddle upon the white gazel was reversed to betoken loss, and after bowing to the tablet, to the bride, and to the Governor, her brothers withdrew, drawing their coats about them—unable to attend the bride-feast, since their kiln had reached its fruition and was to be opened that day, and the china for the Emperor's Convocation inspected.

And down the temple-road went Lei-suan, mounted upon the presumptive horse of her ghost-husband, and San-Yada, the Governor, shivering, and the warriors carrying the rank-scrolls and the box of broken toys, and Froo-tin chuckling with animation, and no longer sneezing.

And this was the first ghost-wedding of Lei-suan, which brought her to the clan of Chouan.

In the palace ghost-meats had been got ready, and acorn and mulberry wines were steeping in jars of porcelain over slow fires of cherry-charcoal (for ghost-wines must be drunken hot, lest a chill be present at the feast).

AND so came Lei-suan to the Palace of Chouan, with her dowry on three ponies, and she was lifted from the horse of her ghost-husband by San-Yada. And ceremonial tea being drunk, a play was performed in the great hall of the palace for the bride, a play depicting the events of Kweng-toi, her ghost-husband's life (except his death by a bandit-arrow).

And the thin screech of fiddles and the storm-chant of drums caused the lantern-pendants to tremble, while hot wines were drunk from pear-shaped cups.

But the ghost-meats were left untasted, according to custom.

In the meantime Froo-tin, the sister of the Governor, and the marriage-aunt of Lei-suan, awaited her opportunity, since to her malice would fall the person of the little Princess, and to the dictates of her withered fancy the "sipping of vinegar" (which is always the pleasure of the unmarried woman in a house to which a bride comes).

And so did Froo-tin prepare many salty speeches, and a cold bed of rushes for the ghost-bride. And she consoled her waiting with sprinkling sharp sand upon the floors where the Clan-princess should walk, and with scattering pebbles in her cold bed of rushes.

And the play being concluded, the palace finally was darkened, and the keepers of the gates leaned upon their spears.

But only the eyes of Lei-suan had beheld the figure that crouched in a corner of the great hall during tea-drinking.

And that was Tawakkei, the basket-weaver.

And between them had passed, like two swift shuttles of silk thread, two looks.

And when the palace became as a tomb, and no footfall stealthed through the corridors, and the little Clan-princess lay in her cold bed of rushes with the sword of her ghost-husband beside her, and her feet tingling from the sharp sand that was upon the floor, and listening fearfully to the thin breathing of Froo-tin nearby, San-Yada, the Governor of Chouan, examined her dowry in his treasure-room.

Fourteen rolls of silk he found, each of a different hue, and five boxes of earth, each representing one of the fields that comprised Lei-suan's bride-estate. And one earth was white, and one red, and one black, and one yellow, and one green.

And San-Yada feasted his eyes and fingers with the dowry-silks, and he tasted of the five earths, and reflected regarding their planting and yieldance, and conferred with his flamingo pipe as to his affairs of the coming morning, and the completing of the Emperor's play.

And suddenly the gate-bell of the palace began to ring violently, and a hurrying guard knocked upon the locked door of the treasure-room to say that the chief Priest, Hsia, of the Temple of Kronak begged an urgent audience, with all his fellow priests following him.

And presently Hsia, the chief priest, stood before the Governor, with the rain flowing from his garments like a river, and began a frightened tale.

"A mistake was made—" he stammered. "The Princess was wedded this afternoon to the grave-tablet of a member of the ghost-family of Mao-Mao (now wanting in living persons) and *not* to the tablet of the honorable Kweng-toi! I come to warn you, in order that this ghost-clan may not enter your palace and possess it, since the clan of Mao-Mao is extinct, and has no house.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

"EACH YEAR AFTER THAT SOME ONE STOPPED AT THE BASKET-WEAVER'S HUT AND LEFT A ROLL OF SILK"

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"SHE WALKED TO THE HEAD POST-OFFICE IN BORDEAUX"

MISS BRACEGIRDLE DOES HER DUTY

BY STACY AUMONIER

Such a Predicament—Poor Miss Bracegirdle! Here's Another Hit from the Sparkling Pen that Wrote "The Beautiful Merciless One"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

"THIS is the room, Madame."

"Ah, thank you—thank you!"

"Does it appear satisfactory to Madame?"

"Oh, yes! Thank you—quite!"

"Does Madame require anything further?"

"Er—if not too late, may I have a hot bath?"

"*Parfaitement*, Madame. The bathroom is at the end of the passage on the left. I will go and prepare it for Madame."

"There is one thing more. I have had a very long journey. I am very tired. Will you please see that I am not disturbed in the morning until I ring?"

"Certainly, Madame."

Millicent Bracegirdle was speaking the truth—she *was* tired. But then, in the sleepy cathedral town of Easingstoke, from which she came, it was customary for every one to speak the truth. It was customary, moreover, for every one to lead a simple, self-denying life—to give up his time to good works and elevating thoughts. One had only to glance at little Miss Bracegirdle to see that in her were epitomized all the virtues and ideals of Easingstoke. Indeed, it was the pursuit of duty which had brought her to the Hôtel de l'Ouest at Bordeaux on this Summer's night.

She had traveled from Easingstoke to London, then without a break to Dover, crossed that horrid stretch of sea to Calais, entrained for Paris, where she of necessity had to spend four hours—a terrifying experience—and then had come on to Bordeaux, arriving at midnight. The reason of this journey was that some one had to come to Bordeaux to meet her young sister-in-law, who was arriving the next day from South America. The sister-in-law was married to a missionary in Paraguay, but the climate not agreeing with her, she was returning to England. Her dear brother, the dean, would have come himself, but the claims on his time were so extensive, the parishioners would miss him so—it was clearly Millicent's duty to go.

She had never been out of England before, and she had a horror of travel and an ingrained distrust of foreigners. She spoke a little French, sufficient for the purposes of travel and for obtaining any modest necessities, but not sufficient for carrying on any kind of conversation. She did not deplore this latter fact, for she was certain that French people were not the kind of people that one would naturally want to have conversation with; broadly speaking, they were not quite "nice" in spite of their ingratiating manners.

The dear dean had given her endless help and advice, warning her earnestly not to enter into conversation with strangers, to obtain all information from the police, railway officials, in fact any one in an official uniform. He deeply regretted to say that he was afraid that France was not a country for a woman to travel about in *alone*. There were loose, bad people about, always on the lookout. He really thought perhaps he ought not to let her go. It was only by the utmost persuasion, in which she rather exaggerated her knowledge of the French language and character, her courage, and indifference to discomfort, that she managed to carry the day.

She unpacked her valise, placed her things about the room, tried to thrust back the little stabs of homesickness as she visualized her darling room at the deanery. How strange and hard and unfriendly seemed these foreign hotel bedrooms. They were all so exactly alike, the same arrangements, the same atmosphere—heavy and depressing. No chints and lavender and photographs of—all the dear family, the dean, the nephews and nieces, the interior of the Cathedral during harvest festival; no samplers and needlework or colored reproductions of the paintings by Marcus Stone. Oh! dear, how foolish she was! What did she expect.

SHE disrobed, and donned a dressing-gown; then, armed with a sponge-bag and towel, she crept timidly down the passage to the bathroom after closing her bedroom door and turning out the light. The gay bathroom cheered her. She wallowed luxuriously in the hot water, regarding her slim legs with quiet satisfaction. And for the first time since leaving home there came to her a pleasant moment, a sense of enjoyment in her adventure.

After all, it *was* rather an adventure, and her life had been peculiarly devoid of it. What queer lives some people must live, traveling about, having experiences! How old was she? Not really old—not by any means. Forty-two? Forty-three? She had shut herself up so. She hardly ever regarded the potentialities of age. As the world went she was a well-preserved woman for her age. A life of self-abnegation, simple living, healthy walking, and fresh air had kept her younger than—these hurrying, pampered, city people.

Love? Yes, once when she was a young girl—he was a schoolmaster, a most estimable, kind gentleman. They were never engaged—not actually, but it was a kind of understood thing. For three years it went on, this kind of pleasant understanding and friendship. He was so gentle, so distinguished and considerate. She would have been happy to have continued in this strain forever. But there was something lacking—Stephen had curious restless lapses.

From the physical aspect of marriage she shrank—yes, even with Stephen, who was gentleness and kindness itself. And then, one day—one day he went away, vanished, and never returned. They told her he had married one of the country girls, a girl who used to work in Mrs. Forbes's dairy—not a very nice girl, she feared, one of those fast, pretty, foolish women. Heigho! Well, she had lived that down, destructive as the blow appeared at the time. One lives everything down in time. There is always work, living for others, faith, duty. At the same time she could sympathize with people who found satisfaction in unusual experiences.

There would be lots to tell the dear dean when she wrote to him on the morrow: nearly losing her spectacles on the restaurant-car, the amusing remarks of an American child on the train to Paris, the curious food everywhere, nothing simple and plain; the two English ladies at the hotel in Paris who told her about the death of their uncle—the poor man being taken ill on Friday and dying on Sunday afternoon, just before tea-time; the kindness of the hotel proprietor, who had sat up for her; the prettiness of the chambermaid. Oh, yes, every one was really very kind. The French people, after all, were very nice. She had seen nothing—nothing but what was quite nice and decorous. There would be lots to tell the dean to-morrow.

Her body glowed with the friction of the towel. She again donned her night-attire and her thick, woolen dressing-gown. She tidied up the bathroom carefully in exactly the same way she was accustomed to do at home; then once more gripping her sponge-bag and towel, and turning out the light, she crept down the passage to her room. Entering the room, she switched on the light and shut the door quickly.

THEN one of those ridiculous things happened, just the kind of thing you would expect to happen in a foreign hotel. The handle of the door came off in her hand. She ejaculated a quiet "Bother!" and sought to replace it with one hand, the other being occupied with the towel and sponge-bag. In doing this she behaved foolishly, for, thrusting the knob carelessly against the steel pin, without properly securing it, she only succeeded in pushing the pin farther into the door, and the knob was not adjusted. She uttered another little "Bother!" and put her sponge-bag and towel down on the floor. She then tried to recover the pin with her left hand, but it had gone in too far.

"How very foolish!" she thought. "I shall have to ring for the chambermaid—and perhaps the poor girl has gone to bed."

She turned and faced the room, and suddenly the awful horror was upon her.

There was a man asleep in her bed!

The sight of that swarthy face on the pillow, with its black tousled hair and heavy mustache, produced in her the most terrible moment of her life. Her heart nearly stopped. For some seconds she could neither think nor scream and her first thought was:

"I mustn't scream!"

She stood there, like one paralyzed, staring at the man's head and the great curved hunch of his body under the clothes When she began to think she thought very quickly and all her thoughts worked together.

The first vivid realization was that it wasn't the man's fault; it was *her* fault. *She was in the wrong room.* It was the man's room. The rooms were identical, but there were all his things about, his clothes thrown carelessly over chairs, his collar and tie on the wardrobe, his great heavy boots, and the strange yellow trunk.

"'THIS IS THE ROOM, MADAME.' 'AH, THANK YOU!'"

She must get out—somehow, anyhow. She clutched once more at the door, feverishly driving her finger-nails into the hole where the elusive pin had vanished. She tried to force her fingers in the crack and open the door that way, but it was of no avail. She was to all intents and purposes locked in—locked in a bedroom in a strange hotel, alone with a man—a foreigner—a *Frenchman!*

She must think—she must think. She switched off the light. If the light was off he might not wake up. It might give her time to think how to act. It was surprizing that he had not awakened. If he *did* wake up, what would he do? How could she explain herself? He wouldn't believe her. No one would believe her, In an English hotel it would be difficult enough, but here, where she wasn't known,

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"THESE QUEER, EXCITABLE PEOPLE, SO FOREIGN AND DIFFERENT-LOOKING"

where they were all foreigners and consequently antagonistic—merciful Heavens!

She *must* get out. Should she wake the man? No, she couldn't do that. He might murder her. He might—oh, it was too awful to contemplate! Should she scream? ring for the chambermaid? But no; it would be the same thing. People would come rushing. They would find her there in the strange man's bedroom after midnight—she, Millicent Bracegirdle, sister of the dean of Easingstoke! Easingstoke! Visions of Easingstoke flashed through her alarmed mind. Visions of the news arriving, women whispering around teatables, "Have you heard, my dear? Really, no one would have imagined! Her poor brother! He will, of course, have to resign, you know, my dear. Have a little more cream, my love."

Would they put her in prison? She might be in the room for the purpose of stealing or—she might be in the room for the purpose of breaking every one of the Ten Commandments. There was no explaining it away. She was a ruined woman, suddenly and irretrievably, unless she could open the door.

The chimney? Should she climb up the chimney? But where would that lead to? And then she thought of the man pulling her down by her legs when she was already smothered in soot. Any moment he might wake up.

She thought she heard the chambermaid going along the passage. If she had wanted to scream, she ought to have screamed before. The maid would know she had left the bathroom some minutes ago. Was she going to her room?

AN ABRUPT and desperate plan formed in her mind. It was already getting on for one o'clock. The man was probably a quite harmless commercial traveler or business man. He would probably get up about seven or eight o'clock, dress quickly, and go out. She would hide under his bed until he went. Only a matter of a few hours. Men don't look under their beds, altho she made a religious practise of doing so herself. When he went he would be sure to open the door, all right. The handle would be lying on the floor as tho it had dropped off in the night. He would probably ring for the chambermaid, or open it with a penknife. Men were so clever at those things.

When he had gone she would creep out and steal back to her room, and then there would be no necessity to give any explanation to any one.

But Heavens! what an experience! Once under the white frill of that bed she would be safe till the morning. In daylight nothing seemed so terrifying. With feline precaution she went down on her hands and knees and crept toward the bed. What a lucky thing there was that broad white frill! She lifted it at the foot of the bed and crept under. There was just sufficient depth to take her slim body. The floor was fortunately carpeted all over, but it seemed very close and dusty. Suppose she coughed or sneezed! Anything might happen.

Of course it would be much more difficult to explain her presence under the bed than to explain her presence just inside the door. She held her breath in suspense. No sound came from above, but under the frill it was difficult to hear anything. It was almost more nerve-racking than hearing everything—listening for signs and portents. This temporary escape, in any case, would give her time to regard the predicament detachedly. Up to the present she had not been able to focus the full significance of her action. She had, in truth, lost her head. She had been like a wild animal consumed with the sole idea of escape—a mouse or a cat would do this kind of thing—take cover and lie low. If only it hadn't all happened *aboard!*

She tried to frame sentences of explanation in French, but French escaped her. And then—they talked so rapidly, these people. They didn't listen. The situation was intolerable. Would she be able to endure a night of it? At present she was not altogether uncomfortable, only stuffy and—very, very frightened.

But she had to face six or seven or eight hours of it, and perhaps even then discovery in the end! The minutes flashed by as she turned the matter over and over in her head. There was no solution.

SHE BEGAN to wish she had screamed or awakened the man. She saw now that that would have been the wisest and most politic thing to do; but she had allowed ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to elapse from the moment when the chambermaid would know that she had left the bathroom.

They would want an explanation of what she had been doing in the man's bedroom all that time. Why hadn't she screamed before?

She lifted the frill an inch or two and listened. She thought she heard the man breathing, but she couldn't be sure. In any case it gave her more air. She became a little bolder, and thrust her face partly through the frill so that she could breathe freely. She tried to steady her nerves by concentrating on the fact that—well, there it was. She had done it. She must make the best of it. Perhaps it would be all right, after all.

"Of course I shn't sleep," she kept on thinking. "I sha'n't be able to. In any case it will be safer not to sleep. I must be on the watch."

She set her teeth and waited grimly. Now that she had made up her mind to see the thing through in this manner she felt a little calmer. She almost smiled as she reflected that there would certainly be something to tell the dear dean when she wrote to him tomorrow. How would he take it? Of course he would believe it—he had never doubted a single word that she uttered in her life—but the story would sound so—preposterous. In Easingstoke it would be almost impossible to imagine such an experience. She, Millicent Bracegirdle, spending a night under a strange man's bed in a foreign hotel! What would those women think? Fanny Shields, and that garrulous old Mrs. Rusbridger? Perhaps—yes, perhaps it would be advisable to tell the dear dean to let the story go no further. One could hardly expect Mrs. Rusbridger to—not make implications—exaggerate. Oh, dear! what were they all doing now? They would all be asleep, every one in Easingstoke. Her dear brother always retired at 10:15. He would be sleeping calmly and placidly, the sleep of the just—breathing the clear, sweet air of Sussex, not this—oh, it *was* stuffy! She felt a great desire to cough. She mustn't do that.

Yes, at 9:30 all the servants were summoned to the library. There was a short service—never more than fifteen minutes; her brother didn't believe in a great deal of ritual—then at ten o'clock cocoa for every one. At 10:15 bed for every one. The dear, sweet bedroom, with the narrow white bed, by the side of which she had knelt every night as long as she could remember—even in her dear mother's day—and said her prayers.

Prayers! Yes, that was a curious thing. This was the first night in her life experience when she had not said her prayers on retiring. The situation was certainly very peculiar—exceptional, one might call it. God would understand and forgive such a lapse. And yet, after all, why—what was to prevent her saying her prayers? Of course she couldn't kneel in the proper devotional attitude—that would be a physical impossibility; nevertheless perhaps her prayers might be just as efficacious—if they came from the heart.

"OBTAIN ALL INFORMATION FROM THE POLICE, RAILWAY OFFICIALS"

So little Miss Bracegirdle curved her body and placed her hands in a devout attitude in front of her face, and quite inaudibly murmured her prayers under the strange man's bed.

"Our Father which art in heaven—hallowed be Thy name—Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done—on earth, as it is done in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses——"

Trespasses! Yes, surely she was trespassing on this occasion, but God would understand. She had not wanted to trespass. She was an unwilling sinner. Without uttering a sound she went through her usual prayers in her heart. At the end she added fervently:

"'OH, MADAME, I AM PROMISED NOT TO TELL—BUT A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED"

"Please God protect me from the dangers and perils of this night." Then she lay silent and inert, strangely soothed by the effort of praying.

"After all," she thought, "it isn't the attitude which matters—it is that which occurs deep down in us."

For the first time she began to meditate—almost to question—church forms and dogma. If an attitude was not indispensable, why—a building, a ritual, a church at all?

Of course, her dear brother couldn't be wrong: the church was so old, so very old, its roots deep-buried in the story of human life; it was only that—well, outward forms *could* be misleading. Her own present position, for instance.

In the eyes of the world she had, by one silly, careless little action, convicted herself of being the breaker of every single one of the Ten Commandments. She tried to think of one of which she could not be accused. But no—even to dishonoring her father and mother, bearing false witness, stealing, coveting her neighbor's—husband! That was the worst thing of all. Poor man! he might be a very pleasant, honorable married gentleman, with children, and she—she was in a position to compromise him! Why hadn't she screamed? Too late! Too late!

IT BEGAN to get very uncomfortable, stuffy but at the same time drafty, and the floor was getting harder every minute. She changed her position stealthily and controlled her desire to cough. Her heart was beating rapidly. Over and over again recurred the vivid impression of every little incident and argument that had occurred to her from the moment she left the bathroom. This must, of course, be the room next to her own. So confusing, with perhaps twenty bedrooms all exactly alike on one side of a passage—how was one to remember whether one's number was 115 or 116? Her mind began to wander idly off into her school-days. She was always very bad at figures. She disliked Euclid and all those subjects about angles and equations—so unimportant, not leading anywhere.

History she liked, and botany, and reading about strange foreign lands, altho she had always been too timid to visit them. And the lives of great people, *most* fascinating—Oliver Cromwell, Lord Beaconsfield, Lincoln, Grace Darling—*there* was a heroine for you—

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"THERE WAS A MAN ASLEEP IN HER BED! THE SIGHT PRODUCED IN HER THE MOST TERRIBLE MOMENT OF HER LIFE"

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CLOTHES

A Story of Rare Distinction, Exquisitely Told, of a Beautiful Woman, of Her Fevered Adoration of Lovely Attire, and What This Wrought in Her Life

BY SUSAN M. BOOGHER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NANCY FAY

MEN see the universe in many terms. But each man measures it by his own soul. To the poet it is a beckoning loveliness that lures out beyond the "flaming ramparts of the world"; to the architect it is a nebulousness of drifting form which he must mold and model into beauty; to the painter it is an always recurring pageantry of color that sunrise and sunset trail upon the skies; to the musician it is song to be captured from the silence out beyond the singing stars; to the man of science it is truth—the far, illusive, *certain* mistress whom he dies to serve. And, by some inexorable law, no man may change the measure by which he weighs the universe—even tho, as sometimes happens, he comes to despise the measure he must use.

To Muriel the universe meant clothes. From the time she was a very infant she had loved clothes.

One of her mother's favorite stories had to do with the occasion of Muriel's first appearance at a party. Muriel was three, and fluffy-haired and blond, and dressed in a frilly white frock with blue ribbons, and a bow like a butterfly perched on her frivolous head. Muriel and the other children stared expressionlessly at each other and clung to their mothers, as children invariably do at parties until the ice-cream appears.

But, during the sociability engendered by the party, Muriel and another child somehow disappeared, to return presently—Muriel in the other child's dress and the other child in Muriel's. The consternation may be imagined.

Muriel refused to explain coherently, kept murmuring something about "liking a pink dress better nor a white one"! What the other child's state of mind was, was difficult for the mother to fathom. She kept regarding Muriel with wide, blank eyes, as their two mothers undressed them again and restored to each her own frock.

That episode was a symbol of Muriel's life. Clothes formed her interest and enthusiasm throughout her school-days. Each morning there was the possibility that some one of her classmates might have on a new dress or blouse or skirt or hat or coat.

Invariably Muriel admired what was really smart. Her taste was faultless. Throughout the freakish fashions that submerge girls in their teens, Muriel steered a skilful course: she skirted always the cesspools of vulgarity. Her Peter Pan collars were not too broad; her polo coat was cut with just the right amount of flare; her sailor hat was placed at an angle, it is true, but not too acute an angle; her frills were frilly, but not an avalanche; her coiffure, while suggesting the South Seas that inspired it, still did not shriek "Hottentot!" as many others did.

Occasions of life were for Muriel occasions for clothes. Graduation for another girl might mean the end of school-days, or a commencement essay in which the world's feet were put at last upon the ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. But for Muriel it meant a frock of sheerest organdy, filet laces, infinitesimal tucks.

Her coming-out party held a similar meaning. Other girls see in a coming-out party that terrible first glimpse of the *world*, or feel in it the thrill of maturity, or the responsibility of popularity, or the imminence of solitaires and kisses. But to Muriel it meant her first low-cut gown—white, it is true. (She would have preferred black, and very snake-like and sinister.)

She really was lovely as she stood beside her father and mother beneath a great canopy of roses in a white-tulle gown with shoulder-straps of gleaming pearls.

"HER CHEEKS WERE A PRIMROSE-PINK THAT GREW IN COLOR AND WANED AS SHE REGARDED HERSELF. BENEATH THE MISTS OF TULLE HER GOLDEN HAIR WAS LIKE A HALO"

Her coming-out ball was to Muriel this thrill of clothes. Clothes obliterated her interest even in men. As she danced later in the evening, when the guests had all arrived, her eyes were bright and shiny with the intoxications of the clothes that swirled about her.

Betty Parker was in rose velvet, a long, slender sheath of it, held upon her shoulders by dull gold straps. Adele Good was vivid as flame in scarlet tulle that swirled and lifted about her as she danced. Frances Wood looked like a nymph in a forest; her gown was filmy green and in its depths was a hidden glint of silver. But Marjorie Cooper thrilled Muriel the most—Marjorie Cooper, whose husband was killed that first year of the War when the Canadian regiment with which he enlisted was wiped out.

MURIEL'S eyes followed Marjorie as she glided about the room; her gown was black, and snake-like and sinister. And the men apparently found both gown and wearer entirely attractive. Muriel wasn't, of course, worried tonight as to her own popularity; it was her party. But that didn't prevent her from realizing that Marjorie Cooper really was the belle.

Black, Muriel decided, was the most *intriguing* of colors. Perhaps she could persuade her mother to get her a dinner-gown of black tulle. Tulle somehow seemed younger than satin. And with it she would use the jade-green fan of curling feathers her father had given her for a birthday present.

Also, there was Helen West—she brushed Muriel, and Muriel's vision of black tulle and jade feathers vanished. Helen looked, Muriel thought, like Cleopatra. She was dressed in burnished blue that held a hint of copper, and her entire waist was a mass of solidly encrusted topaz. Just what it was that suggested Egypt Muriel could not decide, but with Helen's tawny hair and light-brown eyes the coppery blue was altogether ravishing. Perhaps a similar tawny blue might be becoming to her; but almost at once Muriel discarded the idea. Her hair was too yellowly golden to risk the complement of copper.

But her partner was speaking to her.

Muriel had the impression that he was repeating what he had said for the second time. She jerked her thoughts together. Dull blue and tawny copper and nymph-green shot with silver, and rose-colored velvet, and sinister gleaming black satin submerged into her deeper consciousness, much as intoxication can be submerged at an effort of will exerted by a drunken man.

"What did you say, Tony dear?" Muriel asked, smiling up into the gray eyes that were regarding her with something in them of hot wetness.

"I said," Tony repeated for the third time, "come into the study across the hall. Away from all this horrible mess. Something I want to—to ask you."

MURIEL'S senses underwent another clarification. Tony had never been like this before—and she had known him all her life. Perhaps—perhaps it meant he was going to ask her to marry him. A gown of ivory-tinted satin veiled in clouding tulle floated before her vision.

She was smiling charmingly, looking more than ever like the angel Tony considered her.

"Why, of course, old dear!" she acquiesced. And as they neared the entrance door she dissolved from his arms, smiling and nodding and throwing gay remarks at the line of stags through which Tony cleared a path for her to pass.

Her father's study was set well apart from the rest of the crowded rooms; it was quiet here and dimly lighted. And Muriel thrilled deliciously when she saw Tony shut the door.

"We won't be disturbed," she remonstrated weakly, throwing him a glance over her shoulder as she stood poised on tiptoe before a mirror fluffing the already fluffy hair that was like filaments of spun gold about her face.

But for answer Tony had taken her in his arms and was kissing her. (Muriel had a sinking instinct that her dress was being rumpled disastrously.)

"I want you to marry me," Tony muttered against her lips. "Will you, Muriel?"

Muriel disengaged herself from the arms grown suddenly slack about her. Her eyes were bright as stars in the dimness.

They seemed to the young man regarding her to be intangible with dream, illusive with far-forgotten mysterious beauties. The loveliness he sensed was like an aching poison. For an instant he closed his eyes against the unfathomable secrets hidden in Muriel's eyes.

The girl smiled a little uncertainly; she was thinking of Marjorie Cooper's black and sinister dress. In a trousseau, of course one's mother couldn't object to black of whatever fabric. And as for the other colors, she decided she'd have rose predominate.

"Will you, Muriel?" Tony asked again.

She wrenched her thoughts from the trousseau—lifted her dream-filled, shining eyes to his.

"Yes!" she murmured, and slid all-yielding sweetness into his trembling arms.

They decided on a short engagement.

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"After all," Tony argued, "we love each other, and we don't have to worry about money, and even if we are young that's no real reason for dilly-dallying!"

Muriel was acquiescent. A short engagement meant to her an intensifying period of trousseau-getting.

Just two weeks after her coming-out she bought the first things for her marriage.

She and her mother had gone to New York for a week's shopping, and Tony accompanied them.

He still was a little delirious with the aching poison Muriel's loveliness brewed in his soul. But to be near her somehow relieved the ache he felt.

He left Muriel and her mother at a shop on upper Fifth Avenue.

"Until five o'clock," Muriel said as she let him look again into her eyes. And then the door had closed upon her graceful form. And Tony felt himself alone in the burning desert that was New York.

He lunched at the Harvard Club. After lunch he wrote two letters and called up several friends. But to each he said he was just passing through town—awfully sorry; couldn't manage a dinner or even lunch. See them soon.

WHEN he had finished telephoning it occurred to him to wonder just why he had bothered to ring up his friends.

For an instant he smiled wryly. "Just a regular old fool over her," he reflected.

He spent thirty minutes in a Fifth Avenue haberdashery. Then he ordered pajamas in a specialty shop. It took him ten minutes to select his handkerchiefs and shirts. He consulted his watch; there were two hours and a half before he was to meet Muriel.

He decided on walking up and down the avenue in the hope of seeing her. That consumed an hour. Then he entered Dreicer's.

Finally he took him to the tea rendezvous. Muriel was three-quarters of an hour late. Despair gripped Tony: he saw her as collapsed with exhaustion before the triple mirrors of a hat-shop, as swooning with fatigue in a hot, stuffy fitting-room, as kidnaped by some drunken rowdy frenzied by her beauty, as dead beneath the heavy wheels of a truck. He really was haggard-eyed with imaginings when, at a quarter to six, she appeared smiling and fresh as a flower just opened to the dawn.

"Muriel!" he ejaculated, his soul's anxiety in his voice.

She threw him a charming smile, nodded casually to a friend in a far corner, then caressing him with her eyes, she followed the waiter, who preceded them to the table Tony had reserved.

"Muriel! What kept you?" his voice had not yet lost its fear.

She was drawing off long and immaculate gloves. When she had turned outward the solitaire diamond, marquise-shaped, and lifted by the filmiest of platinum filigree, she answered him. "You have never seen as wonderful things as I bought to-day, Tony!"

Her eyes were as dreamy as on that night she had promised to marry him, and the aching poison of her loveliness and mystery touched him again with the soul-sickness he had not yet thrown off.

She was leaning forward over the table toward him, the filaments of golden hair blown softly from beneath the turban of sable fur she wore; her mouth, he thought, was like —was like——

He wondered if he were going to be able to refrain from leaning across and kissing it. One arm stole along the shining damask of the cloth—the passion deepened in his gaze.

Muriel stiffened before him. "Don't!" she murmured.

Tony's eyes cleared, his arm ceased to move across the shining damask, he straightened in his chair. "Muriel!" he answered, "how soon?—how soon? I must have you. You don't know how I love you."

Muriel raised her eyes above him, nodded her head imperceptibly. And he saw that a waiter was standing at his elbow.

Tony made short shrift of ordering tea. When the waiter had gone he returned to the attack. "How soon, Muriel?" he reiterated.

Muriel touched a frill that adorned the front of her blouse. In the frill's depth a bar of diamonds lay like gleaming dew. Tony had bought it for her this morning—had bought it for her as a bribe to spare him from shopping this hour at tea.

"But my clothes, Tony dear?" she answered him.

Tony edged his chair an inch to her side. A grimness had come into his eyes. "Haven't you got enough?" he asked. "God knows, Muriel, you can get anything you want after you're married to me."

"Oh, Tony, could I?" Muriel interjected. An idea had occurred to her: If she bought very steadily for several days, urging on her mother Tony's hurry, she might get everything her father intended to give her. And then when they were married she could tell Tony she had left innumerable things unbought because of his rush, the old goose!

But Tony was fumbling in his pocket.

Muriel leaned toward him breathless. He always looked this way when he gave her a jewel. What could it be this time? The old dear! Why, just this morning it had been the diamond bar!

Tony's hand emerged. In it was an oblong white-kid box. "I bought the wedding present to-day," Tony said. "While I was waiting for you. The afternoon was endless. Muriel, do you think you could, *could* hurry up the dresses?"

His fingers pressed an invisible spring and the lid flew open.

Muriel's lips parted in a little gasp of delight: lying on a chiffon lining she saw a strand of pearls!

"Tony!" she breathed, and her slim hand shot out, lifted the gleaming bauble, twined it about her fingers, pressed it to her lips.

She was seeing herself in ivory-tinted satin veiled in clouding tulle, her hair piled high, these pearls about her throat.

"You like them?" Tony said, and his hand reached out and took them from her. "You like them?" he repeated.

Muriel lifted unmistakable eyes to him. "Yes!" she breathed, and there were in her face again unutterable dreams, intangible lovelinesses that shake a man with beauty.

Tony replaced the pearls in their white-kid box, replaced the box in his pocket. "Will you marry me next month?" he said.

And Muriel, still looking at him with dreaming eyes, nodded.

HER wedding-day was to Muriel a sheer delight. She wakened late in the morning. Last night had been the farewell and the gayest party!

When she had breakfasted her mother entered and paused by her bed. "Tony wants you to ride with him before lunch, dear," she said, stroking Muriel's streaming hair. "And I think it'll set you up wonderfully for the ceremony, don't you?"

"Yes!" Muriel agreed. It occurred to her what a contrast it would present to any friend she might meet: riding-clothes in the morning and satin and tulle in mid-afternoon!

But Tony was silent on their ride. "I can't realize it," he said as they returned home, and looked at her as one looks at a golden dream one is conscious of waking from.

"But, Tony dear," Muriel answered, "you just should see my room! Five trunks, all half packed. And three hat-boxes. You know yourself there's never any real use in packing till the last minute, because you always change your mind about where things are going. So I just told Celeste to leave everything until to-day! And then, besides, there's the wedding-gown hanging on the chandelier all stuffed out with tissue-paper, and above it the veil trails down all over the room. If you'd see it you'd realize things, I'm sure!"

Tony smiled as she dismounted, smiled with something in his eyes that was like intoxication. Her hand lingered an extra instant in his.

"If you could see my clothes," she repeated, a faint embarrassment mounting within her.

"Clothes?" Tony muttered incoherently. He was thinking of what was to come. Muriel in his arms. The intensity of his feeling was like a flaming fire.

Out of his confusion he heard at last her words. "So long, dear, until we meet—the altar. I'll look very different!" She was regarding her riding-breeches, tapping her boots with the fly of her crop. "Satin—white tulle——"

Before he could answer she had fled from him up the stairs. Her laughter echoed invitingly downward.

He turned away and mounted his horse. But the flaming fire was surging within him, and suddenly he dug his spurs with savage ferocity into the beast's side.

IN HER room Muriel stood an instant before the cheval-glass regarding herself dreamily. She looked like a boy: tall and slim and flat as to thigh and bust; and the filament-like gold of her hair was concealed beneath the derby hat. As she looked at herself, suddenly the slim-thighed boy she saw melted from her vision, altered subtly, changed. Before her she saw a young girl, satin-robed, tulle-enveloped, shining-eyed.

She blinked at her vision, blinked it away. Then, turning with swift enthusiasm, she threw off her coat, wrestling with the belt that held her breeches. "Celeste!" she sang out as she recognized the step of her maid in the adjacent room. "Celeste! I'm home again!"

The maid appeared in the doorway. Over her arm she held a negligée that looked like sea-foam colored with the sunrise. "Mademoiselle's bath is ready!" she said, and smiled Frenchily.

Muriel was undressed now; and wrapping the sea-foam negligée about her slim nakedness, she vanished into the bathroom.

The water was grateful after the exhilaration of her ride. Muriel dawdled luxuriously, soaping herself with a lather that smelled of violets damp with dew.

When she emerged Celeste handed her the wedding underthings. As she slipped into the undershirt a smile curved her lips; a smile of sheer sensuous delight. She wriggled slightly; it was the intensest pleasure to feel the shirt's texture against her skin.

Her chemise was a cobweb of lace and silk; over her faultless shoulders two broad bands of dawn-pink ribbon enhanced the pearliness of her flesh.

She was standing again before the cheval-glass, luxuriating in the sight of her own loveliness. When she had stepped into the lace-frilled knickerbockers she pirouetted for a swift moment, and irrelevantly the slim boyishness of her riding-clothes recurred to her mind. For a second she saw a boyishness in the present image of herself in chemise and knickerbockers. But at once she laughed softly, dismissing her thought as absurd; glad of the realization she was far from being a boy, glad she was indeed all girl!

Her hands slid appreciatively along her bare arms, downward over her slightly swelling contours and delicate limbs to lose themselves in the lace ruffles that hid her knees.

"My stockings, Celeste!" she called, and happiness thrilled in her voice like a viol.

When the stockings were on, and the narrow satin pumps that tilted her forward on extreme heels, she turned away from the image in the glass.

Seated at her dressing-table, she lifted her arms in woman's inimitably lovely gesture of doing the hair. For an instant she allowed it to cascade about her, enjoying its thousand shining lights.

Then Celeste's hands, like fluttering butterflies, were about her, combing, puffing, patting, inserting hair-pins with sure precision. At last, with an exclamation of delight, the maid stood off a step or two, surveying Muriel with lifted eyes. "*Trosment*, but Mademoiselle is lovely!" she breathed.

Muriel acquiesced, turning her head from side to side, tilting the wing-like mirrors at innumerable angles. Then she rose. "Call mother," she said. "She wants to see me put into the wedding-gown!"

When the older woman had come in Celeste spread the gleaming satin gown nest-like at Muriel's feet. And when she stepped into the exact center of its ivory loveliness the maid lifted it deftly about her, inserting Muriel's arms into its transparency of cobweb sleeves.

Muriel turned slowly when Celeste had finished. The gown was stately cut, and simple in its accentuation of Muriel's long slenderness of line; but for all its artful severity of design it was inimitably feminine. From a deep V in the back a court train of sweeping pearl-encrusted satin spread peacock-like behind her.

But Celeste was placing upon her golden hair an enveloping and mist-like veil.

Muriel closed her eyes, breathless, drunken with delight. Her hands made a little outward supplicating

"IT WAS SWEET TO HAVE HIM MAKE THIS FUSS OVER HER. HE STOOD AN INSTANT HELPLESSLY BESIDE HER, HIS ARMS FILLED WITH HER CLOTHES, AND MURIEL LAUGHED"

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gesture, as if to ask surcease of Providence from this too all-consuming bliss.

Then Celeste's fingers insinuated themselves beneath the cloud-like veil that shut her in with happiness, and against her neck she felt the cool faultlessness of Tony's pearls.

When she opened her eyes she looked once more, long and intently, to remember. Her cheeks were a primrose-pink that grew in color and waned as she regarded herself. Beneath the mists of tulle her golden hair was like a shining halo. She could, she thought, stand thus for timeless periods, enjoying her own loveliness.

WHEN Muriel realized she was to have a baby her first thought was of the little clothes that she must buy. For an instant her mind swooned with happiness: she was visualizing tiny garments, lace-cascading coats, adorable silken bootees, little jackets, wrappers soft as swan's-down, and the inimitable babyness of caps stuffed out in tissue-paper. Dutch ruffled ones, Muriel decided at once, were undoubtedly the most adorable caps for an infant. She wouldn't, she made up her mind, have anything in "its" layette but Dutch ruffled caps.

She told Tony the news late one night after they had returned from a ball, and she was beginning to undress for bed.

He took her into his arms, cradled her against his breast, forced upward her downcast face to his, sought out her veiled eyes. And at last, speechless with love and pride, pressed his lips upon her brow.

She cried for a little moment there against Tony's pounding heart, for she had no idea that life held moments like this.

"You must be very careful," he was saying. "Let me help you. Must take good care of yourself—can't be too careful, you know!"

"Why, Tony!" Muriel replied, confused by this sudden solicitude. (She had danced every dance at the ball tonight.) "I feel perfectly well. Whatever do you mean?"

For answer Tony carried her across the room to the downturned bed at its far side. When they had reached the bed he placed her tenderly upon it, kissing her shoulder as she slid from his relaxing arms.

"Why, Tony!" she exclaimed, surprized. "I'm not undressed yet!"

Instead of answering, Tony seated himself beside her at the bed's edge and began to take off her slippers. "I shall undress you, Muriel," he said determinedly. "Must take care of yourself. Can't be too careful!"

Muriel laughed suddenly. Tony was so absurd! Why, she'd danced every dance all night. She felt perfectly well!

But it was sweet to have him make this fuss over her—this fuss that was in a way entirely different from all the other fusses he had ever made about her.

When he had covered her with the bedclothes he stood on an instant helplessly beside her, his arms filled with her clothes.

And Muriel laughed. She was thinking that she must go into town to-morrow and buy things for the layette. It would be such fun. She'd seen a baby just last week in a coat that looked like a powder-puff, so covered with swan's-down it was.

But Tony was saying, "I hope it'll be a boy! I want a *boy!*" A silver slipper plumped downward through his bent elbow as he spoke.

Muriel laughed. "I'd rather have a girl," she answered. "A girl's so much more fun to dress!"

And then she noticed that Tony was staring at her strangely, differently. "Muriel," he said, and his voice suddenly was odd and unnatural. "Muriel, don't you ever think of anything but clothes?"

Muriel lay very still in the bed beside which her husband stood. Her eyes batted once beneath the intenseness of his regard.

Tony, after he had spoken, continued to stare at her. His words somehow had been a great surprize to himself. It was as if some one other than he had spoken them. Their meaning was as startling to him as their sound in the quiet room. But they clarified with an almost chemical action the seething confusion of his conception of his wife. "Muriel," he said again as if he were reading something in letters of fire before him on the wall, "Muriel, *I don't believe you ever think of anything but clothes!*"

Muriel shifted her length slightly beneath the sheet that covered her. "What if I don't, dear?" she asked. "Everybody, I suppose, sees life in terms of something like—clothes. What's the difference anyway between clothes and pictures or poetry or money or—or any old thing that people spend their lives working over?"

Tony's eyes released hers at last. He shrugged as he turned away, depositing Muriel's slippers and underthings a little ridiculously upon a near-by chair.

"After all," he was thinking, "what difference is there between clothes and pictures or poetry or money or any of the other things? Muriel is as wise as any one. But *clothes!*" However, he shrugged again, more philosophically than he had before, and asked himself once more what difference there really was.

And shrugging a third time, he raised the windows and turned off the lights, and climbed into bed beside Muriel, who smelled faintly of violets fresh with dew.

As he slipped his arms about her she whispered, "I'm going to town to-morrow and get some of its little clothes."

Little Muriel was two years old when her father was killed in an aeroplane accident that shocked the Atlantic seaboard resorts for an entire season.

The child and her parents were spending the Summer at Spring Lake, where Tony had an immense place set out upon the beach looking sheer to sea.

It was the sea that tempted Tony into aviation again—the allure of flying across the long, far reaches of the sea. He had flown throughout the War, but, unlike many aviators, he retained his love of flying. Always thrills came to him from the clouds and the sun, still lifted him with the tingling delight of their first excitement—to fly a moonlight night out across the witchery of sea and foam was now the sheerest happiness he knew.

Muriel refrained from even a trial flight. "I'm afraid, Tony," she would say to his entreaties. "And, besides, the flying-costume is so ugly, that old helmet-like cap!"

Whereat Tony would laugh always, and always immediately grow strangely grave. "What you wear's got nothing to do with the thrill of flying," he half muttered to her for the hundredth time one August morning as he stooped to examine a screw of his propeller.

But when he straightened at last, Muriel said, "Of course it has, you old goose! Clothes have everything to do with whether I enjoy myself or not!"

Tony frowned. "I think you're letting that joke get to be a bore!" he said shortly.

Muriel dug in the sand with the tip of her parasol. She was dressed to-day in rose-colored organdy, and her hat was a wide, floppy straw, banded in sheer morning-glories. Not far away little Muriel played in the sand, the bright yellow of her rompers heightened by the glaring sunshine. The child was as fair as her mother, and the art with which Muriel dressed her was consummate.

Tony still frowning, altho his wandering eyes had encountered the child not twenty paces away from where he and Muriel stood beside the aeroplane in which she would not ride, "I think you're letting that joke get to be a darn bore," he repeated, and looked his young wife straight in the eye.

Muriel smiled charmingly. "Joke?" she queried, arching her penciled brows.

Tony felt anger mounting within him. He knew it was absurd to argue with Muriel about her passion for clothes. He had told himself he was absurd to do it a thousand times, but invariably some impulse goaded him to it. Now it was as if a spell were upon him: he realized that he was about to begin all over again the now old subject of her passion for clothes.

Suddenly he found himself moving a step nearer to her; the perfection of her gowning, the grace of her wide hat, the daintiness of the beruffled parasol with which she still made pictures in the sand were like goading furies driving him.

It occurred to him to wonder if he were going mad.

Then he shook off his thought. His hand reached out and closed over the handle of her parasol. "Give it to me," he said in a strained voice.

Muriel regarded him blankly as the parasol left her fingers.

But when he had snapped the carved ivory handle, and thrown the charming trifle with all his force upon the sand, and ground his heel upon its ruffles, a certain fire burned up the blankness of her eyes. "Why, Tony!" she exclaimed, altho the smile still hung upon her lips. "Why, Tony dear! What do you mean?"

Tony's face was quite near hers in the dazzling sunshine of the August morning; and one hand thrust out, fastened on a fold of her skirt, fingered it strangely. His voice when he spoke was raucous with emotion. "Your only interest is clothes!" he said, goaded to madness by the half smile still hung upon her lips. "Your only passion is clothes! I've never been able to get you to like anything but clothes. You like clothes better than you do me, better than little Muriel there!" He stopped abruptly, a choking sensation drying along his throat. "My God, Muriel, are you a woman or not? *Clothes!*" His hand that had been fingering the fold of her dress grasped suddenly at her arm; for an instant his nails cut into her cool flesh.

She winced perceptibly.

And Tony laughed. "God, Muriel, I'd like to see you stranded on some savage island! I'd like to see you naked the rest of your life!"

Muriel's smile froze slowly. She shook off his injuring hand. "Naked!" she echoed, and her eyes grew suddenly blank.

For a moment Tony regarded her, her eyes that no longer saw her husband before her, nor the shining August sands. Somehow shadows seemed to pass along the irises of her eyes, to lose themselves in her widening pupils, shadows that filled her face with little spasms of horror.

IT WAS as if, Tony thought, she saw herself stranded and naked for life on some desert island, as if she were watching herself stripped of the innumerable dresses and gewgaws —that were in reality her soul.

A more violent spasm for an instant constricted her features. Then she banished the stealing shadows his words had evoked. "How silly, Tony!" she said with exaggerated amusement.

Tony's anger had fallen from flame to a smoldering hotness. "Just the same," he answered, "I've often noticed that when a person worships anything—like *clothes*—too much, something awful happens. Graven images, you know! You'll find out, Muriel!"

Suddenly at his last words a feeling of absurdity overcame him, a tremendous regret that he had lost his temper again, and played the fool. He stooped to gather up the fragments of Muriel's exquisite parasol. "Sorry!" he muttered ashamedly. "Truth is, Muriel, it always exasperates me: the way you worship clothes more than anything in the world!"

Muriel was shaking her head. "Why, Tony," she said, "you know I love you!"

Tony turned away from the charming smile that hung again upon his wife's lips. "Rot!" he said into the engine of his aeroplane.

It was thus he parted from Muriel, never to return.

When word was brought to Muriel of the accident that had cost her husband's life she was lying down idly turning the leaves of the latest magazine. Little Muriel was in the next room asleep. The peace of the great house was almost an audible thing; almost as audible as the winging bees busy with the honeysuckle abloom outside; almost as audible as the murmuring sea that seemed, like a great cat, to be purring with sleep and laziness.

When at last the fact of Tony's death was borne in upon Muriel a faint swooning feeling enveloped her.

"But it couldn't be possible!" she told herself. "Why, just this morning he had asked her to fly with him; just this morning they had quarreled—oh, about clothes, of course! How ridiculous Tony always was about her love of clothes! He'd better be glad it was clothes she loved instead of the admiration of men, as most of the women she knew did!"

Suddenly a picture of Marjorie Cooper darted across her mind. Marjorie Cooper!

Her senses were a blurred fog of uncertainty for an instant. Then, quite clearly, she saw herself in a black gown, snake-like and sinister!

Marjorie Cooper?

But Marjorie Cooper was a widow!

She struggled with fog for another instant.

Then her blurred eyes cleared.

It had come to her with lightning-like clearness that she too, Muriel, was a widow.

That meant black clothes. Small hats faced in crêpe—white crêpe. Trailing veils of crêpe.

And in the Summer-time she'd duplicate everything she had in white.

White mourning!

She was remembering a picture she had seen in a society magazine of the South-American widow whom Lord Curzon married: she had had on a bonnet with a broad and nun-like band of crêpe beneath her chin.

It was thus the knowledge of Tony's tragic death was borne in on his wife.

Muriel never altogether *realized* Tony's death—not even when the first of her mourning came, and she stood before

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

"'WHY DON'T YOU START A SHOP, MURIEL DEAR? THERE'S NO ONE IN THE WORLD HAS THE TASTE IN CLOTHES THAT YOU HAVE!'"

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THE NIGHT-RAIDERS

Jeremy's Dramatic Last Appearance, in the Sixth of the "Jeremy and Hamlet" Stories

BY HUGH WALPOLE

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

IT WILL be always difficult to understand what drove Jeremy into this adventure. That on the very last night but one of his Christmas holidays, when he had every good reason for placating the powers and when he did, of his own nature, desire that he should leave everything behind him in the odor of sanctity—that at such a time he should take so wild and unnecessary a risk will always and forever be a deep mystery.

The end of these holidays he especially desired to clothe in tranquillity, because of the painful manner in which they had begun. He really did wish to live at peace with his fellow men, and especially with his mother and father. His mother was easy, but his father!

How were they ever to see the same way about anything? And yet he detected in himself a strange pathetic desire to be liked by his father and himself to like in return. Had he only known it, his father felt precisely the same toward himself—but the gulf of two generations was between them.

Indeed on that very morning Mr. Cole had had a conversation with his brother-in-law, Samuel, about his son Jeremy. Mr. Cole was never at ease with his brother-in-law. He distrusted artists in general—his idea was that they were wasting the time that God had given them—and he distrusted his brother-in-law in particular, because he thought that he often laughed at him, which indeed he often did.

"I'm unhappy about Jeremy," he said, looking at Samuel's blue smock with dissatisfaction. He did wish that Samuel wouldn't wear his painting-clothes at breakfast-time.

"Why?" asked Samuel.

"I don't think the boy's improving. School seems to be doing him no good."

"Take him away then."

"Really!" said Mr. Cole. "I wish you wouldn't joke about these things. He must go to school."

"Send him to another school if this one isn't satisfactory."

"No. Thomas's is a good school. I'm afraid it's in the boy, not the school, that the fault lies."

Samuel Trefusis said nothing.

"Well, don't you see what I mean about the boy?" Mr. Cole asked irritably.

"No, I don't. I think the boy perfectly delightful. I don't as a rule like boys. In fact I detest them. I've come slowly to Jeremy, but now I'm quite conquered by him. He's a baby in many ways still, of course, but he has extraordinary perceptions; is brave, honest, amusing, and delightful to look at."

"Honest," said Mr. Cole gloomily, "that's just what I'm not sure about. That affair of the money at the beginning of the holidays."

"Really, Herbert," Samuel broke in indignantly, "if you'll allow me to say so—and even if you won't—you were wrong in that affair from first to last. You never gave the boy a chance. You concluded he was guilty from the first moment. The boy thought he had a right to the money. You bullied and scolded him until he was terrified, and then wanted him to apologize. Twenty years from now parents will have learned something about their children—the children are going to teach them. Your one idea of bringing up Jeremy is to forbid him to do everything that his natural instincts urge him to do.

"He is a perfectly healthy, affectionate, decent boy. He'll do you credit, but it won't be your merit if he does. It will be in spite of what you've done—not because of it."

Mr. Cole was deeply shocked.

"Really, Samuel, this is going too far. As you've challenged me, I may say that I've noticed and Amy also has noticed that you're doing the boy no good by petting him as you are. It's largely because you are always inviting the boy into that studio of yours and encouraging him in the strangest ideas, that he has grown as independent as he has. I don't think you're a wholesome influence for the boy. I don't, indeed."

Samuel's face closed like a box. He was very angry. He would have liked, as he would have liked on many other occasions, to say, "Very well, then; I leave your house in the next five minutes"; but he was lazy, had very little money, liked the place, and adored the town, so he simply shrugged his shoulders

"You can forbid him to speak to me if you like," he said.

Mr. Cole was afraid of his brother-in-law, so all he said was, "I shall write to Thomas about him."

"'THAT'S A PRETTY THING TO COME BREAKING INTO SOMEBODY'S HOUSE AFTER MIDNIGHT!'"

MEANWHILE this awful adventure had suddenly leaped up in front of Jeremy like a jack-in-the-box. Like many of the most daring adventures, its origin was simple. Four days earlier there had been a children's afternoon party at the dean's. The dean's children's parties were always dreary affairs because of Mrs. Dean's neuralgia and because the dean thought that his share of the affair was over when he had poked his head into the room where they were having tea, patted one or two innocents on the head (they became instantly white with self-consciousness), and then said in a loud, generous voice, "Well, my friends, enjoying yourselves? That's right." After which he returned to his study. The result of this was that his guests were as sheep without a shepherd, the dean's children being too young to do much, and the girls' governess too deeply agitated by her fancy that the children's parents were staring at her arrogantly to pull herself together and be amiable.

It was during one of those catch-as-catch-can intervals, when children were desultorily wandering, of boys sticking pins into stout feminine calves, of girls sniggering in secret conclave together, of infants howling to be taken home, that Jeremy overheard Bill Bartlett say to the dean's Ernest, "I dare you!"

Jeremy pricked up his ears at once; anything in which the dean's Ernest (his foe of foes) was concerned incited him to rivalry. He was terribly bored by the party: not only was it a bad, dull party, but ever since his first real evening ball children's afternoon parties had seemed to him stupid and without reason.

"I don't care," said the dean's Ernest.

"I dare you!" repeated Bill Bartlett.

"I'm not frightened," said Ernest.

"Then do it!" said Bill.

"You've got to come, too."

"Pooh!" said Bill, "that's nothing. I've done lots more than that."

Ernest quite plainly disliked the prospect of his daring, and, catching sight of Jeremy, he shifted his ground.

"Young Cole wouldn't dare," he said.

"Yes, he would," said Bartlett; "he dares more than you dare."

"No, he doesn't!" said the dean's Ernest indignantly.

"Yes, he does!"

"You dare more than Sampson dares, don't you, Cole?" said Bill.

"Of course I do," said Jeremy without a moment's hesitation.

"Well, do it then," said the dean's Ernest swiftly.

IT APPEARED on further examination that Bartlett had dared young Sampson to walk round the Cathedral twice just as the clocks were striking midnight. It was obvious at once that this involved quite terrifying dangers. Apart altogether from the ghostly prospect of walking round the Cathedral at midnight, there was the escape from the house, the danger of the police, and the return to the house. Jeremy saw at once all that was involved, but because the dean's Ernest was there and staring at him from under his pale eyebrows with arrogant contempt, he said at once,

"I dare."

Tommy Winchester, who was complaining bitterly about the food provided, was soon drawn into the challenge, and altho his stout cheeks quivered at the prospect (Major Winchester, his father, was the sternest of disciplinarians), he had to say, "I dare."

Details were then settled. It was to be three nights from that day. They were to meet just outside the west door as the clock struck twelve, to walk or run twice round the Cathedral, and then find their way home again.

"I bet young Cole doesn't come," Jeremy heard Ernest say loudly to Bill as they parted.

Of course after that he would go, but when he reached home and considered it he was miserable. To end the holidays with such a risk truly appalled him. From every point of view it was madness. Even the he escaped through the pantry window (he knew that he could push up the catch and then drop into the garden without difficulty) there was all the risk of his absence being discovered while he was away. Then there was the peril of a policeman finding them and reporting them; then there was the return, with the climb back into the pantry and the noisy crawl (you never knew when a board was going to creak) back into his room again.

He had no illusion at all as to what would happen if his father caught him; that would simply sign and seal his disgrace once and forever. But worse—far worse to him—was what Uncle Samuel would feel. Uncle Samuel had simply been wonderful to him during these holidays. He adored Uncle Samuel. Uncle Samuel had, as it were, "banked" on his honor and integrity when all the rest of the world doubted it.

Uncle Samuel loved him and believed in him. He had a momentary passionate impulse to go to Uncle Samuel and tell him everything. But he knew what the consequence of that must be. Uncle Samuel would persuade him not to go, would indeed make him give his word that he would not go. Then forever would he be disgraced in the eyes of Bill Bartlett, Tommy Winchester, and the others, and the dean's Ernest would certainly never allow him to hear the last of it. It was possible that the others would fail at the final moment and would not be there, but he must be there. Yes, he must, he must—even tho death and torture awaited him as the consequence of his going.

Had he not trusted Bartlett he might have thought the whole thing a plot on the part of the dean's Ernest to put him into a dangerous position, but Bartlett was a friend of his, and the challenge was genuine.

As the dreadful hour approached he became more and

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GETTING A GOOD START

How to Make the Best of Life: Fourth Article

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

DRAWINGS BY STUART HAY

"GREAT SUCCESS CAN NOT BE ACHIEVED WITHOUT SERIOUS RISKS"

SHREWD, practical working principles—"inside facts"—of incalculable value to ambitious young men and women. A remarkable series, this, by a great author who is also one of the keenest of men. Some of the best of the articles are yet to come.

EARLY all young people who go into the world in order to exchange their talents for a livelihood begin as employees. And most of them remain employees to the end of their working days. That is to say, the great majority of us are dependent upon the approval and the good-will of somebody else for the safety of our existence in that dangerous and shifting piece of human mechanism which we call society. Commonly the inexperienced youth (in which word, as usual, I include both young men and young women) enters employment with the excellent intention of doing his best—of giving himself generously in return for his fixed wages. And the first thing he commonly discovers is that his fellow employees are not doing their best. He perceives, or his companions sharply bring to his attention, that the spirit of the place is against generosity in the matter of services.

The theory is that since the employer is "out" to give as little as possible, the proper course for the employees is to give as little as possible.

The employer pays a certain calculable sum, while expecting an equivalent in services which are not calculable, which are elastic, and which the employer will assuredly stretch as far as he can. The affair develops into a sort of double conspiracy, the employer and the employees plotting against one another.

"Why on earth," the employees demand, "should we do more than we need do when the result is solely to enrich the employer? If we really put our backs into the business, will the employer at the end of the week put his back into the business of suitably rewarding us? He will not. He will pay us exactly the same amount as if we had not tired our backs. He may smile his thanks, or even murmur some praise, but smiles and praise will purchase neither cigarets nor silk stockings. Therefore . . . ," etc., etc.

There is a sort of rough justice in the argument, and the beginner usually accepts it at its face value and acts accordingly. Nevertheless the policy is a mistake from the employees' point of view. True, the employee who does his best will, in the case of nineteen employees out of twenty, give more than he receives, and to other employees he will have the air of a philanthropist. But he will not continue for very long to give more than he receives, for he will either receive promotion in the place where he is or he will find a better situation in some other place. The rumor of a good, active employee soon spreads abroad, the reason being that good, active employees are very rare.

Yes, they are very rare indeed, and the secret preoccupation of every employer is to find them and stick to them. Such an employee, in a period of trade crisis, will be retained after many others have been politely thrown into the street. Such an employee has a powerful weapon against an employer in that he is terribly difficult to replace. He may have faults—he may be dull, slow, stupid, bad-tempered, churlish—but his willingness to work, his readiness not to dole out his energy, but to lavish his energy, will weigh advantageously against these defects. He is steadily moving along toward *security*, perhaps the asset most highly treasured in the employed world. He may be giving during the week more than he receives from his employer on Saturday, but in fact he is in all probability receiving quite as much as he gives, tho something—not money—of what he receives costs the employer nothing.

Moreover, the transaction should not be viewed simply as a transaction between the employee and the employer. It is also a transaction between the employee and society at large. And seen in this light it will appear less unjust, even in the monetary sense. Justice can not be calculated and balanced up week by week, nor year by year. In practise it is achieved by decades, or in half a lifetime or a lifetime. The reward of energy seldom comes immediately. It often lags ten years behind; it generally lags five years behind.

A man advanced in life may seem to be overpaid for what he is doing at a given moment. But at that moment he is, actually, being paid for what he did years earlier. And when we see, as we not seldom do, old men apparently obtaining large salaries for light labor, we should bear this in mind. What they are being paid for is their reputation, their reliability, their experience, their reserves of skill and force ready for emergencies which may arise.

Hence the young employee will be well advised not to ladle out his energy with a teaspoon, nor to weigh it continually in scales against immediate money. He possesses energy in plenty, and he must fling it around as some millionaires do coin. He must take the risk of not getting the ultimate reward. He must not think in short periods, but in very long periods. He must sow the seeds of oaks, not of Virginia creepers, and exercise that immense patience which the growth of acorns demands.

Of course it will be objected that if all employees conducted themselves according to this advice, none of them would get the advantages of it, while the employer would be on velvet. True! No answer can be put forward to this objection. It need not, however, trouble us, because there is not the slightest chance of all employees, or of the majority of employees, conducting themselves according to the aforesaid advice. The advice will be welcomed by all, but acted upon by few, and I am not going to pretend anything else.

The few who do act upon it should remember that in nothing is tact more necessary than in well-doing. Idleness in an employee will cause no unpleasantness with his fellow employees unless they are compelled to do the idler's work for him, and should this happen the idler will soon be in urgent need of a situation. If the idler's idleness inconveniences nobody but the employer the other employees will endure the employer's misfortune with the utmost fortitude and tranquillity, and the idler will get on very well with them, possibly even coming in for a certain amount of admiration.

BUT the truly industrious apprentice must take care. If he does not exercise diplomacy, tact, and the subtlety of serpents he will be passively and perhaps actively disliked for the obvious reason that he is setting up a new and more exacting standard for all his fellows, inspiring the employer to criticize them with sharper eyes, and generally disturbing the eternal order of things. Sin has its penalties, but so has righteousness. Moreover, righteousness is very apt to be called, and to develop into, self-righteousness.

And let not the industrious apprentice suppose that the employer will like him all the more for thus unsettling the whole place by his splendid endeavors. The reverse will be the case. The employer would doubtless be willing to sack the whole of the rest of the staff if he could replace every individual by an industrious apprentice. But he can not, and he knows he can not. Meanwhile he desires above everything harmony.

Again, the industrious apprentice sometimes falls into the habit of conscious moral superiority even to his employer, who perhaps is a bit of a slacker himself. He may go so far as to put his employer in the wrong. Now, employers, like princes, are never wrong. Therefore let the industrious apprentice go warily. The art of dealing with one's employer and the art of dealing with one's fellow employees are scarcely less important than the art of dealing with the work itself. This is not cynicism, merely sense.

A last point in this connection. If the energetic, conscientious, generous, and tactful employee is also very ambitious he will sooner or later, and probably sooner than later, be confronted with the problem, "Shall I stay where I am or shall I be adventurous and go somewhere else?" To my mind the answer is clear. He should not stay where he is. The man who remains long in one situation sinks into a groove; he fails to acquire new experience; and he loses elasticity and enterprise. And as the years pass he grows older and the fresh openings diminish in number. Also he becomes afraid. Employers usually hesitate about engaging an employee who has not budged for a long period. They fear his fixed habits. They know that he will not and can not respond easily to unfamiliar suggestions.

This state of affairs is naturally well known to the employer under whom the employee has been for many years. The employer, tho he does not wish the employee to leave him, feels that he has that hold over him which time alone can give, and inevitably the feeling influences his attitude toward the employee. The ambitious employee who knows himself to possess fundamental character must avoid grooves with all his heart, and must, while showing prudence, face risks.

Seldom does it occur that a genuine improvement of status can be attained without facing risks. There are scores of fine opportunities round about any ambitious employee. They are useless until they are explored, and not a solitary one of them can be explored unless the employee is prepared to burn his boats. Nearly all very successful men have burned their boats, not once, but several times. They have continually explored opportunities, now and then with

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SAYS BENNETT:

"In nothing is tact more necessary than in well-doing."

"Sin has its penalties, but so has righteousness."

"Employers, like princes, are never wrong."

"It is the habit of saving that counts, not the sum saved."

"The biggest things in life depend on the smallest things."

"The man who remains long in a situation sinks into a groove."

"OPPORTUNITIES ARE USELESS UNTIL THEY ARE EXPLORED. SUCCESSFUL MEN HAVE GONE ON"

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"'BLAIR TRIED TO TEACH ME TO PAINT ONCE. BUT I WASN'T MUCH GOOD AT IT'"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING

THE GREERS

Another Striking Success, Outdoing His Immensely Popular Novels, "Thoroughbred" and "Mary Wollaston"

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Complete in Four Instalments—Part Two

IT WAS not on the cards that Joe should forget about his daughter for long. Within a day or two of his Sunday morning adventure at Lake Forest he got a telegram from the serviceable lawyer at Pasadena which brought Beatrice vividly into the foreground of his thoughts.

"Your daughter plans leaving at once," it read. "Wants entire thousand dollars. Is this O. K.?"

Joe went off at half-cock over this. His letter had succeeded beyond his hopes. The girl was ready to come to him, at once! And now the whole thing was jeopardized by the timidity of a piking, small-town lawyer, afraid to let go the money that he had expected would pay his bill. If the child wanted the whole thousand to make her feel secure in setting out upon so vast an enterprise as this she should have it. It had been precisely to give her that feeling of security that Joe had offered it. The poor kid, since she was born, had probably never traveled further than Yosemite or San Diego: probably had never spent a night on a Pullman. Chicago and Timbuktu would seem about equally distant to her. And here was this fool lawyer making difficulties, asking for instructions. He should have some that he'd remember perhaps till next time! So there was a good deal of pepper in the telegram which Joe dispatched in reply.

"Instructions carried out. Have written," the lawyer wired the next day, and Joe began looking out for a telegram from Beatrice herself. None came, and the misgiving deepened in his mind that he'd have done well to give a second thought to that hasty conclusion of his and, perhaps, to consult Jennie MacArthur about it. He did not mention the matter to her until the lawyer's letter came in, just within the week. That really frightened him. It began with the startling assumption that the girl was already in Chicago with her father.

"Your daughter has, I trust, by this time told you, in substance, the manner in which the instructions in your letter of the thirteenth instant have been carried out.

"I was not able, until two days ago, to get into confidential communication with her without incurring the risk of my intention becoming known in other quarters. She came, however, by appointment, to my office, yesterday about four o'clock, and read your letter to her in my presence. She was greatly excited by it, so much so, indeed, that she found herself unable to read it, and put it into my hands to read to her. She declared her intention of starting at once, and even demurred to returning to her home for the night, professing a fear that something might happen to prevent her going altogether. She also demanded the entire thousand dollars in cash, which I took to be contrary to the expectation expressed in your instructions. I ventured to point out to her your implied wish that she consult, or at least inform, her mother in the matter; but this with the utmost vehemence, she refused to do. I then took refuge in the assertion of my inability to provide a thousand dollars in cash until the banks should open the next morning, and to this enforced delay she consented.

"I telegraphed you at once, and your reply, as you no doubt remember, left me no discretion. So when she called at my office, at eleven o'clock this morning, I paid her the thousand dollars in currency. I must now consider my responsibility in the matter discharged.

"One minor matter remains, however, to be mentioned. She brought me, this morning, a photograph of herself, which she inscribed to you at my desk, asking me at the same time to mail it to you. I pointed out to her that since she was leaving for Chicago that day, as I understood it to be her intention to do, the photograph would reach you some days sooner if she carried it herself. She insisted, nevertheless, and quite without explanation, that I mail it to you as she requested.

"She declined my offers to procure her ticket and accommodation, and to have her accompanied to the train. I trust I am unwarranted in making the assumption that she had some other destination than Chicago, immediately at least, in mind."

The letter disturbed Joe so profoundly that, when Jennie had read it (he had called her into the private office for the purpose the moment she arrived the next morning), he made no attempt to shift from his own shoulders the blame for what he feared had happened. Indeed, when Jennie said of the lawyer, "He ought to have known better than let her go like that," Joe contradicted her.

"I'm the only damn fool in this business," he said. "I wired him in so many words to tend to his. The only question now is, what's to be done. Whether to wire him to try to have her found or to go out myself on the next train."

"NEITHER would do any good," Jennie reflected. "The only thing you can do for the present is to telegraph your wife what you've done, or else have the lawyer talk to her. She may have some clue where the girl's gone, or she may be frantic without one; but in either case it's up to you to tell her."

Joe mopped the sweat from his forehead. "Yes," he admitted, "I suppose it is." And this humility was so unlike him that Jennie set about finding what comfort she could for him.

It wasn't likely the girl had come to any actual harm; at least not to anything she herself would regard in that light. Joe's thousand dollars had probably come down from heaven to make possible the realization of some dream of hers, and she'd simply snatched at it. She'd write to him when she got around to it. It might be a silly dream, of course; she might have gone no further than Hollywood for a plunge into the movies, or eloped with some boy lover of hers. Anyhow, Joe had accomplished part of his purpose: Annabel's lemon-grower was deprived of the chance, which in prospect had so infuriated Joe, of being a father to the girl.

The Story of the Story

JOSEPH GREER, a black-bearded pirate of fifty, having discovered a process of extracting fibre from flax straw, has been made director of a big corporation. For years distrusting men of affairs, Greer has played a lone hand. Now, holding what he considers the winning cards, he is willing to sublet his wits to wealth. To protect his interests, he has foisted his own secretary, red-headed Jennie MacArthur, upon the company. Joe has a wife in California and a daughter Beatrice whom he has never seen. Exasperated at divorce proceedings started by his wife, and overwhelmed by his daughter's sudden offer to come to him, Joe goes to Jennie for advice. He has always scorned society but now, ambitious for Beatrice, he accepts an invitation from a partner, John Williamson, to go out and shoot clay pigeons on his estate. At the end of a morning's sport, Williamson's fascinating wife drags Joe away to dally with her. He forgets his anxiety about his daughter and his distrust of the Williamson coterie. We leave him going back to town, baffled by this modern vampire

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But even in this aspect of the affair Joe found no consolation, and for the rest he protested that Jennie had it doped out all wrong. An innocent, simple-minded little thing, such as Annabel's daughter would have been brought up to be, wouldn't be capable of thinking of going into the movies; and as for a schoolboy lover— He didn't see how Jennie could entertain an idea like that. Why, the kid was only nineteen!

"You were down in the jungle by then," Jennie remarked.

"But, damn it," Joe cried, "she's a girl!"

But when the photograph came to hand, as it did a day or two later, he was forced to admit the possibility that Jennie was nearer right than he. The force of the emotion that seized him when he found the package on his hall table and realized what it must contain, literally turned him a bit giddy. He ripped away the wrappings with hands that shook, but before he opened the big brown mount, he carried it into the next room and sat down.

It was with clear incredulity that he stared, for the first minute, at the pictured woman it revealed. For it was as a woman that he first saw her. She was looking straight at him, very insolently, from under her heavy black lashes, her head somewhat tilted back for the purpose. Her black hair lost itself in the shadows of the dark ground. It was what photographers speak of as a "fancy" head, her naked shoulders and bosom emerging from a vignette of enveloping tulle.

It wasn't until later that he perceived the pathetic pretense there was about all this; that the insolence, the shamelessness, the world-weary sophistication were, after all, the mere imposture of a child. She had inscribed herself across one of the bare shoulders, with a fine swing of bravado. "Your devoted daughter, Beatrice." And underneath she'd written, in smaller characters, "Not a wise enough child to know her own father. Not yet, but soon."

He spent the whole evening alone with it in a tangle of violently contradictory emotions. He was angry and a little ashamed; he was quite inordinately proud; he was furiously jealous. For whom had she had that picture taken? Not for him, he knew; the time had been too short. He felt sure it was one the girl's mother had never seen, let alone authorized. No, she'd had it taken for some man—some movie-actor, some hotel-clerk. There'd be plenty of masculine admiration for a girl who looked like that. She was quite extravagantly pretty. It was a short, broad boyish face, with a wide, expressive mouth and a real nose. There wasn't the slightest look of Annabel about her. She was his, every drop of her. She was nineteen years old, and this outrageous thing, with its vampire stare and its pert inscription (he hadn't missed the irony of that scrawled "devoted"), was his first communication, his first knowledge of her. The Beatrice he'd sentimentalized over all these years, the old-fashioned bouquet with the paper frill around it that he'd told Jennie about, was blown away like a wraith. This girl was flesh of his flesh.

And, in all likelihood, he'd lost her!

WHEN Jennie saw the photograph she laughed. "Any one who'd ever seen you would know who her father was without any telling."

An actual physical likeness hadn't struck Joe, and he professed himself skeptical about it.

"No, she's you all over," Jennie insisted. "I'll leave it to anybody. Let me show it to Henry; see what he says."

But Joe, instead of handing it over to her, rewrapped it thoughtfully in the paper from which he'd just taken it. "I didn't think I'd say anything about her to Henry," he explained, "until I knew for sure whether she was coming or not."

"She'll come," Jennie said confidently. "She says so, right there on the photograph. And then—well, of course, she'd come anyway. I guess you'll find she's like you in a good deal more than looks. She's probably an explorer, just like you. Willing to take a chance to find out about things—especially anything as exciting as a father she's never seen and they've told her she mustn't ask about. She's having some little fling of her own first, but she'll come."

"But what kind of a fling? That's the point," Joe put in somberly. "Damn it, Jennie! If she's come to harm with that fool thousand dollars——"

"She hasn't," Jennie assured him. "She won't commit herself to anything or anybody—not even a movie-actor—till she's found out what *you're* like. Any more than you would. I tell you she's like you."

"Well, I hope you're right," he said. "It'll simplify things quite a bit if you are."

"Simplify!" She looked at him thoughtfully. "Well, perhaps. If you can manage not to forget it's true. That must be a pretty hard sort of thing to remember, tho."

He didn't see just what she meant by that, but he forbore to ask. Her confidence that the girl would ultimately turn up, intact and unencumbered with a movie-actor or bell-hop husband, really comforted him, and enabled him to dismiss the worst of the worry about Beatrice from his mind, even tho reverberations of the emotional earthquake in Pasadena reached him daily in the form of telegrams.

He did mention to Henry Craven, by way of preparing the ground, that he was more than half expecting a visit soon from his daughter. He added no explanations, and Henry, tho visibly bulging with questions, was too polite to ask them. To Henry's sister, Margaret, a few days later, he was a little more communicative.

THE occasion for this was a supper-party, instead of the dinner he'd originally planned, for the Williamsons. A small and, to Joe's ideas, a rather tame supper-party, tho it included a few stage people of the better sort, Jimmy Wallace, a dramatic critic, and a bachelor portrait-painter named Burton. The others were John Williamson and his wife and Henry and Margaret Craven. The brother and sister happened to be the first arrivals. It was not their first visit to Joe's apartment—in Henry's case not by several. He, on coming into the drawing-room, sat down at once, unceremoniously, at the piano, and he continued amusing himself with it, in a fragmentary, meditative sort of way, after Margaret had returned from the room designated by Joe—his own—where she had left her wraps.

"I've just been looking at a photograph," she said. "I wondered——"

"Yes, that's Beatrice," Joe answered the unstated question. "I meant Henry to tell you. I'm expecting her in a few days. I've not seen her in—years. You see, my wife's been living in California for a long time, and the girl has been out there with her."

Margaret smiled. "I hadn't even known," she said, "that you were married."

Joe looked at her squarely. "I sha'n't be very much longer," he told her. "She's getting a divorce. Means to marry again, I understand. Well, it's right enough she should. We split up years ago."

"It must be delightful," Margaret said evenly, "to have a grown-up daughter coming to make one a visit. Especially a—delicious young thing like that."

"She's younger than she looks in that picture," Joe commented, soberly. "Only nineteen. And of course she'll be sort of a cat in a strange garret, at first. I thought I'd like to bring her around to see you, if you'd let me."

For no longer than a breath his appeal remained unanswered. Then, with a fully adequate cordiality, Margaret said she'd love to know the girl.

Late that night, after the party—a thoroughly successful one—had broken up, as Joe was undressing, he observed that the photograph, which he had left standing open on his dressing-table, had been closed and laid down, the flap of the mount even tucked under it to keep it from springing. He wondered if Margaret Craven had done that, and, if so, why. It might, of course, have been a sheer inadvertence. Williamson's wife hadn't spoken of the picture, tho he'd had quite a long talk with her. Apparently neither of the Cravens had mentioned Beatrice to her.

"No telegrams to-day?" For more than a week it had been Joe's first question of the butler as the man opened the door for him upon his daily return from the office, despite a standing order that any wire that came to the apartment during the day should be telephoned on to wherever he was.

To-night Anson said, as always, "No telegram, sir," but the inflection of the phrase was different and Joe demanded sharply, "Well, what?"

"The young lady herself has arrived. Miss Greer, sir."

"Arrived? In town? Where is she now?"

"In the library, I believe, sir."

Joe found that he was trembling. The man had taken his hat. There was no reason why he shouldn't go straight into the library, but he hesitated. "When did she come?" he asked.

"Just after noon, sir. Around two o'clock, I think."

"Two o'clock!" Joe echoed. "Why the devil wasn't I told of it?"

"Miss Greer wished me not to disturb you, sir. She said she wished a little time to get settled." He paused, but Joe was speechless, so, after a moment, he went on. "I assisted in unpacking her trunk. She had it sent down to the storeroom about an hour ago." He added, a little anxiously, "She took the blue room. I trust it's all right, sir."

"Of course it's all right," Joe answered curtly. "She's my daughter, you understand? Going to live with me, for the present anyhow. That's all," he concluded. "You can go." He waited where he was until the man had gone through the service-door. Then, after a steadying moment, alone, he made his way to the library.

She must have heard him talking to Anson, but she gave no overt sign of being aware of his approach. She sat facing him, one of the evening papers open in both hands so that it hid her like a curtain. It occurred to Joe that one didn't hold a paper quite so rigidly as that when one was reading it.

"Is that you, Beatrice?" he asked. He had halted without coming very close to her.

At his voice she flung the paper aside and sprang to her feet. "Hello, Dad!" she cried. She almost managed the air of one greeting a familiar at the end of a day's separation. Her voice, like Joe's, had a startling resonance and a wide inflectional swing. She added, "I suppose that *is* you." She had tried, as before, to say it casually, pertly even, but the wire edge in her voice betrayed that she was frightened.

He had expected that. What surprized him was that he was frightened too. Almost for the first time in his life he felt that he had to lock his teeth to prevent them from chattering. He turned his look abruptly away from her, but still, as he gazed blankly out the window, he could see the picture of her. She'd rouged her cheeks a little and a sudden pallor had left the two spots, staring— She was his. His daughter! She'd come, incredibly, to live with him. She'd unpacked her trunk and sent it down to the storeroom. She'd dressed as a woman dresses when she is securely at home, in the sort of thing they called, he thought, a tea-gown. And white-silk stockings and black-satin slippers, high-heeled with straps. He'd find her like that, every day—unless he frightened her off.

"Yes," he said, "we're here together at last." Then, in order not to stop talking, he went on, "You gave me a great scare. It's two weeks since that lawyer telegraphed you'd left."

"You got my picture, tho," she reminded him. "I wrote on it I was coming. I had to go to San Francisco first to get some clothes. Mother never would let me have a thing I was fit to be seen in. I thought I'd better make a good impression, so you wouldn't send me back on the next train." She gave a nervous laugh. "Have I? Do you like me?"

Somehow he couldn't look round at her, but he nodded and said, "Yes— I must wire your mother you've come. She's been in a terrible state about you."

She had begun coming toward him, but now she stopped. "I guess you're still mad at me," she remarked, "for having kept you waiting."

At this he turned to her. "I kept *you* waiting longer than that," he said. "So what forgiving there is you'll have to do."

"Well, then," she answered, "let's kiss and make up. I suppose that's the next thing to do." She uttered that same nervous laugh again as she came to meet him, and, when he took her in his hands, he saw that she winced. Her head went back like a frightened animal's.

Instantly he let her go, and stepped back. "We'll let that stand over while you're getting used to me," he told her.

Blood surged up into her face, and it was with a shrug she turned away. "Suit yourself about that," she said.

The paralysis which had been upon him lifted. His thought spoke itself, naturally, in words. "My dear, the only woman who ever kissed me without wanting to was your mother. I'm not going to have that handed on to you. You're going to like me some day, and when you do you'll come and kiss me without having to stiffen your back."

At that she smiled round a little more spontaneously upon him. "I'm going to like it here, all right," she said.

And with this encouragement, partial as it was (for it was *it*, he noted, that she'd prophesied she'd like, rather than him), he took matters into his own hands. Had she said anything to Anson about dinner—about anything she'd specially like? Was she tired after her long journey? If not, what would she say to their dining down-town—at the Blackstone, perhaps? And seeing a show afterward, by way of making it a party?

Fine! That's what they'd do, then. She could dress or not, just as she liked. Evening dress, he meant. If she didn't, any sort of street-frock would do. All right, then, he'd put on a dinner-jacket himself, and they'd do the thing right. He was afraid, tho, if she were going to need any help they'd have to call in the cook.

HE HAD rung for the butler while he talked, and now, as the man appeared, he said, "We're dining down-town, Anson. Ask your wife if she'll come in a few minutes and help Miss Greer with her hooks. You'd better pick up a maid to-morrow. We'll be needing one now. Tell Burns to be around with the closed car at ten minutes to seven. And get me the theater agency on the phone. I'll talk to them myself; want to see what they've got."

The girl, as he meant her to, had stood drinking this in with wide, incredulous eyes—the eyes of a Cinderella, entranced.

Well, that wasn't the beginning of it. He'd make it up to her for all those nineteen meager years. Just let her wait and see.

She drew herself up as he finished his instructions, and ventured, on her own account, a tentatively regal little nod of dismissal as the butler turned to go. She flushed, seeing Joe had caught her at it, and herself moved away to the door.

"I'll hurry," she said.

"You needn't," he called, jovially, after her. "The party can't begin without you."

To the extent that he was capable of cool reflection, he decided, when the evening was over, that it had gone well—as well as he could have hoped. Its minor failures were all attributable to him. He shouldn't have suggested evening dress to her, in the first place. She had dressed up, thinking to please him, most likely, in a costume that must have been the climax of that fevered week's shopping in San Francisco. The gown was of a sort Joe knew well by experience, and the association made him wince; the sort a girl buys when she wants to make forty dollars look like four hundred. Extreme in cut, and with the effect of being violent in color, tho it was really an off shade of rose. She'd matched it more or less, too, in stockings and slippers, and with an unfortunate hat which he hadn't dared suggest she leave behind.

To a Bit of Ribbon

BY DOROTHY CARUSO

(Mrs. Enrico Caruso)

OH, bit of rosy ribbon, did you lie
Close to her heart surrounded by soft lace?
What naughty wind intrigued that you should fly
So sweet a place?

She held you close your crumpled surface shows.
She touched you with her tender hands each day.
And fashioned of you dainty little bows
To hide away.

All through my senses, sweet, sweet longings steal,
I know that you are of herself a part.
And gently kissing you I seem to feel
Her beating heart!

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He had dined and supped at restaurants uncounted times with girls who were dressed with that same general tone and had enjoyed the effect himself as well as the echo it produced from all and sundry who chanced to sit within its range. The sting of this ineluctable comparison got through his skin. He'd had to maintain an appearance of calm in the face of two or three furious gusts of anger which had swept over him when he'd seen people smile. But he didn't think she'd been aware of any of that. She'd flushed with pleasure over his enthusiastic praise of the costume, and there'd been nothing about her manner since to indicate disillusionment.

THE cocktails, too, had been a mistake. A pure inadvertence they were. The captain had come over, as he always did, to take his order for drinks, and Joe had commanded Martinis before he thought. Then he came to and declined wine. He didn't suppose she'd ever tasted anything with alcohol in it. He surmised a problem here: on the broad question of intoxicants, what line ought he take with the girl? She'd be better off without them, of course. He wasn't going to begin by being a crab, tho—not to-night. The most he ventured, when the glass was put before her, was a suggestion that a sip or two wouldn't hurt her and that he'd drink up whatever she left. She'd made an impudent face at him, at which he laughed, and then, with a good deal of deliberation of manner, proceeded slowly to drink the whole thing. He wondered uneasily whether her week in San Francisco had contributed this item to her education; he'd get a more detailed account of that sojourn from her when he could without seeming to pry. Then he grinned as it struck him as probable that her school had been the movies.

The drink did go to her head, as the bright glow upon her temples betrayed; but the effect of this was to alarm her a little and to put her rather rigidly on guard. He was inclined to think, looking over the evening in retrospect, that this might have been the obstacle between them that he'd been faintly aware of from then on.

Or perhaps it had been the play, which wasn't, most likely, the happiest possible choice. He'd picked it partly because it was in the theater next door to the hotel; partly because he liked the charming young star who was playing in it (she was a great friend of James Wallace's). But partly, too, because it was a nice wholesome little piece with no possible harm in it; the sort of thing an unsophisticated young girl could appropriately be taken to. And this quality of it was what she'd resented a little, sensing something patronizing in his attitude. Naturally, anyhow, her mood hadn't been receptive, tonight, to simplicity in dotted Swiss.

Riding home after the play (for he hadn't suggested any further protraction of the party), she'd been almost silent and a little aloof—half frightened, perhaps, over the adventure she'd embarked on. But he'd gained enormously by forbearing to press her for more than she was ready to give. He'd made no mistake here. She'd been braced, he guessed, upon their return to the flat, for some demand of confidences—a sentimental summary of their first evening together, a looking forward to what their life was going to mean—and his apparently casual dismissal of her to bed had evidently touched as well as surprized her. She'd hesitated in the doorway, as if half minded to come back into his arms. If he'd invited her by a gesture, he thought she would have come. Well, it was better not; let her take her time. "Telephone me at the office in the morning when you wake up," he'd called after her.

It was hours after she'd gone to bed before he even tried to sleep. His imagination was all ablaze with great projects, cunning plans, and the center from which they all radiated was that young thing, asleep by now, in there behind that unlocked door. She was his! It had been his act that created her. Now, for the first time in twenty years, that incredible bond between them had been acknowledged, by her own free act and will. She had come to him, adventuring greatly, because he was her father. Such trust should be rewarded a hundred, a thousandfold! There was nothing the stall-fed folk of the world could do for their young that was more than he would do for his. That arrogant security of theirs he would make his own, in order to pass it on to her. He would make a princess of her—a princess in her own right.

Alternately, with these luminous, grandiose conceptions, his mind engaged itself with matters of minute detail. how she should be dressed; how taught the small, irritating tricks of speech and manner by which the stall-fed tagged themselves and identified each other. Henry's sister would come in handy here; she knew all the tricks, tho without money they'd never been worth much to her. His sleep that night, when finally it came, was troubled by strange dreams. Three times during the enlarging hours he had sprung wide-awake, and, leaving his bed, had stolen down the passage to listen for a moment outside her door.

At half past seven the next morning, as he was sitting down to breakfast, she amazed him by coming into the dining-room. She was clad in a loose-sleeved bath-robe, over her nightgown, and her hair, in two thick black braids, hung over her shoulders. Her eyes were bright with youth, and the bloom of sleep lay upon her unpainted skin. Her greeting was a mere playful caress of one hand upon his shoulder. Then she sat down in the armchair opposite his, and made a great play of the domesticities of breakfast; had the coffee-urn and all the serving-dishes removed to her side of the table.

She chaffed him brightly while she served and, in the intervals, made a hearty breakfast of her own. She made light of his concern that she should be up and about so early. She wasn't one of the sort who had to sleep away their days. There was nearly always something better to do than sleep, she thought, and certainly her first breakfast with her father was one of them.

The meal prolonged itself far beyond his usual limit for breakfast, and the morning paper lay unregarded on the floor. At last, however, he rose and said he must be off. She rose, too—they had the room to themselves just then—and for a moment she stood before him, breathless and a little flushed. Then she flung her arms around him, tight, and kissed his mouth. He gathered her up in his arms, and tears, utterly unwonted and amazing, filled his eyes.

"It was your beard I was afraid of," she murmured. "But I guess I like it."

He let her go, abruptly, for there was another damned echo in that. It was a thing that had been said to him before.

Then he dashed the unwelcome memory out of his mind. "Look here!" he cried.

"HE GATHERED HER UP IN HIS ARMS, AND TEARS, UTTERLY UNWONTED AND AMAZING, FILLED HIS EYES"

"How long will it take you to dress? If you'll be quick, I'll wait. Take you down-town with me to the office. I want 'em to see you. Besides, it's the place you'll have to come when you want money."

"I'll fly," she said.

The tears she saw in her father's eyes, when she'd kissed him over their first breakfast, obliterated the fear that she'd be shipped back to Pasadena as unsatisfactory; as his forbearance, the evening before, had made it plain that she wouldn't have to run away from him. They'd "get on" all right. And the ménage she found him in, as well as the place he seemed to offer her in it, was far beyond the wildest of her hopes. The "good flat" and the two cars he had mentioned in his letter had suggested no such establishment as this.

Anson—dignified, inscrutable, sophisticated, and, implicitly at least, under her orders—was as incredible as if he'd come out of the movies. And Burns, the chauffeur—her chauffeur, in effect, since her father seemed never to require his services by day—was as good-looking and jolly and serviceable to her caprice as any of the young princes of Hollywood who sometimes disguised themselves in jobs like that, for a lark—or a purpose.

THE car she elected to do most of her driving in was not the sumptuous monster in which Joe had taken her down to dinner on that first evening, but a sport model of the same famous make. Her first edict was that she be allowed to learn to drive it. They made daily cruises, she and young Burns, of uncounted miles and unreckoned hours. She even liked the country. The color and freshness and variety of the foliage excited her, accustomed as she was to the palmetto-punctuated monotony of southern California.

Most of the time during those first few days she felt like Ali Baba when he had first said, "Open sesame!" But, again like Ali Baba, she was to experience no comfortable security in the possession of her treasure-trové. There were enigmas about her father's life she couldn't solve; alarms that kept her constantly on the alert.

She'd stumbled upon the first of these the morning Joe took her to the office. He'd introduced her round promiscuously, during the ostensible process of showing her over the place, to all sorts of people—draftsmen, clerks, stenographers—usually in a perfectly one-sided manner: "This is my daughter, Beatrice"; of course, it didn't matter to her who they were.

But to this procedure there had been striking exception. On leading her up to one young woman —a creature with some pretense to looks and a lot of red hair: probably some sort of head stenographer since she seemed to have an office of her own—her father had said, "Beatrice, this is Jennie MacArthur." He'd said it, too, on a different note, significantly somehow, and the significance seemed to be that here was somebody who, for an unguessed reason, did matter. He added, as if to put it beyond doubt, "I want you two to get acquainted."

Beatrice, startled and feeling herself flushed, managed a rather cavalier nod and an abbreviated "How do you do"; and then, tho she hadn't meant to, extended her hand.

The woman didn't act snubbed at all, tho the intention, Beatrice thought, had been plain enough. Her look was penetrating and deliberate. "We're very glad you've come," she said. Then, turning to him—her employer, "Congratulations!" She didn't merely *say* it, either; she put something into it, some special meaning.

There'd been conversation—disjointed, rather at random—after this: questions about the sort of trip she'd had across the continent; a brief account of what they'd done the night before.

At last she said, amazingly, "There's nothing much here this morning, Joe. Why don't you take the day off?"

Tho he vetoed the suggestion, bruskly —there was something he particularly wanted to get at—he didn't seem to feel that there'd been anything officious about it. And the "Joe" neither of them seemed to have been conscious of at all. Evidently it was what she called him.

Who was she? What was she? What was her—hold on him, and how had she managed to get it?

She thought her father acted, now, as if he'd still like to stay longer, but was conscious of being turned out. He said, "Well, we won't bother you any more, *now*, but——"

Jennie MacArthur nodded an easy farewell to the girl. "Oh, we'll get acquainted all right in time," she said.

Beatrice was too wary to ask her father any questions, and to his, that night at dinner—what did she think of Jennie MacArthur? How had she liked her?—her replies had been colorless enough, she thought, to give him no hint of her surmise.

Casually, in the course of a driving lesson, she put a question or two to Burns. Who was the good-looking woman in the office with red hair?

Miss MacArthur? Oh, yes, he knew her. Very pleasant she was, and smart, too, he guessed. He understood she was secretary of the company. She lived up in Edgewater. He'd driven her home once or twice when her own car had been out of commission.

She had a car, then, Beatrice commented.

He qualified this. It was a flivver coupé.

"Home from where?" Beatrice asked. "Does she ever come to our house?"

"I couldn't say as to that," he answered, and it struck her that his manner was a little artificially discreet. Not even the thrill of learning to run the big car could drive the problem out of her mind.

BUT it was pretty well supplanted, a few days later, by another, more serious. Her father, as they were leaving the breakfast-table, said to Anson, "Mr. Craven and his sister are dining with us to-night No one else."

She perceived, from the moment of real attention he gave the butler's question as to what wine they should have, that the dinner wasn't quite the casual thing his offhand announcement of it was meant to make it appear. (Wine hadn't been an item at their dinners, nor even, since that first night at the Blackstone, cocktails. Her father helped himself to whisky out of a carafe, but never offered any to her.) She asked, when he was on the point of going off without telling her, who the Cravens were.

"Why, you met Henry that day at the office," he said. "He's treasurer of the company."

"Was he the smallish man with eye-glasses?" she asked. And, at his nod, "Is he a particular friend of yours?"

There was something she took as not quite serious about his answer. "Sure he is. Henry and I have cottoned up in great style." He hesitated, then went on, more soberly, "His sister Margaret's a mighty fine woman. You want to make a good impression on her." At the door he turned back to say, "Better wear your little blue dress, I guess. More the thing for a small family dinner than the red one."

She was in two minds, during the day, whether she wouldn't defy him here, by way of establishing a principle

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she was in danger of allowing to lapse. But a misgiving, picked up she knew not where, about that rose-colored costume, which had looked so desirably smart in the Market Street shop, led her to follow her father's suggestion. For a few minutes after their guests arrived she was glad she had done so. She sniffed danger in the wind, and until it had passed she didn't want her hands tied by a quarrel, no matter how trivial, with her father.

She couldn't have said just what it was that made her uneasy, but her pitiless young eyes saw, beneath Margaret's surface suavity, something haggard. It betrayed itself in the corners of her eyelids and in the tightness of her throat-muscles. It could be heard, sometimes, in the wire edge of a word—addressed, usually, to her brother, or when, with what was meant to sound like pure good humor, she told stories at his expense. She was old and tired and, for some reason only to be guessed, not far from desperate.

But, all the more for that, she was formidable. Over the cocktails in the drawing-room she had addressed her host as Joe, but without—quite—Jennie MacArthur's unconsciousness. A gleam in his eye told the girl, too, that he had noted it, with interest and perhaps with pleasure. So it must have been the first time. The woman hadn't done it idly: nothing she did was idle.

Beatrice contented herself with a single sip at her glass; then carried it over to her father. "I ought to have done this, last time," she admitted, confidentially, and he squeezed her arm in approval. But when Margaret took a cigaret she helped herself to one also. She'd had a fortnight of assiduous practise and decided she could safely venture. He laughed at this bit of bravado, but didn't seem displeased. She felt it was a good beginning; her father's darling and the complete hostess were the two fronts she wished to present—a double warning to trespassers.

And as the evening advanced she gained confidence that she was succeeding with both. She sat very straight, in the high-backed armchair which faced her father's, and felt herself satisfactorily in the part. (The movies have their uses, after all. She'd learned a lot from Pauline Frederick and Elsie Ferguson.) Anson fortified her somehow; it was the first time she'd felt him clearly as an ally. But the great thing was her father's look. Something came into it, whenever he turned it upon her, that quickened her heartbeat. As long as he went on looking at her like that she was in no danger from anybody.

HER HEAD FELL BACK UPON HIS SHOULDER, AND HE KISSED HER UP-TURNED MOUTH, HOTLY, UNEQUIVOCALLY"

THEIR hour in the drawing-room after dinner was really rather jolly, and one of her few conversational ventures, made in the course of it, proved a distinct success. Miss Craven had been admiring the big Sorolla, when Beatrice asked, "Did you ever hear of a painter named Carmichael Blair?"

They'd all heard of him, it seemed. He'd had a show, only a few months earlier, at the Institute. But why had she asked?

"Some of his pictures are a little like that, I think," she said. "They—sort of sing, just like that does."

In that moment she decided that, without reserve, she liked Henry Craven, just for the way his face lighted up over that remark. "You're perfectly right," he told her; "there's a real resemblance in just that quality." He added, "Blair lived out in California for a while, didn't he?"

She nodded. "He tried to teach me to paint once. But I wasn't much good at it." She had the satisfaction of feeling that she'd said that exactly right.

So the evening summed up to a real success. Her comments on their guests, after they'd gone, were enthusiastic; genuine, as they concerned Henry, and so nearly in the same tone as they concerned Margaret that she didn't believe her father could tell the difference.

But the little lunch Margaret had for her, a week later, didn't go off as well, and she came home from it depressed, vaguely resentful, and with her first misgiving of the woman's design upon her father wide-awake again.

Margaret's flat had been a shock to her. She'd assumed that these people were rich—in the circle of big bankers her father had spoken of in his letter. But they couldn't be; they were poor; the flat was small, the furniture old-fashioned, and the only servant in evidence might have been one in her mother's endless succession out in Pasadena. She wondered, uneasily, if her father had been taken in.

The shabbiness of the setting in which she was revealed didn't lessen at all her hostess's assurance; heightened it, if anything. She seemed cooler and harder, as well as—somehow—more mechanical, than on the night she and her brother had come to dinner. Beatrice was the first of the guests to arrive, and during those first few minutes while they were alone she had the uncomfortable sense of being under examination, on trial—to have it decided whether she would do! The questions themselves were friendly enough. How did she amuse herself during the long hours her father spent at the office? (Margaret knew how long they were, because of her brother.) Had she any trouble finding her way about? Had she been shopping? Margaret would go with her if she liked, almost any day, and show her where—well, the right sort of things were to be found. One could waste a lot of time—as well as a lot of money—in a strange city making all those discoveries for oneself. No, there was no harm in the questions—only the girl's answers seemed, always, somehow, to give her away.

The arrival of the other guests didn't improve matters either. There were only two of them (it wasn't a party, Margaret explained), young girls of about her own age. After the buzzer had announced them in the vestibule, her hostess told her, swiftly, who they were. One was Dorothy Williamson, whose father had gone in with hers in the new flax business. She had got back, only the week before, from her school, Thornycroft, in the East. The other was her particular friend, Sylvia Stannard. Sylvia's people had a place at Lake Geneva, but her brother had lately bought a farm, out on the Elgin road, in which she was taking a passionate interest, and her conversation, unless she was summarily dealt with, was likely to be heavily agricultural. "If she talks about Duroc-Jerseys"—Margaret finished the sentence, tho the two girls were now coming into the room—"don't think she means cows. She caught me that way the other day."

From the first moment, in the mere acknowledgment of the introduction, they disconcerted Beatrice, tho she couldn't be sure they meant to. At least they didn't sneer nor toss their heads nor turn their shoulders upon her, the way the thing was done in the movies. But she couldn't get in step with them. Their easy, rather jolly talk gave her no handles to hold on by. Miss Craven, every now and then, threw her what was plainly meant for a life-line, but when she tried to take these leads and ventured out of her shell of silence it was into a vacuum. They were both younger than she, she decided, and neither was as much dressed up. She was confident that she knew more about a lot of things than they did. When a telephone-call took their hostess out of the room, for quite a long while, the vacuum got higher than ever. They didn't talk about men at all, even with this opportunity, and Beatrice's attempt to introduce the topic was, as her instinct had warned her it would be, a blank failure.

"I think Henry Craven's a peach!" Beatrice had volunteered, apropos of something that had been said about Margaret. "I had a lot of fun with him at dinner the other night." Then, uneasily aware that both the other girls were looking a bit blank, she added, "You know him, don't you?"

"Rather!" the Williamson girl answered. "He's my cousin. Yes, he's a lamb."

Beatrice flushed and looked away; it was as if a door had been shut in her face.

LATER, after Margaret had come back, the talk veered to plans for the Summer. Margaret and Portia Novelli were taking the Aldriches' cottage on Cape Cod. (Portia's husband was going to be busy all Summer at Ravinia.) Margaret said in a casual but friendly way to Beatrice, "You ought to come down and see us. Get acquainted with the Atlantic Ocean as well as the Pacific. It isn't so big, but it's rather nice."

Sylvia meant to spend most of the Summer—all of it, unless her mother got too unpleasant about it—with the boys on the farm.

Dorothy yawned. "I've a hunch that we're going to have a little barytone in our home this Summer. We met him last week in New York. He's signed up for the Ravinia season. He doesn't speak any English, and Violet's French is rather funny round the edges, so I suppose I'll be kept standing by most of the time to see that they don't get tangled up."

"Is Violet your sister?" Beatrice asked.

"Mother," said Dorothy, and Sylvia giggled.

"Really, Dorothy, that's outrageous," Margaret remonstrated.

"Well, she's the one that makes me do it," was Dorothy's retort.

There broke over Beatrice a wave of something like homesickness. Home had never been a place she'd consciously loved. She'd never found much sympathy or security in it; nor anything better than meager and unsatisfying spiritual fare in the world that surrounded it. But it's inhabitants and their codes and standards were, after all, familiar and intelligible to her. These people were aliens. They left her out, not so much from malice as from the lack of any connective medium. She glanced round, desperately, at the clock; it would be almost an hour before Burns would call for her with the car. Luckily, the other guests went earlier, and she experienced a certain relief at being left alone with Miss Craven.

Just as she was leaving, the invitation for a visit to the Cape Cod cottage was repeated, this time in a way to show that it was meant and must be, in some fashion, dealt with.

"Why, it's frightfully kind of you," Beatrice said. "I don't think father means me to go away again as soon as this— I've just come, you see. But I'll speak to him about it."

"Do!" said Margaret. "If he's going to be away himself any time this Summer, up in the Northwest where they're building their flax factories, it might just fit in."

Beatrice awaited his return from the office that evening with an emotion that was more filial and domestic than anything she had felt toward him before. She had never, from the first moment, been indifferent to him. Her scheme for keeping the whip-hand of him by an alternation of cajolery and defiance had fallen to pieces when he rejected her first proffered kiss and told her why. He'd frightened her since then, he'd quickened her heartbeat, he'd made himself, once more, the center of her thoughts and dreams; he'd given her, in some moments, a vertiginous sense of conquest. But until she came home, depressed and forlorn, from Margaret Craven's lunch, she had never waited for him as an inseparable ally, a bringer of security and confidence.

She'd hoped he would be early—something he'd said that morning had led her to think he might be—but his regular time passed and the better part of an hour after that before she heard Anson letting him in, and by then she was on the verge of tears. Unluckily, too, he came to her full of something—some idea or plan or triumph—of his own. He was very jovial about it, whatever it was, and the hug and kiss he gave her, tho vigorous and enthusiastic, lacked the tenderness she, for the first time, wanted. She released herself with a movement of petulance which caught his attention.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Getting lonesome?"

THE tone of the question, good-natured as it was, didn't invite confidences. She felt no real concern in it. So she scolded him for being late; erected his casual prediction of that morning into a promise that he'd be home early.

"I'm sorry about that, Trix," he said. (This was the nickname she'd elected.) "I started out all right, but I got caught by something unexpected. Damn unexpected!" he added, mostly to himself.

But she heard it, and with a resentful glance saw that the unexpected thing had still the principal place in his thoughts. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction of asking him what it was.

"I'll make it up to you now, tho," he went on. "What can you think of that it would be fun to do? I guess we've seen most of the shows, but if you want to repeat on any of them, I'm game. And there's still time to go down-town to dinner. We won't stop to dress, you look great just as you are."

"You hate that red dress of mine—I know you do," she said. "I guess you're ashamed of me in it." Her voice broke over that and betrayed the fact that she was crying.

There was a long moment before he made any response at all. She had a sense of him, for she didn't turn to look, standing unnaturally still and not looking at her. Then, without warning, for he moved lightly over the rugs were soft, she felt his hands upon her. Of her weak resistance and her broken, "No, let me alone," he took no account at all, but picked her up bodily, carried her to his special big chair, and sat down in it with her in his lap.

"Put your head down," he said, in his vibrant voice, "and cry as long as you like. And then, when you're ready, tell me all about it."

She didn't want to cry any more—indeed, surprize at being taken up like that had checked her tears—but neither did she want to talk. She had, for just that moment, no sense of grievance, against him or against the world. Everything else was swallowed up in the sensation of his comprehensive embrace; nothing even remotely like that had, in the whole length of her memory, happened to her before. This didn't last long. Her consciousness, so deeply submerged in this new element, came floating to the surface again. She was aware of the prickle of his beard upon her wet face; she wondered if he was smiling.

"I expect it's just lonesomeness that made you feel that way," he said, and she noted, even then, something forced in his tone of reassurance, as if he were managing a small child. "You've been sitting around by yourself all day, with nothing to do and nobody to talk to. We'll have to tackle that problem somehow."

She told him, without raising her head, that this was a bad guess. It hadn't been an unoccupied day at all. She'd gone to a party.

"Margaret Craven's lunch," he said. "I know." (She was sure, tho, that he'd forgotten all about it.) "But I

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guess you can feel lonesomer at a party than anywhere else, if things don't go just right. What went wrong this time?"

"Oh, nothing much," she said, over a catch that had come back into her breathing. She wished he wouldn't ask her questions; just go on, holding her still. She felt, from the movement of his beard, that he was smiling.

"Did you wear the wrong sort of hat?" he asked.

"I guess so," she agreed, dully. "She as good as told me so."

"Oh, damn!" she heard Joe murmur. Then, with an edge in his voice, "You don't mean she was really—impolite to you, unfriendly?"

"Oh, no; she was all right," Beatrice told him. "She offered to take me shopping with her. Show me where I could get 'the right sort of things,' as if she could see plain enough mine weren't. I suppose that's what you think, too— I wish you would go shopping with me."

WHAT makes you think I know anything about women's clothes?" he demanded, but in a tone she recognized as not serious. It had a joke in it for his private enjoyment. Of course, he'd probably bought clothes for all sorts of women, but that wasn't the sort of thing he'd expect her to guess.

"You want to take up that offer of hers," he said, after a silence. "She's a mighty well-dressed woman herself, and she hasn't had much to do it on, I guess. I'm sure she meant it in a friendly way. And she could give you the right dope about lots of things."

"I don't care whether it's the right dope or not," she persisted. "I don't want her telling me what to wear. I want you to." She slipped her free arm round his massive shoulder. "Will you go shopping with me, Dad?" she said. "You'll know what you like anyhow, and that's all I care about."

He dropped her up tighter at that. "All right," he said, "it's a bargain. We'll go some day, the first chance we get." There was silence for a while after that, but he hadn't, as she hoped, done with the luncheon. "Did she have anything else to say?" he asked, and the girl perversely asked, "Who?"

"Why, Margaret Craven."

She thought he'd hesitated a little over the use of the name. "Oh, nothing much," she told him.

He waited for more; then he asked who else was at the party.

It wasn't a real party, she said. There were only two other girls besides herself. One of them was named Stannard—Sylvia Stannard; she pretended to be crazy about farming. And the other was Dorothy Williamson.

"What's she like?" The question was asked on so different a note, with such an appearance of personal concern, that Beatrice sat erect and looked at him. "Why," he explained, "she's Williamson's daughter, that's gone into business with me. He's got a picture of her, a chalk, on the wall of his office. Very pretty girl I'd have said from that. Anyhow, I'd like you to make friends with her."

"Well, I'm not likely to," she said. "She's a little up-stage snip; that's what she is. And she isn't pretty—that is, not very. I got enough of her to-day to last me a long time." She rose from his knees at that, and walked away, noting that he had made no effort to detain her.

"Look here, Trix," he said, at last, "we want to get things straight. Don't want to make any mistakes right at the start. I think it's a safe bet that that girl will treat you all right when she knows who you are—after her mother has had a talk with her, anyhow. And she probably is all right, tho she may be a little high and mighty. They're all that, one way and another. But, with them, the point is, it isn't a bluff. They really are like that, not putting it on. They know they're solid, and they don't—give a damn for anybody.

"Take those Williamsons. I didn't understand 'em till I saw where they lived. They've got one of the most beautiful places I ever saw, up at Lake Forest. Acres and acres of it—I don't know how big it is. And a house as big as a hotel. But it might be a five-room cottage for anything they care. They have things as they like; do and dress as they please. There's no one to tell 'em what they shall do or what they sha'n't.

"Well, we're going to be like that ourselves. We are now, only they haven't found it out, altogether. Some day we'll have a place like Williamson's. I'm not as rich as he is now, but I'm on the way to be. I expect there're some of them we'll find pretty dull and stuffy, but there're others that aren't. I've found that out already. On the whole, once they see we're inside the fence, they're a perfectly friendly lot. And as good a lot to settle down among as you'll find anywhere. Well, and that's what we're going to do when I've polished off this flax business."

The girl stirred impatiently. She was standing at the window, looking out over the lake where a bank of heavy clouds was coming up with a Summer shower.

Her father rose and came toward her. "How does that strike you?" he asked.

"I suppose it's all right to settle down some time," she said. "Only that isn't what I'd hoped I'd do with you. I thought maybe we'd go off somewhere together, exploring like you used to. Down in South America. I found some letters once that you wrote mother. Long ago that was, when I was a little girl, but I've never forgotten the things you told about. She'd have hated it all, of course, but I'd love it. Riding over mountain-passes and crossing cañons on rope bridges. Finding out things; seeing things nobody else had seen. I wouldn't be afraid anywhere with you."

He was silent at that, and, from a glance she stole at his face, thoughtful. For a breath-arresting moment she believed he was entertaining her plea seriously, but, at the end of it, he laughed. "Out in the middle of that," he said, with a gesture toward the lake, "with a gale blowing up, and a rotten, little, leaky dugout. Paddling for your cheap life; bailing. And then a night on shore, without a fire—nothing to make it with and not daring to risk it if you had." He drew a deep breath. "No, this is better, when you've got your grip on it."

He turned to her. "We'll travel, Trix. We'll travel a lot. Don't you worry about that. We'll go to places I've never seen, any more than you. Paris, and Madrid, and a place up in the mountains, called St. Moritz, where they have Winter sports. We'll have a grand time, little girl, as soon as I dare take my hands off this thing. For a while I'll have to stick tight. And that'll give you time to learn the game.

"*Their* game, d'you see, Trix? Because they've got one, and it has to be learned. You'll be able to play it, when you get the hang of it, better than those kids you saw to-day. They were born with it in their mouths; they don't even know it's a game. If they ever had to learn a different one they'd be lost. But you and I aren't like that. We can show 'em a few things they don't know, when the time comes. Well, how about it? Is that a bargain?"

ANSON had come in to announce dinner, and was waiting, respectfully and rather spectrally, in the doorway, for his employer to finish speaking. A serious reply wasn't possible, just then. "Oh, I suppose so," she said, but without any idea that, in doing so, she'd signed a treaty.

But they hadn't been alone over the coffee-cups two minutes before her father, reverting to the abandoned theme, proceeded on the assumption that she had. "I'm glad you places I've been. On my knowing how to do the right thing with a mouthful of grub, for instance."

"Of course with me, now, it's different. They know I'm hard-boiled, and they suspect I'm dangerous. That's why they put Henry Craven into the company: to watch me. Henry! He's all right, at that. They know, some of 'em, that I'm a better man than they are, and they like me to be what they call 'unconventional.' They have to like it, because they know I can get away with it.

"But you—I want you to learn *their* game. You can do it; I've seen that already. But it'll mean watching 'em, learning their tricks." I'd thought of sending you for a year to the same school the Williamson girl goes to, but it seems they're full."

"It's lucky for them they are," she commented. "I've had all the school I want."

"WELL, we can consider that later," he said. "But for this Summer there isn't a person who could teach you more or who knows the game better than Henry's sister." He added, casually, "We're to go up to the Williamsons' Sunday. That'll give you a notion what they're like."

The girl was sullenly aware that she was being managed "Miss Craven's going away next week," she said.

"Yes, so Henry told me." He was apparently thinking it out as he went along. "You know, I believe if I give him a tip she'd be glad to ask you to come down and visit her. She's got a cottage on the seashore, and she'll probably have lots of room. You see, I'll have to be away a good deal myself this Summer, up in the Northwest; getting ready for our flax and getting it in. How would that strike you?"

Anger was the first thing she felt; an outraged sense that she'd been betrayed, conspired about, between this woman and her father. His pretended candor infuriated her. She didn't answer his question. When she spoke, after a dark silence, it was to ask one of her own.

"Dad, are you going to marry her?"

The shot told, surprizingly. His head went back under the impact of it. "Marry? Who?" he growled.

She took that for rhetoric, and waited.

Presently his face cleared, into a dazzling grin. "You mean Margaret Craven? Is that what you've been worrying about?"

Still watching him intently, she nodded.

"Not till hell freezes over!" he assured her seriously. "Probably not then. But I'd like to know what put it in your head."

Still she wasn't convinced to the point of laying all her cards on the table; he wasn't showing her all his, she was sure. "I didn't see why she should be so friendly when she doesn't like me much—offering to help me get my clothes, and all. Nor how you could be so sure she'd ask me to visit her."

"Well, it's simple enough when you know," he explained. "She's worried about Henry. He supports her, I guess. I don't think they've got anything else. And she's afraid I'll lead him astray; wants to keep an eye on him. So she has to keep in with me. And the easiest way to keep in with me is by making up to you. She's a clever woman; she's had to be, I guess. Besides, I think she does like you. She seemed to the other night."

Beatrice pushed back her chair and rose. "All right, Dad," she said, "I'll be good. I'll go with her to Cape Cod, or wherever it is." She paused to shoot an impudent grin at him. "You see, she invited me this afternoon. Made me promise to ask you if I might go."

Then, laughing over his look of blank discomfiture, she came round the table and kissed him. But it wasn't the sort of kiss she'd had waiting for him at five o'clock that afternoon.

"THE MOVIES HAVE THEIR USES, AFTER ALL. SHE'D LEARNED A LOT FROM PAULINE FREDERICK AND ELSIE FERGUSON. ANSON FORTIFIED HER SOMEHOW"

SIMONE GREVILLE once spoke of a group of women, which had included Violet, as perpetual tasters of sensations, mostly mental; passive epicures, waiting to be made to feel. She said she didn't know whether their precocity had exhausted them before they were ripe or whether they had too many ideas to leave room for anything else, but she'd come to believe that an astonishing proportion of them, anyhow, went through life passionless, frigid, missing the great thing altogether.

As applied to Violet, this was pretty good diagnosis, if by Violet one means merely what Violet meant to herself—the only Violet she knew or, until her thirty-ninth year, suspected the existence of.

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When, on that notable Sunday morning in May, she'd had her first taste of Joe Greer, she'd consciously admitted nothing—really had been aware of nothing—that differentiated the experience from a series of forays to the pantry that went back twenty years, to her first experiment upon her boy cousin, Henry, undertaken during a Summer tour the Prince and Craven families had made among the French châteaux.

Her experiment with John Williamson, while it got from the fact of their marriage a social significance that was revolutionary and, she assumed, permanent, was not, in its psychological aspect, very much more important than some of the others. The first weeks of marriage had given her some appalling hours, of fright, of revulsion, and of a wildly incredulous disappointment. But the subsidence of all this had been an acquiescence, a little ironic, but near enough contentment to pass for it. So that was what it was like! Very well; now she knew.

John developed, under her spirited pruning, into, really, an old dear; jolly, just a bit outrageous now and then, indulgent always and sometimes sympathetic. She had an immense pride in his weight and position in the community, and she was deeply impressed by the discovery, once in a while, of something she couldn't make him do. She was "terribly fond of him."

He was easily the most important item in her landscape, but he'd long been, also, the most familiar one. A new item—especially if strange, almost monstrous, as Joe Greer appeared to be—was, naturally, a subject for investigation. John, thank goodness, understood this perfectly. It would have been terribly silly of him, of course, to make a fuss, tho there were husbands, Violet was well aware, who did.

Sophisticated as she believed herself to be and as, in the true sense of the word, she was, yet, in the valid experience of life, she was deficient to a degree that might fairly be called perverse if her case were not so common among carefully nurtured American women. What she had told Joe, about going through life waiting for a door to open and coming to the conclusion that there was no door to the thing she was in, had been, so far as she knew, merely a part of her technique, a useful item in her standard repertory, which could be counted upon to get almost any man, even the most reluctant, started. She hadn't the dimmest notion how profoundly true it was.

She didn't feel at all sure she liked the taste of Joe. She found his realistic moments unpleasantly acrid; his egotism, naive; and his prudery—for she'd been aware that she'd sometimes shocked him—ridiculous. She admitted the attractiveness of his looks, his surprizingly good speech, his vigor and freshness, and the queer miscellany that formed his background: the jungle, and the musical-comedy stage; that he bought pictures, and had never been to Europe, and knew Sorolla. This was how her palate reported it—about as a boy's palate reports his first taste of strong drink. She didn't reckon on anything in her, behind her palate and capable of overruling its report, being concerned in the matter. But, even on that first morning, she'd been forced to ignore as irrelevant some rather queer sensations and impulses she'd had.

IT ANNOYED her to learn that Joe was a married man with a grown daughter; she lost her temper with John, who told her about it. "He's probably got five or six wives," she rapped out. "One in every port, like a sailor. I suppose one of them is trying to put him in jail and he's come to you— And I'd bet you've said you'd help him out!"

She would barely listen to John's detailed explanation that Greer's matrimonial difficulties were, comparatively speaking, respectable, and it did not in the least placate her when she heard. "Respectable!" she fumed. "That's the beastly second-rate vulgarity of it. Why do you think they have to *marry* those people?"

When she heard about Beatrice, and Joe's wish to enter her in a smart school, preferably Thornycroft, where Dorothy was, she fairly boiled over. What affair was it of his, or his daughter's, where Dodo went to school? How did he even know of the school unless John had been babbling about it? But of course John had been! Given the man all the details, no doubt; Miss Hood's address, himself as a reference, everything!

"What's the harm if I did?" he asked. "He couldn't get her into that school in a hundred years—not in ten, anyhow. And next year's all that matters to us."

It wasn't this argument, however, that had the effect of pulling his wife up short; it was his look of curiosity at her. What was there for her to be so disturbed about?

She, herself, couldn't understand why she'd been so bitter about it nor why she went on thinking and feeling that way. She tried to make out that she was angry with herself for being angry, but the intricacies of this abstraction were a little beyond her. Preposterously, what warmed her into a friendlier feeling for the man was the outrageous surmise that the girl mightn't be his daughter, after all, but some little fluff he was trying to palm off upon them, under a cloak no one would think to look beneath. She found this notion rather entertaining, tho she didn't take it seriously— Well, she didn't take him seriously, either!

She didn't pass it on to John, for she had a clear premonition that he wouldn't think it funny. She didn't suppose Margaret Craven would think it funny, either, but this didn't prevent her mentioning it to Margaret, experimentally.

Margaret took it in the most surprizing way; fairly flew at her over it.

"That's like you, Violet," she said when, after a tight silence, she spoke at all. Her voice was brittle with anger, and her eyes were dry with it. "How long have you been telling that sweet little story?"

The mere impact of the charge took Violet's breath. "I haven't been telling it at all," she protested. "I only just thought of it. It struck me as amusing, and I said it."

"It will be frightfully amusing for her, won't it?" There was no quality of reflection in Margaret's voice, not even the thinnest veneer to give it a surface. "To find a story like that going round! A young girl, alone as she is; even her father a stranger to her."

"It *isn't* going around," Violet reiterated. Then, with a short laugh, as she recovered her balance: "Or, if it is, it's not my doing. But it's a natural enough thing for anybody to think of, who knows what he's like. As a possibility, anyhow. After all, how do you know it isn't true?"

"I met her last night," Margaret said. "We had dinner there, Henry and I. She happens to look like him, in the first place. He had a photograph of her before she came; you could even tell from that— So, if you want a story," she went on, after a breathless pause, "you'd better make it that she's illegitimate. It isn't likely that she brought her mother's marriage certificate with her."

ASTONISHMENT over the onslaught had, so far, kept Violet from feeling anything else. Now, however, she was angry, too. "Do you mind telling me," she asked, "what's given you the extraordinary idea that I want a story? What do you think I've got to do with it, from first to last?"

Margaret laughed. "Oh, if you've—taken him on, yourself, of course a grown daughter turning up is a nuisance."

"I see," said Violet, reflectively. And then, with a laugh, as she rose to get a cigaret, "Well, I guess we've pretty well covered that."

Margaret matched her tone. "I should think we had! I feel as if I'd been in the movies. My cook left this morning; I suppose that's what started it. Have you heard that Paula Wollaston is going to sing at Ravinia, after all? She's left John down in North Carolina and come back for rehearsals. Going to open the season in 'Tosca,' Wallace Hood says."

Violet caught the ball expertly, and tossed it back. "Oh, I know the man who will be singing it with her. Fournier, his name is. Dodo and I met him in New York. Frightfully distinguished-looking—and attractive."

They went on and ate their prearranged lunch together as if nothing had happened. But just before they parted, Margaret went back, firmly and with a hand as steady as a surgeon's, to the focus of their quarrel.

"She's really rather nice, Joe Greer's daughter. Not quite so much a cat in a strange garret as he was afraid she was going to be. He wants me to look after her a little, and I'm glad to do it. Mind if I ask Dodo to lunch with her some day?"

To Violet the purport of this was as plain as it was astonishing. If Margaret had said, in so many words, "I think of marrying this man. I've made a start toward getting him. So, if you want to play fair, you'll let him alone"—she couldn't have made it clearer. As a decent, married, middle-aged member of society Violet had to acknowledge the reasonableness of this request. In some moods she even accorded a tentative half approval of the plan. If Joe was in the way to make a serious fortune out of this linen process that looked so good to John, he'd be a pretty good matrimonial risk—as good as Margaret would ever get a chance to take.

Violet wanted her married. She was still a social asset, for a difficult dinner or a week-end party; but ten years from now—a little tighter drawn, her wit oftener mordant than refreshingly acidulous, one wouldn't know what to do with her. In such a marriage, Margaret, fastidious as she was, would, of course, loathe the man himself. Her first unguarded comments upon him had really been funny. It wasn't likely the instinct of a lifetime could have changed enough in two or three months to make him seem, personally, desirable. It was that prospective fortune Margaret was banking on, a line of reasoning which justified Violet, the first chance she got, in putting the project before John.

Her opening startled him, for she began by asking if the linen business was really a frightfully good thing, and he jumped to the surmise that Joe was trying to unload his stock on some of her friends. It took a minute or two to get him back on the rails.

"It's him I want to know about," she insisted. "Whether he's going to get frightfully rich out of it or not. Because Margaret means to marry him."

Again it took her a few minutes to get him calmed to the listening-point.

Margaret wasn't eloping with him this afternoon; she wasn't even engaged to him. "I didn't say she was *going* to marry him; I said she *meant* to, when the time came. It's a plan of hers, that's all. Only I thought you might as well know."

Let down, he swung the other way and treated the idea jocularly, as another of her numerous mares' nests. "How did you find out about it? Did she tell you herself?"

"Practically," Violet asserted, and went on with confirmatory details. Margaret had been seeing quite a lot of him; she'd known about his daughter before any of the rest of them—before the girl came on at all; had seen a photograph of her; they'd dined there again last night, she and Henry, to meet her. "She says the girl's rather nice and she's going to take her up. She's asking Dodo for a lunch for her next week. Doesn't that look as if she meant something? And if he's going to be really rich"—Violet watched her husband intently as she ventured this—"it might not be such a bad thing for her."

She could see that he was upset by the idea, tho he went on proclaiming his total disbelief in it. A fine-grained girl like Margaret couldn't be considering Joe Greer as a husband; a man of rough manners, no morals, a brutal temper, not even divorced yet, and fifty years old. And, on top of it all, a mere adventurer, anyhow.

"His age wouldn't bother anybody," she remarked dryly. "And he won't go on being an adventurer, if this linen business makes him rich—really rich, I mean."

"Well, if that's what she's counting on," he grumbled, "she'll wait a while. If she takes my advice she will."

"Why?" Violet demanded. "Don't you think it's a good thing?"

"Of course I do. Wouldn't have put money into it if I didn't. But that doesn't mean necessarily that *he'll* get rich over it."

He went on, in response to a rather startled look she shot him, to explain. He didn't mean anything sinister by that. Only, with a fellow like Greer, you never could tell. He might fly off the handle any time. "He isn't the sort that naturally gets rich. Sooner or later he's likely to bite off more than he can chew. Of course, if she *did* marry him—" He relapsed into an abstracted silence and took two or three drafts on his cigar. "She won't, tho, I don't believe," he concluded.

He hadn't taken the idea as hard as he might have been expected to, for the amount he'd done for Margaret, all these years, had made him a bit romantic about her, and he liked having her around, just as she was: at home in his house, on call. He might have vetoed the thing summarily, and ordered it broken up; given his wife carte blanche to see that it went no further. Distinctly, he hadn't done that. Margaret had better go slow—this was all his advice came to; and she'd have to do that, anyhow. Even if the man were divorced to-day, she couldn't marry him, legally, here in Illinois, for another year. And any number of things could happen in that time. The thing he'd said that had given Violet most food for thought was that broken sentence, "Of course, if he married Margaret—" Had he meant that this would bring Joe, somehow, within the pale? Afford him the protection of another code, so that he'd be allowed to get rich, after all?

Anyhow, the thing for Violet to do—for the next few months—was to let Joe Greer alone. If she as much as looked at him, let alone lifted a finger, Margaret would attribute the probable failure of her project (for what serious attraction could a cold, finicky person like Margaret effectively exert upon this genial freebooter?) to her, and, judging by the latest sample of her conduct, act most unreasonably about it. Luckily, it mattered very little to Violet herself; she'd have nothing to do with Joe—for the present, anyhow.

SHE kept this resolution scrupulously for a little less than a week; then, on the afternoon of Margaret's lunch for Beatrice, as a result of a chance encounter with him, she broke it rather badly. She'd motored in with Dorothy, having three or four things she wanted to do in town—the most important of these being a call on Eileen Corbett, Gregory's wife, who was at the Presbyterian Hospital, having her appendix removed. It was around five o'clock when she left the hospital. She hadn't gone more than a block or two when her chauffeur ran over a jagged fragment of a broken milk-bottle and blew a tire. He trundled over to the curb, stopped behind a car that was parked there—it had, she thought at the time, a faintly familiar look—and went to work, in the disgustingly deliberate manner characteristic of chauffeurs, putting on a spare.

It was the hottest part of what had turned out to be a remorselessly hot day, and this particular spot was, she was sure, the hottest in Chicago. The prospect of a fifteen or twenty minutes' wait was irksome. But, before the first of them had passed, Joe appeared, amazingly, descending in the freight-elevator from the very building opposite which they'd stopped.

"What on earth are you doing out here?" she cried at sight of him. She cared nothing about an answer; the question was galvanic. All she was aware of was a tingling sensation from the brilliant look he gave her and the feel of the hand which met the one she'd stretched out to him.

But his answer was not perfunctory. "This is the last place I'd expect you to come to," he said. "Even your husband's never paid us a visit here." Then, perceiving the chauffeur's occupation and, in the same instant, interpreting her puzzled frown, he explained, "Why, this is our laboratory. I thought, for a minute, you'd come out to see what our linen process was like."

"I didn't even know you had a laboratory," she said. "What is it like? A laboratory always sounds exciting."

"This one isn't," he told her derisively.

"It's so beastly hot right here," she began, "that almost anything——"

The Best American Novels

THE Pulitzer prize of one thousand dollars for the best American novel published during 1921 was awarded to Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams," which appeared serially in Pictorial Review.

The Pulitzer prize for 1920, as the reader will recall, went to Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," likewise a Pictorial Review serial. Of course!

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"It's hotter up there," he broke in. "And it stinks to heaven. I wish there were some place—" The roar of a passing elevated train checked his speech, but he went on staring at her thoughtfully until it passed. "—I wish there were some cool, quiet place that I could take you to, and make you comfortable, and give you a drink—or a cup of tea. But if there's such a place within a mile of here, I don't know it."

She agreed with him about the frightfulness of the West Side, and then told him idly that her father-in-law's old house, where John had lived until they married, was just around the corner. She was still in the possession of his look, and feeling half resentful and half amused over the way it had appropriated her. At this, however, he laughed outright, and his gaze abandoned her.

"The human animal can change a lot in one generation, can't it?" he observed. "They tell a wonderful lot of stories about old Nick. It's queer to think you must have known him."

This irreverence gave her, of course, an excellent chance to snub him, put him in his place, and begin keeping, once more, her forgotten resolution. But instead of trying anything like this, she said, "Know him! I should think I did!" then laughed, and added, "You'd have got on with him."

"I expect he was more my kind than your husband is," Joe commented soberly. But the next moment he grinned straight into her face and said, "I'll bet you got on with him yourself like a house afire."

He gave her no chance to deal with this, for by now he'd got an idea. There was no need of her sitting here, sweltering. He could take her in his car wherever she had been going, and hers could follow and pick her up as soon as it was in running order.

"Why, I've nowhere to go," she told him, with a faint smile, "except Lake Forest."

He took her up. "I've plenty of time and gas. Come along!"

But this was rather farther than she cared to go. "I'll tell you what you can do, tho, if you've really time to rescue me; you can take me to our town house. There's no one there but the caretakers, but a closed-up house is always the coolest place there is."

She couldn't tell whether this amendment relieved or disappointed him. He merely nodded, and held the door while she instructed her chauffeur. "Come to Astor Street for me, Jeffrey," she said. "But you'd better get a new spare tire first." Joe showed no sign of noting, either, that this order of hers substantially protracted the time she'd have to wait. It really meant nothing to him, of course, because she hadn't the least idea of asking him to wait with her.

He kept her wondering about him all the way home. She wondered why he didn't follow the obvious boulevard route instead of threading his way among the West Side streets and then whipping her across West Chicago Avenue. Did he feel there was something necessarily clandestine about taking another man's wife for a ride in his car? Or had he the idea of showing her how the other half—that once had been his—lived? He showed an unexpected and likable friendliness toward the people, especially the children, who swarmed these streets. He shouted jokes at the ball-players whose games their passage interrupted and waved a brotherly hand to youngsters who gazed, awe-entranced, at the glories of his car. He drove fast but with unexpected care. And he made no effort to talk to her. As they turned into Chicago Avenue he nodded toward a plain brick building and told her it was another laboratory, Hugh Corbett's. "There's one of your bunch I'd like to really know," he said; and when she asked, with a laugh, "The only one?" he let the question go with no more answer than an unsmiling look.

It had a queer effect upon her, making suddenly palpable a vague sense she'd had ever since she sat down beside him in the car, of something unexplored she had in common with him. That look was his acknowledgment of it. "You won't tell, and I won't ask, but we understand each other." That's what it said.

She had to direct him to her house, and something about his smile, when she commented on the oddity of his not knowing where she lived, decided her to invite him in. There was a dash of mischief about it, too, for she saw he didn't know how much or how little she meant by it. "Oh, come in," she insisted. "You deserve a chance to get cool after rescuing me like that; and it's only for a few minutes." But not even the drink she provided put him at ease.

Experimentally, with the rewarded purpose of surprising him, she spoke of his daughter, whom he, apparently, had no intention of mentioning. "Margaret's been telling me how nice she is— Why have you kept her dark?" But the surprize proved a boomerang. After his first start he took time to frame a deliberate answer which left her gasping.

"It wasn't because I'm ashamed of her. It was because I don't know where you and I stand. I don't care what you take *me* for, a pirate or a cannibal—anything you like." There was nothing humorous about this; his tone was almost menacing. "But she's no—cannibal princess! And if I can help it, she isn't going to be taken that way."

Violet knew exactly the manner she wanted to meet this onslaught, but she found herself unable to command it. She was trembling; she felt the blood burning in her face. She thought Margaret must have betrayed her. "I don't know," she faltered, "what any one may have told you I've said——"

"No one has told me anything," he broke in. "Who would? Who knew?— Except the Cravens." He stopped for a thoughtful smile. "No, Margaret hasn't said anything," he went on. "It was just the smell in the air."

She was, she assured herself, furious with him for having shaken her like that. It was what one deservedly got for playing with outsiders. She'd turn him out—summarily make an end of him—if it weren't that Jeffrey's arrival with the car—any minute now—would save her the trouble. But, all the while, she was in the grip of a sort of nightmare obsession that, if he wanted to, now, he'd come over to her and take her in his arms and she wouldn't even try to hold him off. And that he knew she wouldn't.

Instead of this fantastic happening he sat back more at his ease than he'd been before, and reflectively went on talking. He began with a disarming apology for having startled her. He'd spoken out more plainly than she was used to, but he hadn't done it wantonly. There was something he wanted her to understand.

"THE TIGHT BLUE-RUBBER BATHING-CAP WHICH CONFINED HER HAIR, AND THE CLINGING WET SHEEN OF THE SWIMMING-SUIT, CHALLENGED YOUTH ITSELF"

"I'VE always been a law unto myself," he said. "That's the only kind of person I could be. If you're like that, you've got to make up your mind not to care a damn what any one else thinks of you or of the things you do. It's the only possible line to take, if you stop to think. But that doesn't mean that I've been satisfied with everything I've done. I've done some things that were pretty low-down. I've treated some people that way. One of them was my wife. I deserted her before Beatrice was born. Before I knew she was going to be born. She was almost a year old before I knew I had a daughter— Well, I can't make anything up to my wife. She hates me; always did. I'm the last sort of man in the world for her to have married. You must have seen things happen like that yourself. But I can make it up to the girl, and I'm going to do it. She hasn't had much of a life up to now, but now it's going to begin. The best there is—of everything. It may not be all smooth sailing at first. I thought I'd put her in the same school your daughter goes to, but they've written to say they're full."

His skeptical manner gave her a clue. "I'm sure that's true," she said. "We had to enter Dorothy at Thornycroft years before she was ready to go. Everybody does— I suppose that's why you thought you didn't know where you stood, as you said, with me."

"The trouble with you is," she went on after a silence, "that you think you're still in the jungle."

"And are you telling me I'm not?" he asked. "Shall I begin trusting everybody?"

A disconcerting memory flashed into her mind of the way John had said that the great possibilities of the linen business didn't mean, necessarily, that Joe was going to be rich. She laughed. "Trust your friends, anyhow," she said, adding, after another pause, "And don't let Margaret Craven monopolize that nice daughter of yours. Bring her up to see us Sunday morning. Everybody comes, more or less, to swim and play tennis, and so on, and stays to lunch."

He showed himself frankly pleased by the invitation, but, perversely, this was not the note she wanted to part with him upon. She added a final touch. "I'll see that Margaret's there—for you," she said.

He made, in words, no reply to this, but his look took hold of her again and for a good long moment held her tight, so that, once more, she felt the blood burn in her face. She'd been kissed with a good deal less intimacy than that came to. He didn't offer even the formal contact of a handshake; merely nodded at her and went away, wearing his most brilliant grin.

He left her ruffled, breathless, and uncertain whether she was angry or elated. She tried to establish the former by fastening upon an object, but there was no one, really, but herself to be angry with—unless one put the blame on Margaret for entertaining foolish hopes and trying to maintain preposterous prohibitions. It was idiotic to take the affair as seriously as that. She couldn't see that she would hurt Margaret's chances a bit by taking Joe in and being decently friendly with him. Wasn't Margaret's only possible attraction for him based on the class she belonged to? If he liked them all, learned that conventional behavior had its—mitigations, wouldn't he be a lot more likely to ask Margaret to, as it were, make an honest man of him?

His daughter was a tiresome complication, of course, but it had been rather thrilling, the way he'd talked about her, and perhaps Margaret had been truthful in saying she wasn't so bad.

THE only thing to be watchful of was the possibility of her having a bad influence on Dorothy. (Violet had convulsive moments of taking the responsibilities of motherhood very seriously indeed.) But Dorothy's report of the luncheon put that misgiving away. Violet had to ask for it, for Dodo, after two days on the Wollaston farm with Sylvia, had forgotten all about the girl.

"Oh, at Margaret's lunch! Why, she's all right." This was said through a yawn. "She knows all about fingerbowls and things. Dressed to kill, rather. I think she meant us to understand from something she said while Margaret was out of the room, that she means to vamp Henry— Shouldn't wonder if she could, too."

"Is she—all right, do you think?" Violet put the question dubiously, not quite sure what the girl would think she meant by it, nor, to tell the truth, exactly what she did mean. But the confidential atmosphere in which the words were enveloped was what mattered.

"Oh, she isn't—poisonous, if that's what you mean," the child assured her. "She's all—right; only not much. It's sort of too bad, too, because I think her father must be rather a lark."

"Well, it's a case of love me, love my dog," Violet remarked. "If you want to get on with him, don't try to treat her like a cannibal princess, because he won't have it. They're coming up Sunday," she added.

"If she was anywhere near as amusing as a cannibal princess it would be easier," said Dodo, dispassionately, "but I'll do my best, Mother."

Sunday at the Williamsons' went off, Joe decided, very well. There was nothing, even in the smell of the air, to suggest that Beatrice was being taken as a cannibal princess. She seemed, whenever his eyes fell upon her, to be having not only a jolly time, but to be making, especially with the boys, a real success. She was in the pool, most of the time before lunch, getting taught, enthusiastically, to swim.

After lunch he lost sight of her for a while, but she turned up, just as he was beginning to wonder about her, in the company of a white-flanneled youngster with whom she

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X-Rays from Readers' Letters

EDUCATION, up to a certain age, is a State affair, supported by the State, and compelled by the State. What then has the State a right to expect? Trained mathematicians, linguists, authors, mechanics, dressmakers, cooks, typewriters, stenographers? No; emphatically no! The State has a right to demand education in its public schools that will make good citizenship; that will make the immigrant and the American-born safe to live with, in a democracy which alone can be a safe democracy when its citizens have been taught to be healthy, intelligent, law-abiding."—Miss CAROLYN M. SEARLE, Rhode Island.

"NOBODY had to send a truant officer for Abraham Lincoln."—Mrs. RUSSELL R. TRIMBLE, Texas.

STUDY VERSUS MOVIES—"Surely a little night study now and then could be no harder on the nerves and eyes of the children than the ill-lighted, poorly ventilated movie-show, where we sometimes 'park' the children while we go to the Thursday night bridge-party."—Mrs. B. HALL, Tennessee.

"THE REAL OBJECT of our public schools is to teach the young how to live, not simply how to make a living; to help them get a sound mental balance."—JULIA E. DEANE.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT once said, 'I'm sure that I give utterance to a feeling deep in the hearts of teachers when I express contempt for the cuckoo type of parents: the father and mother who deposit the child in school and think then that all the responsibility for its intellectual, moral, and physical welfare falls upon the teachers. No teacher can supply the place of a home!' "—CAROLYN M. ROBERTSON.

"THE GREATEST TAX we pay is the tax of illiteracy."—Miss JANE KEENEY, Montana.

A VICTIM—"The story is told of an educator rising to address an educational convention, saying, 'We have special systems for the deficient child, and the slow child, and the stupid child, but God help the bright child!' "—GERTRUDE BLISS HOFFMAN, Canal Zone.

TRUANCY—"My house stands one mile from the city hall of one of our best-known cities, which is spending $20,000 a year for truant officers and truancy equipment. Isn't that a disgrace for any American city? I have not heard one word of complaint against that; but how they howl about paying the teachers a living wage!"—Mrs R. T. N.

VULGAR TEACHERS—"I am a business woman, but it is my daily experience to come in close contact with a large number of teachers, and each day my wonder grows as to why some were ever accepted for such positions, and each day my heart goes out to the little lives in their care. Loud, coarse, and even vulgar, their constant song is hatred of their work. Their pupils are spoken of in slighting terms; the parents positively scorned. They do not seem to be in sympathy with anything that promotes the physical or spiritual welfare of the child."—B. M.

CATTLE FIRST—"Only last year one of our largest and richest States appropriated $271,500 for the administration of the Live Stock Sanitary Commission and only $71,500 for the Department of Education to administer the educational affairs of the State."—Mrs. SAIDEE L. SLOVER, Texas.

OUR CHAINS OFF—"When we eliminate the word discipline from our home and school vocabulary, we take off our chains on a very rainy day. Discipline has been the dominant factor in every worth-while individual. Discipline is low-gear on the human machine; a last resort, but a reserve power by which we make the hill. We have pretty generally discarded it, and so the hollows of life are filled with stalled people."—JOHN B. SMITH, Kansas.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR SCHOOLS?

A Thorough Overhauling of Them Demanded by Six Thousand Readers, Answering Our Inquiry

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

Teach the New Humanities

By a Public Officer

TO GO straight to the point, I believe our public schools are overloaded with purely vocational subjects. There are too many alleged short cuts to economic independence. Partly in justifiable reaction against Greek and Latin, but mostly as a result of a pathetic determination to appear up to date at any cost, we have suffered our public schools to become the spoil of materialists. We have allowed ourselves to be persuaded that the important thing is to instruct how merely to obtain a living rather than how to live.

And the cream of the jest is, the exponents of vocational training are defeating their purpose because they will not see that even material success depends not so much upon mechanical efficiency as upon personality, imagination, knowledge of men and women and of the economic forces which play upon one's business. I am a product of our public schools, and on the strength of it I am trying to hold down a practical job; therefore I speak as one having authority.

I have a desk in the purchasing department of a Western State. Every day I must face young men who represent the new business of America; men professedly at their best, for they are out, against competition, to land my order. Despite a businesslike appearance, I know that buyer and seller alike are amazingly ignorant of business essentials. I know we are inaccurate, inarticulate, unoriginal, willing to follow cut-and-dried methods, indifferent to the fine points of the game. And I know we are these things largely because, in our schooling, we were taught by faddists to value trifles. We were served in dabs, and instead of acquiring efficiency we learned to potter.

Nor for all our strictly modern education are we better off as a nation than as individuals. For vocational training, while it has failed to procure genuine competence, nevertheless has sharpened the animal instinct of self-preservation at the expense of other faculties we may have possessed. Plainly this is not good for a race that is trying to realize democracy.

A government of the people is not automatic: it will not run itself. On the contrary, its very existence depends upon intelligent civic interest; upon willingness among its members to co-operate without regard altogether for personal advantage; upon ability in each citizen to visualize the needs of the whole rather than those of a single part; upon sympathy and charity and tolerance. These qualities are departing from us at a time when the need of them is greatest.

To regain them, and to secure for the individual the larger success in business, I am convinced that we should throw out of our public schools the purely vocational subjects—the experimental farms, the mechanical arts, the shorthand and typewriting and bookkeeping, the selective athletic training, and all the other facts that clutter our educational system—and in their place, from the first grade on up, concentrate upon instruction in fundamentals vital to American life and living.

By fundamentals I mean: First, the English language; how to read it and write it and speak it, and to take delight in the lovely things that have been done in it. Second, civil government and its responsibilities. Third, an intelligent outline of the development of peoples and ideas. Fourth, groundwork in geography, mathematics, and natural science. Fifth (if at last we are to carry our flag into the Seven Seas), modern languages—subjects, by the way, that may be as easily begun in the lower grades as in the higher ones. Sixth, the structure and care of the human body. Seventh, and most important:—

America. Not, however, a mere chronicle of American names and dates and political bickerings, but a panorama of the real America; how America came about; the meaning of America; her resolute progress alike on the broad highway and on the narrow, tortuous slope; her joyous beauty; her opportunities, and her high, troubled vision. I think I have learned something of this America, but not in our public schools. My lesson began in the American Expeditionary Force.

These fundamentals, these new humanities, should be made, I believe, the meat of instruction in our public schools. Training in them will enable our children, both immigrant and native-born, to value those things other than bread by which man lives; to "see life steadily and see it whole." We may then set them to learning their craft without concern either for their own future or for that of America, because their feet will be planted on solid foundations and their gaze directed out across the wider spaces.

"MARY WAS THE OLDER, SO WHY SHOULD SHE NOT LEARN AS READILY AS ALICE?"

How to Get Real Teachers

By Alfred E. Stearns, A.M., Litt.D.,
Principal Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

NOTHING in our entire educational field can supplant in importance the quality and character of the individual teacher. And nowhere more than here has there been so marked a deterioration in recent years. The fact has been so often and so strongly commented upon by those who have studied the problem at close range that I need not dwell on it here. One has only to compare the average product of our normal schools of to-day with that of twenty-five years ago to note the significant loss in intellectual ability, cultural background, and idealism.

The devoted and self-sacrificing teacher of the old-time "little red schoolhouse" was built on a different pattern from the gum-chewing, jazz-loving young girl, scarcely out of her teens, that is so conspicuous a part of the normal-school product to-day. Men have largely disappeared from these training-schools; and the quality of the young women is far below that of a quarter of a century ago. Nor does the profession make the wide-spread appeal that characterized it in times past.

The natural inference drawn from this situation, so generally admitted, is that teachers are underpaid. And the commonest remedy proposed is a general increase of salaries. There is justice enough in the contention. Teachers *are* underpaid; and common decency alone demands that we should make better provision for the wants, material and mental, of those to whom we entrust the training of the minds of our children. But this is only a part of the story.

One thing we must not forget. Unlike business and the ordinary profession or vocation, teaching will never attract, through the monetary rewards it offers, men and women of the caliber from which real teachers are made. The impelling motive to which a true teacher yields is service. Only the desire to impress one's ideals upon and exert one's influence through the lives of those with whom one comes in intimate contact as teacher and guide will in the end, as it has done in the past, draw to the profession teachers of the true ability and quality that the profession must have. A missionary spirit, if you will, must underlie it all. And a missionary spirit is little influenced by material rewards, tho it justly demands, in order that it may best attain its goal, decent compensation.

To-day the teacher does not find in the public school the old and challenging appeal to service. And why? Chiefly, I believe, because of the marked change in the character and aims of the curriculum. The demand to-day is for the

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

Every time I try to spell
I hear the good old dinner-bell!
And then I just sit here and dream
Of Campbell's Soup and the rising steam!

Anticipation!

Just the thought of Campbell's Tomato Soup will wake a drowsy appetite! It is one of those delightful dishes that you find yourself remembering and looking forward to when your thoughts travel to an approaching meal. It has a rich, delicious flavor all its own which makes "tomato soup" mean Campbell's to you.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

has the spicy richness of full-ripe, flawless, ruddy tomatoes. Just the pure juices and the tempting fruity parts, strained to a fine puree, are used in Campbell's and butter worthy of your own table enriches the blend. Eat a delicious soup like this every day and see how your appetite and your digestion improve!

Of course you like rich Cream of Tomato!

Just make it with Campbell's if you want to taste it at its very perfection! Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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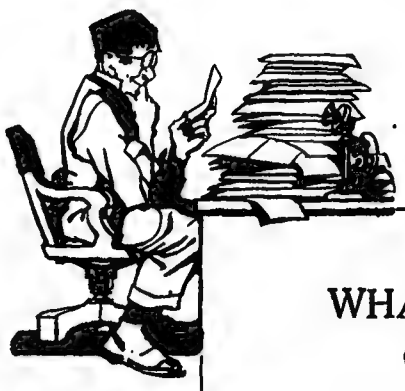
practical and the utilitarian. The object chiefly sought is the preparation of boys and girls for definite vocations—to earn a living. In former days these objects were secondary. The main emphasis was placed squarely on the training of the mind and the development of character. Under this old régime methods and subjects counted for comparatively little. The personality of the teacher counted for everything. And with this change, whatever its benefits, has come a definite weakening of the challenge to high-minded men and women to pledge their lives to a calling from which much of the chief attraction has disappeared.

Perhaps a definite illustration will help to make my meaning clear: Typewriting, stenography, and bookkeeping are to-day commonly taught in our public schools. What kind of an instructor may we rightly expect to secure for this purely practical work? If competent to teach he should be an expert: and an expert can doubtless earn far more by practising his profession than by instructing others.



What motive, then, can we hope will prompt such a man to teach others to do the work which he can surely do as well as they and for which he can secure far higher monetary returns than are his as an instructor? If we are seeking purely practical ends for our pupils we shall search far for men and women of real ability and character to teach those practical subjects through the medium of which these ends are to be attained. The business world will always outbid us and the business world will regularly win.

There must be another and a higher motive; the motive of service, and the willingness to lose one's life in the lives of one's pupils to find it again truly in the larger and more influential lives of those same pupils made possible through the sacrifice itself. And this motive has increasingly disappeared with the added emphasis placed upon the practical and utilitarian in the curricula of our modern public schools.

Until we return to the sound theory of our fathers that character should be the aim and end of education, and that the trained mind, sustained and reenforced by moral vigor and spiritual ideals, insures the most useful citizenship we shall fail in our appeal to men and women of pronounced ability and worth to enter the teaching profession. The old standards, once restored, will offer the old and compelling challenge to devote one's life and talents to a calling than which there is no nobler for serving one's country and one's fellow men.

A Hopeless Race

By Charles Scanlan Dryer, M.D.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

A DEAR friend of mine brought his little girl to me the other day to be examined. I asked him what seemed to be the trouble, and he replied that so far as he knew the child was perfectly normal, but that her mother was greatly worried because the day previous the little girl had brought her report-card home with the terrible information written upon it that Mary had failed in Latin, and as a result both mother and daughter were on the verge of hysterics.

Now, Mary had made excellent grades in nearly all other subjects, but nevertheless something must be wrong, for she had failed to keep pace with the child next door in her Latin. Both girls were about the same age, in fact, Mary was the older of the two by about six months, so "why in the world could she not learn as readily as Alice?"

The two children had had practically equal advantages in their homes in so far as environment was concerned, each had by right of birth and heritage the same opportunity, therefore Mary must be ill or out of normal in some way.

Because these two children were of the same age our public-school system said they must be absolutely equal in knowledge, and to my mind, Mr. Editor, that is the grave fault with our present system of teaching.

It may be true that all men are born equal, but it is the height of absurdity to reason that all progress equally in matters of education, year for year.

Why is it that because a child is six years of age it *must* recite its a-b-c's? Why not at four or seven years of age?

Why is it that if my children or your children do not graduate from high school at eighteen years of age they are considered backward, or if they graduate at sixteen years of age they should be considered marvels?

Why should you distress yourself attempting to master geometry, which I so readily learn, when you revel in the conjugation of Latin verbs, which I detest—just because we are each sixteen years of age, and some one, some time, in the dim, distant past has ruled that "at sixteen years of age ye shall quote Cæsar and determine the length of the other leg"?

Is there any reason that, simply because your child is eight years old she should be in the third grade of grammar-school, while my child, who is nine, but learns less readily than yours, should be in the fourth grade?

I can not see how an intelligent thinker can believe that all minds, be they adult or adolescent, acquire and retain and comprehend equally, just because they are of the same age.

And yet that is the basis upon which the curricula in our public schools are founded.

As one who in some way struggled through the horrors of common and high school—I remember I failed, once, in arithmetic, and was so humiliated that only the stern "or else" of my father kept me from bolting entirely—I can look back with regret at the unfair and unreasonable custom prevalent then (and now) of making each child, by hook or crook, keep pace with thirty-odd other youngsters simply because we were all born in the same year of our Lord.

Was it sensible that the little girl in the seat ahead of me or the red-headed rascal across the aisle from me should be fed from the same bottle, given the same dose and at the same period in their life as I was fed?

You and I like to believe that our children have individuality, that they are different from others in at least some respect. If your child excels in languages and my child excels in mathematics why should they, because of equal age, be kept in the same cut-and-dried routine of school life—your child to be held back and annoyed, irritated and humiliated by her slowness in learning the conjugation of Latin verbs, or nouns (which is it?), and my child suffering the same unpleasant feelings because she does not readily learn that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two legs?

WHAT'S WRONG: SIX THOUSAND OPINIONS IN A NUTSHELL

MORE than six thousand readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW sent replies to this question, asked in the March number. It was an extraordinary outpouring, many of the letters being passionate in the intensity of feeling expressed.

¶ Nearly half the letters came from parents, business men, and former teachers; about half were from teachers, superintendents of schools, etc.

¶ The most serious weaknesses of our schools, parents and teachers alike acknowledge, are traceable to lax and indifferent homes. Leaving the mental and moral discipline of their children to the teachers, parents yet fail to pay attention to school management, leaving this great problem to a few people, often politicians.

¶ The Parent-Teachers' Association, which aims to bring home and school together, appears to be still a small factor in the situation.

¶ A lowering of moral standards in the home is seen by a majority of writers. Upon the schools, most of them overcrowded, falls the burden of discipline, both mental and moral. Naturally they are unequal to the task.

¶ Too many pupils to a teacher is almost the universal cry.

¶ There is loud complaint of the prevalence of very young and irresponsible teachers, sensational in their dress and their manners. The sincere teacher, on the other hand, is shunned by the community as a creature apart. Calls for a greater number of men teachers are numerous.

¶ A decided improvement in pay is noted, but the rural districts, in particular, still complain of absurdly low wages. Parents sustain this charge.

¶ Some readers urge a State school system under which the more favored districts would share the school funds with the more thinly settled.

¶ A few writers plead for a National Department of Education, represented in the President's Cabinet.

¶ The school curriculum, a large majority of letters say, is overloaded. There is not time for the fundamentals to be taught thoroughly. Bad spelling, for example, is complained of in hundreds of letters. The vocational branches, instead of supplementing the fundamentals, have crowded them aside.

¶ A serious weakness in methods is the failure to classify and teach the children in accordance with their mental capacity rather than their age. The individuality of the child, and his mental development, must, for his own sake and that of the whole school, be recognized.

¶ The twenty-five per cent. of illiterates among our American soldiers are traced by many writers to the alien-born population, to the negroes, and to isolated country districts.

One can no more offer a set degree of knowledge to a group of children of a certain age and expect them to absorb it in equal quantities, than a set amount of food could be served the same group of children with the expectation that all will thrive equally, physically, upon it, or that a set amount and size of clothing be given them with the expectation that all will be equally fitted and protected.

Until we have sane and sensible methods of applying knowledge, the youth of our country will be turned out *en masse*, hopper style, each with a smattering of everything and an intensive training in nothing.

The People's Ideal

By Eugene B. Sherman
Mayor of Boise City, Idaho

"I DON'T know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." That is what is wrong with the public schools. Of course there are many other well-founded criticisms, but the real cause of practically all of them, and the one big fault of the public schools to-day, is the lack of a definite, commonly accepted ideal as to what the public schools should accomplish.

One lot of leaders can see nothing but industrial education, and have spent millions for apparatus, buildings, farms, training of teachers, and have in very many cases accomplished under artificial conditions the training of a facility that could be acquired in a very short time under actual conditions.

Another lot of leaders devote their time and energy to anything that has an element of novelty or originality and that can be used in advertising. So we find now this and now that school held up as an educational Mekka, and some novelty displayed to worshipers as the Kaaba.

Another lot, rather small by this time, are still crying in the wilderness for the preparation for higher education.

A slightly larger number beg with tears in their eyes for a return to thorough elementary education.

Another lot stretch their energies for physical education, and make bid for fame by the use of the tape-line, test-lenses, tooth-brush, dumb-bell, and basket-ball.

We even find educators acting like chameleons in regard to ideals. They are strong for industrial education when in the industrial education section. The same men are all for training for citizenship at another meeting. They can see nothing but health and strength at another time. They have even been known to be classic enthusiasts when in the Latin section.

The school which works steadily along conventional lines gets no advertising, however thorough the work may be; and the superintendent grows old in the service, unknown and unsung. The schoolman with the novel idea, the new apparatus, or even an epigrammatic policy, gets notoriety, reputation, and salary; his schools are acclaimed, special writers are busy, and another educational idea is born.

The people, bewildered in an educational Babel, have lost confidence in the righteousness of their own wishes, and dare not refuse anything demanded in the name of education.

They pay their taxes and vote their bonds for anything in the name of the schools rather than incur the risk of refusing something that might by chance be valuable.

But deep down in the hearts of the people is a very definite ideal—

The opening to the child of certain realms of knowledge.

The training of certain facility along definite lines.

The crystallizing into habit of certain moral and civic responsibilities.

The people want first of all well-equipped and efficient common schools with whatever industrial education can be given efficiently. This must come first, and then and then only should come secondary education with whatever enrichments a community can afford.

The trouble with the schools is a lack of a definite ideal. Why not make definite and universal the people's ideal of education? Make impossible the seizure of a school or a system to demonstrate a theory or advertise an educator. The people know what they want. Let the schools give it to them.

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All parents should know—

That Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked. This not only brings out the fullness and richness of the fine bean flavor, but also makes them healthful and wholesome. Every bit of their substantial food value is assimilated and goes to build sturdy young muscles and robust children. And how the hungry youngsters like them!

Serve hot **Serve cold**

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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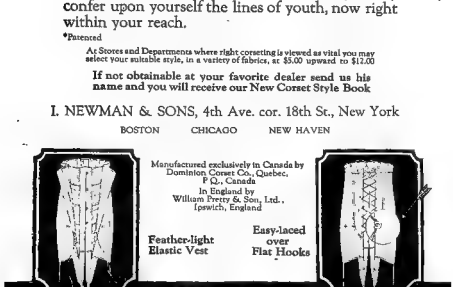

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EVERYBODY KNOWS THESE GREAT AMERICAN WOMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

stage of its history, needed an "efficiency engineer" it needs one now. If ever we women needed cool judgment, plain logic, and common sense applied to our problems we need them now. Could any of us do better than to sit at the feet of this woman whose keen intellect and unerring prophetic vision have been recognized by the critics of the world? But who is she?

A Great American Woman Scientist

IN EVERY scientific "Who's Who" in the world the name of an American woman appears. In her chosen field she stands preeminent. Her field is that of anthropogeography. Look up the term and you will begin to understand how important that field *is*, and also you will find that in the whole of America there are not more than three or four of these investigators.

When the European War broke out and when President Wilson appointed Colonel House at the head of a commission to study the economic aspects of the situation, it was not a man to whom he turned first; *it was this great American woman.* She responded instantly, placing her genius and the accumulated experiences of a lifetime of hard work and study at the disposal of her country.

But American women did not know her. They do not know her now. I have mentioned her name to hundreds of well-informed people and I have yet to hear one, outside of her immediate circle of acquaintances, speak with knowledge concerning her.

We talk a great deal about our doings in the field of economics, but few of us know that this eminent American woman was one of the first in the world to take up the study of this science professionally. Upon her graduation from college she was impelled to investigate in a field then practically unknown, and one in which, in this country at least, no educational institution had thought it worth while to offer instruction. She went to Europe and traveled there until she found one man who could teach her what she sought. That she had a vision of the world's greatest need is self-evident, for there is now no university or college of importance in which economics is not taught.

From the day of her graduation at an American woman's college until this day she has moved steadily upward and onward in her great field. She is a gold medalist of the American Geographical Society, and from other distinguished scientific organizations abroad she has received honors not hitherto accorded a woman.

This famous American woman lives quietly in her Kentucky home, working and writing and making her great and glorious contribution to the sum total of human knowledge on a subject than which there is none more important. Who is she? What books has she written, and upon what important work is she now engaged?

America's Leading Churchwoman

FOR nearly two thousand years men have been doing the preaching and women have been listening. Of the 20,000,000 church-members in the United States it is said that more than 15,000,000 are men. And yet no appreciable number of women have attained high places in the ranks of the churches. Relatively few in any country have been ordained as ministers. America can claim no great woman preacher as England has in the person of Maude Royden, tho our own Julia Ward Howe was an ordained minister and was an eloquent advocate of women in the ministry. But it remained for an American woman to attain to the highest honor ever achieved by a woman in the field of religion. Last year this remarkable woman, who has traveled around the world many times, was elected by a very large majority as presiding officer of one of the greatest religious bodies in the world—a body numbering nearly one and a half million members.

This public recognition of the executive ability and the qualities of leadership in a woman received scant notice in the public press, and, so far as women were concerned, the incident passed unnoticed. Outside of the denomination which honored her it is doubtful if this really wonderful woman received a single telegram or message of congratulation. If a single woman's organization greeted her success it did not signify it even by the usual simple method of passing a resolution.

Yes, America can claim that one of her own women has attained the highest position ever accorded to woman in a great religious organization. Who is she? How many of her countrywomen can answer?

Great in the Medical Field

FOR a very long time man kept the whole realm of medical science wholly unto himself. Men midwives—paradoxical as the term seems—stoutly resisted the invasion of their exclusive field by women midwives, and the question was hotly discussed through many a stormy session of various medical associations. Even so late as 1881 the International Medical Congress held in London excluded women from "all but the social and ceremonial meetings of the congress." About the same time the Association of German Naturalists and Doctors "followed the example of their English brethren by purging the association of women."

Since that day a large number of women doctors have been graduated from medical colleges and have taken places with men in the scientific world. America has a number of distinguished women physicians, but there is one who stands preeminent in the profession because she was the first to do valuable research on the effect of certain hours and conditions of work on women; and, further, because she was the first woman—and now I believe the only woman—physician occupying a chair in a great university. Can you name her?

Big Women and Big Business

NO SOONER did women begin to gain their economic independence than they began to demonstrate exceptional business ability. During the last few years success has swept through the ranks of business women as rapidly as measles sweeps through a tenement-house. We boast of women who handle millions of dollars annually, of women executives of great establishments, of women organizing and managing gigantic enterprises, of women who have piled up fortunes by their own efforts. Some wag has said that women have succeeded in everything "except singing bass." It has now got to be a very old story—this good news of the successful woman in the business world. Even in the Orient they are claiming their Hetty Greens and their female Morgans.

American women actually lead the procession when it comes to women of striking business ability. There are many of them. But one stands out as unquestionably entitled to be called great. Up to a few years ago she was what we like to think of as typical of the best type of "home woman." She had a devoted husband who was successful in the big world of affairs. She had children and a home, and to these she devoted her time and her thought and her remarkable native ability.

But there came a time when she had to face life without her devoted husband. What was to become of the business which he had managed with so much success? Who could take his place? She decided it was her duty to take hold where he left off. To-day hers is one of the best-known business concerns in America. She not only "carried on," but she carried *out*, making all of the dreams her husband had dreamed come true. She enlarged and improved and extended the business until it now reaches around the world. There is scarcely a housekeeper anywhere who is not familiar with the name of the business she conducts, who does not use the products she makes. The name—her name—is indeed a household word, and the goods she manufactures are certainly familiar objects on the pantry-shelf of kitchenette and mansion. There is something so distinctly individual and different about the whole thing—even to the box in which the things are sold—that one feels instinctively that there is a personality behind it all. And indeed there is.

Here, without doubt, is one of the greatest business women in the world. She lives among us, we buy her products, we know her name as well as we know our own. But do we know *her*? When we use these products and see them we know that the genius of an American woman is responsible for them?

Let Them Know While They Live

THESE six women may not be the greatest women in America, but undoubtedly each of them is entitled to be called great. Any attempt to name the women in our country who have achieved distinction would be futile.

As to greatness, before we can arrive at a basis for determining who the great are we must decide just what greatness is. A very little while ago people were still saying, when they wanted to imply that some woman had genius, that she had "a brain like a man." In fact one still hears this from both men and women. When men wanted to prove that a woman was masculine they pointed to the greatness of her achievements, as in the case of Madame de Staël, whose masculinity was considered "proved" by the fact that "her work on Germany is probably the greatest book ever produced by a woman."

We American women should know and appreciate our women of achievement. We should recognize them and honor them and their works. If you doubt that the women of your acquaintance are informed on the accomplishments of their own sex in their own country read this article at your next club-meeting and watch results.

Could any woman's club do better than to include a study of great American women of to-day in its program for the coming year? How can we expect the world to appreciate our women of achievement if we do not appreciate them ourselves? Let us look them up, study them, familiarize ourselves with their works, then let the world know, and *let them know*, that we glory in them. Is there any reason why *eminence* in woman's world should be synonymous with *loneliness*?

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Always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It protects your skin against wind and sun

EVERY NORMAL SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

One to protect it and to hold the powder
A very different one to cleanse it

NO one cream can contain all the ingredients necessary to take perfect care of your skin.

You cannot have in a vanishing cream the oils you need for thoroughly cleansing and stimulating the skin. You cannot have in a cleansing cream the ingredients that while protective will be absorbed instantly and will hold the powder.

That is why two creams to meet these different needs were perfected at our laboratories after years of careful experiments by the experts there.

To protect the skin and to hold the powder

Constant exposure to wind and sun will make an unprotected skin rough and coarse. Your skin is naturally moist but the sun and wind dry it out and a rough surface is the result. This coarseness is merely the protection the skin gives itself. You can prevent roughness and coarseness very easily by forming the daily habit of smoothing on Pond's *Vanishing* Cream before you go out.

This fragrant, greaseless cream was made for this purpose. Pat on just a little. It is absorbed instantly. You will feel refreshed and your skin will seem smooth and firm. Made of ingredients that are especially soothing, Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the natural moisture in the skin, and acts as an invisible shield against sun and wind.

The firm velvety surface Pond's Vanishing Cream gives your skin is perfect as a base for powder. The powder will stay on for hours and you need never worry that your face will become shiny. The cream cannot reappear in a shine because it contains not a particle of oil.

A very different cream for a thorough cleansing

Your skin must be kept thoroughly clean or it will not look its best. It becomes dull looking. To remove the dust and fine particles of dirt that bore deep into the pores you need a good cold cream—ordinary washing will not do.

It was only after long experiment that we found just the right amount of oil for Pond's *Cold* Cream—important experiments because heavy creams with too much oil overload the pores.

Pond's Cold Cream contains just the right amount of oil to penetrate the pores and remove every trace of dirt, yet not overload them.

Every night, and always after a dusty trip, smooth this delicate oil cream on your face. Let it stay a minute, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. One look at the grime on the cloth will convince you how necessary such a cleansing is.

Smooth this cream on any little fine lines on your face. The oil will keep your skin supple and the little lines will not become deeper. This cream is so light and fine in texture that it requires only the very lightest touch in smoothing it on.

Get both these creams today

You will find both these creams in convenient sizes of jars and tubes at any drug or department store. Use them every day, and you will be caring for your skin as you should. Neither cream will clog the pores or encourage the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

To cleanse your skin thoroughly and to keep it supple use Pond's Cold Cream every night

PONDS

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

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THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
121 Hudson Street, New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Belding's

Makers of Enduring Silks for Gowns, Linings, Lingerie

MISS BRACEGIRDLE DOES HER DUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

General Booth, a great, good man, even if a little vulgar. She remembered dear old Miss Trimmings talking about him one afternoon at the vicar of St. Bride's garden-party. She was *so* amusing. She— *Good Heavens!*

Almost unwittingly Millicent Bracegirdle had emitted a violent sneeze!

It was finished. For the second time that night she was conscious of her heart nearly stopping. For the second time that night she was so paralyzed with fear that her mentality went to pieces. Now she could hear the man get out of bed. He would walk across to the door, switch on the light, and then lift up the frill. She could almost see that fierce mustached face glaring at her and growling something in French. Then he would thrust out an arm and drag her out. And then? O God in heaven! What then?

"I shall scream before he does it Perhaps I had better scream now. If he drags me out he will clap his hand over my mouth. Perhaps chloroform—"

But somehow she could not scream. She was too frightened even for that. She lifted the frill and listened. Was he moving stealthily across the carpet? She thought—no, she couldn't be sure. Anything might be happening. He might strike her from above—with one of those heavy boots, perhaps. Nothing seemed to be happening, but the suspense was intolerable She realized now that she hadn't the power to endure a night of it. Anything would be better than this—disgrace, imprisonment, even death. She would crawl out, wake the man, and try to explain as best she could.

She would switch on the light, cough, and say, "Monsieur!"

Then he would start up and stare at her.

Then she would say—what should she say?

"*Pardon, Monsieur, mais je*—" What on earth was the French for "I have made a mistake"?

"*J'ai tort. C'est la chambre*—er—incorrect. *Voulez-vous*—er——"

What was the French for "door-knob"? "Let me go"?

It didn't matter. She would turn on the light, cough, and trust to luck. If he got out of bed and came toward her she would scream the hotel down.

THE resolution formed, she crawled deliberately out at the foot of the bed. She scrambled hastily over and the door—a perilous journey. In a few seconds the room was flooded with light. She turned towards the bed, coughed, and cried out boldly.

"Monsieur!"

Then for the third time that night little Miss Bracegirdle's heart all but stopped. In this case the climax of the horror took longer to develop, but when it was reached it clouded the other two experiences into insignificance.

The man on the bed was dead!

She had never beheld death before, but one does not mistake death.

She stared at him, bewildered, and repeated almost in a whisper:

"Monsieur! Monsieur!"

Then she tiptoed toward the bed. The hair and mustache looked extraordinarily black in that gray, waxlike setting. The mouth was slightly open, and the face, which in life might have been vicious and sensual, looked incredibly peaceful and far away. It was as if she were regarding the features of a man across some vast passage of time, a being who had always been completely remote from mundane preoccupations.

When the full truth came home to her little Miss Bracegirdle buried her face in her hands and murmured:

"Poor fellow—poor fellow!"

For the moment her own position seemed an affair of small consequence She was in the presence of something greater and more all-pervading. Almost instinctively she knelt by the bed and prayed.

For a few moments she seemed to be possessed by an extraordinary calmness and detachment. The burden of her hotel predicament was a gossamer trouble—a silly, trivial, almost comic episode, something that could be explained away.

But this man—he had lived his life, whatever it was like, and now he was in the presence of his Maker. What kind of man had he been?

Her meditations were broken by an abrupt sound. It was that of a pair of heavy boots being thrown down by the door outside. She started, thinking at first it was some one knocking or trying to get in. She heard the "boots," however, stumping away down the corridor, and the realization stabbed her with the truth of her own position. She must n't stop there. The necessity to get out was even more urgent.

To be found in a strange man's bedroom in the night is bad enough, but to be found in a dead man's bedroom was even worse. They would accuse her of murder, perhaps. Yes, that would be it—how could she possibly explain to these foreigners? My soul! they would hang her. No, guillotine her—that's what they do in France. They would chop her head off with a great steel knife. Merciful Heavens! She envisaged herself standing blindfold, by a priest and an executioner in a red cap, like that man in the Dickens story— What was his name? Sydney Carton, that was it. And before he went on the scaffold he said:

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done—"

But no, she couldn't say that. It would be a far, far worse thing that she did. What about the dear dears? her sister-in-law arriving alone from Paraguay tomorrow? all her dear people and friends in Basingstoke? Her darling Tony, the large gray tabby-cat? It was her duty not to have her head chopped off if it could possibly be avoided. She could do no good in the room. She could not recall the dead to life. Her only mission was to escape. Any minute people might arrive. The chambermaid, the boots, the manager, the gendarmes— Visions of gendarmes arriving armed with swords and note-books vitalized her almost exhausted energies. She was a desperate woman.

Fortunately now she had not to worry about the light. She sprang once more at the door and tried to force it open with her fingers. The result hurt her and gave her pause. If she were to escape she must *think*, and think intensely. She mustn't do anything rash and silly; she must just thunk and plan calmly.

SHE examined the lock carefully. There was no keyhole, but there was a slip-bolt, so that the hotel guest could lock the door on the inside, but it couldn't be locked on the outside. Oh, why didn't this poor dear dead man lock his door last night? Then this trouble could not have happened. She could see the end of the steel pin. It was about half an inch down the hole. If any one were passing he must surely notice the handle sticking out too far the other side! She drew a hairpin out of her hair and tried to coax the pin back, but she only succeeded in pushing it a little further in. She felt the color leaving her face, and a strange feeling of faintness came over her.

She was fighting for her life: she mustn't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Photo by Vandyk

STACY AUMONIER

Author of "Miss Bracegirdle Does Her Duty"

THIS author is thirty-five years old. He is an Englishman, with the following books to his credit—"Olga Bardel," "Just Outside," "The Querries," and "The Golden Windmill." He did not begin to write short stories until after he had published four novels. There is humor, sadness, surprize in everything he writes. His work is a direct expression of his charming personality. From time to time his stories have been appearing in Pictorial Review, but "Miss Bracegirdle Does Her Duty" is as amusing and unusual as anything he has ever done. Within the next year other interesting stories by him will appear in the magazine.

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TWO VITAL NEEDS of the body your daily food must supply---

A food that brings glowing health and vigor by cleansing the body and building up its tissues

THIS new knowledge about food is revolutionizing the ordering of meals in millions of homes today.

Countless housewives are now carefully planning meals that mean health and vigor. They need such meals themselves so that they may have the strength for their daily tasks—the romp with the children, the overseeing of the household work. They feel their responsibility to provide such meals for their families.

This is why women are supplementing their daily diet with Fleischmann's Yeast—the familiar fresh food now known to be a cleansing agent in the intestines and to help build up the waste tissues worn out each day. This is why they provide it at home as regularly as they do milk or bread.

A food that replaces laxatives

People are now learning that laxatives are unnecessary. Of course we know they never remove the cause of the trouble, but often make it worse. They weaken the intestinal muscles. One physician says that the indiscriminate use of cathartics is probably one of the chief causes of intestinal inactivity.

The problem is being solved for thousands. Fleischmann's Yeast, a natural corrective, increases the action of the intestines, keeps them healthy and regular. By adding this fresh food to their daily diet men and women are being freed from bondage to laxatives.

Digestion kept strong and healthy

Thousands today are realizing that Fleischmann's Yeast is a natural corrective food. It is highly digestible itself and it helps extraordinarily the digestion of the other foods we eat.

Fleischmann's Yeast supplies abundantly the elements which increase the flow of the digestive juices and promote the normal action of the liver.

There are many ways of eating it

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day. You will grow fond of the distinctive taste. Nibble it plain from the cake, take it in water, milk, fruit-juices, or any liquid you like. Try it as a sandwich spread. It combines well with soups, sauces and many familiar home dishes. Your grocer can supply it fresh daily. If you prefer, you may get 6 cakes at a time. They will keep fresh for two or three days, if kept in a cool, dry place.

Send for free booklet telling you what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you. Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 309, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

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YEAST is grown from a mixture of the most wholesome grains—corn, rye and barley. The grain is carefully selected and thoroughly cleansed from all dust or other foreign substances. When these grains are ground and soaked in water they provide the most nourishing mixture for the yeast plants. These tiny remarkable plants then grow with astonishing rapidity. The familiar cake of Fleischmann's Yeast consists of millions of these microscopic plants.

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Alec and Al

THE DISAPPEARING TRICK

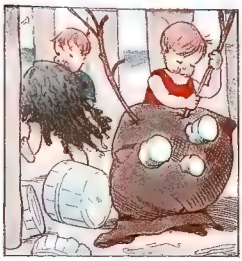
The Nibbler Boys

THE GREEDY MOUSE

DRAWINGS BY C. H. TWELVETREES VERSES BY PERCY WAXMAN

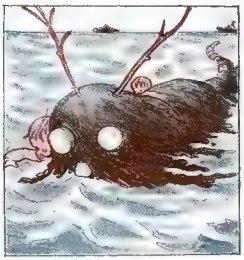
Copyright, 1922, by The Pictorial Review Company New York City

1 "Say, Al! it doesn't seem quite right
With all these picnics everywhere
That we can't get a single bite
When we're both hungry as a bear."



2 "Oh, Alec! if this scheme goes through
We'll have a heap of cakes and jam
And pies and fruit and oodles, too,
Of sandwiches and pop and ham."

3 "When once we get it out to sea
They'll never know it's made of rags
And barrels, cans, and bits of tree
And seaweed stuffed in sugar-bags."

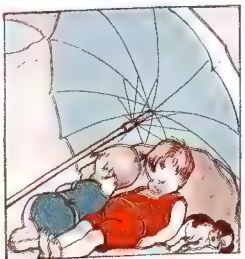


4 Like some great serpent of the deep,
The awful monster with a roar
Makes for the land, while both boys peep
To see what happens on the shore.

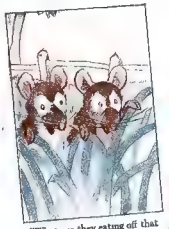
5 When it arrives upon the beach
The picnickers all run away,
While all the children yell and screech
As if they thought 'twas judgment-day.

6 The monster scares them half to death—
It makes them all go mad with fright;
Not even stopping to take breath,
They dash off wildly left and right.

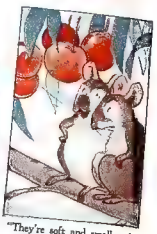
7 "Oh, boy! this roll tastes good to me
And try that apple-jelly cake—
Is this a dream or can it be
That this is real and we're awake?"



8 Both Al and Alec rest in dreams,
While everybody wonders where
The serpent went; it almost seems
To have vanished into air.



"What are they eating off that tree?
I think it's time we went to see."



"They're soft and small and round and red.
They can't be cheese—they can't be bread."

"Hey, cut that out! That's ten you've had;
Your greed will get you yet, my lad."

"Here comes old Snoopy Mrs. Tom;
Just watch me drop a cherry-bomb!"

"Squish! right flat on Snoopy's bean
The finest shot I've ever seen."

"Oh! now she's running like a streak—
I'll bet that cat's too mad to speak."

"Oh, my! there's something pricking me
Right where my tummy ought to be."

"My pains explain why Washington
Cut down that tree in '41."

Soon on this page you'll see displayed
A babies' contest and parade,
While The Nibblers with a piece of soap
Make cook despair and give up hope.

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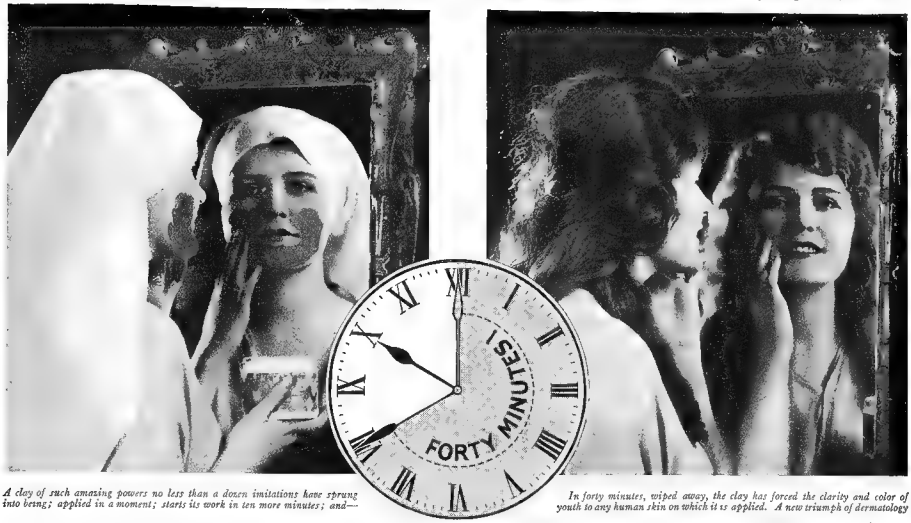

A clay of such amazing powers no less than a dozen imitations have sprung into being; applied in a moment; starts its work in ten more minutes; and—

In forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any human skin on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology

A New Skin in 40 Minutes with this Astounding Beauty Clay!

How a Pleasure Trip to Sunny Wales Uncovered a Secret of Mother Earth's That Forever Ends Any Woman's Need for a Complexion Beautifier

By MARTHA RYERSON

I HAVE brought to America the greatest news women ever heard about the skin. From Wales where I spent a month without seeing a single bad complexion! I went there with a complexion that had been my despair since childhood. *One afternoon I left it in the hills, exchanged it for one of absolute purity and undoubtable natural color.*

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself, I would never tell the story — a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this; the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province, is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too— has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lustre and color, with impurities, nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder "I took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I *did*.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with *mud*. I recognized the peculiar gray clay of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did *not!*

I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a *perfect* complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman ever will have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally *pulled out*. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask! Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

My blemishes were gone!

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when I entered the rooms of the little inn that evening was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we staid on; he worked all day at his "mud pies" as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me, and on all my girl friends. At last he scientifically produced clay identical with that Welsh clay in its miraculous effects—only ten times more smooth and pure.

Anyone May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women everywhere (and men, too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of anyone who did not regard it worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody, and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. I *know*.

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! **My father has made you a remarkable offer below. Read carefully:**

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF $5.00 JARS

(*Only One Jar to a Family*)

The general public is entitled to benefit by a discovery of this importance. So, for a limited time we will distribute regular, full - size $5.00 jars of Forty Minute Clay without profit—at only the actual cost, which is $1.87.

You may have your *first jar* for only this bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expenses of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing, printed announcements, and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to $1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even the small laboratory cost price of $1.87 for ingredients, shipping, etc., is not really a payment; rather, a *deposit* that we will promptly return if you are not unreservedly satisfied that this miracle clay is all we claim.

Send no money now. Pay postman the net laboratory charges of $1.87 plus postage, when he brings your jar. Or, if unlikely to be home at mail time, enclose $2.00 and jar will arrive postpaid, with the same money-back guarantee.

I can assure any man or woman who will try this miracle of Nature's own chemical laboratory a *re-made* skin.

Wm Ryerson

Head Chemist

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS, Dept. 25 Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-size, regular $5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of $1.87, plus postage which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*P. O.*_____ *State*_____

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The perfect way of putting baby to sleep—

As suggested by a widely known nurse

Next to feeding baby, bringing restful sleep is your most important everyday task. So why not do it in the very *best* way possible?

AFTER the customary warm water cleansing and following every toilet, sprinkle generous amounts of comforting, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder all over the flower-soft skin.

First make your own hand soft as velvet with a thick coating of the fine white powder.

Then gently massage the chubby limbs, smoothing the powder into all the folds and crevices—over every roughened, irritated area.

Your gentle rubbing lulls the nerves. The beneficial powder cools and soothes, banishing the itching. And sleep comes—almost as soon as you lay baby in the tiny bassinet or crib.

Babies Need Johnson's

Since you powder baby every day in the year, use a very pure powder for the delicate, porous skin. A powder that cools, soothes and purifies in a mild, safe way as does Johnson's. One that does not clog the pores, or combat perspiration, which is a natural necessity.

Do you know that Johnson's Baby Powder comforts other things than soft baby skin? It also relieves a mother's mind. Isn't there satisfaction in knowing that *your* baby's powder is *first choice* with most physicians and nurses—and has been for nearly half a century.

Baby's skin, sensitive to things you cannot see, will show a difference the very first week you use Johnson's. More smiles while baby is awake; more comfort while asleep.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON
New Brunswick, N. J.

YOUR DRUGGIST IS MORE THAN A MERCHANT

Doesn't it seem reasonable that your druggist—capable of compounding prescriptions on which lives may depend—is the best fitted of all merchants to provide you with quality articles?

Try the drug store first

© 1922. J & J

Johnson's Baby Powder

Best for Baby—Best for You

MISS BRACEGIRDLE DOES HER DUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

give way. She darted round the room like an animal in a trap, her mind alert for the slightest crevice of escape. The window had no balcony, and there was a drop of five stories to the street below. Dawn was breaking. Soon the activities of the hotel and the city would begin. The thing must be accomplished before then.

She went back once more and stared hard at the lock. She stared at the dead man's property, his razors and brushes and writing-materials. He appeared to have a lot of writing-materials, pens and pencils and rubber and sealing-wax. Sealing-wax!

Necessity is truly the mother of invention. It is in any case quite certain that Millicent Bracegirdle, who had never invented a thing in her life, would never have evolved the ingenious little device she did had she not believed that her position was utterly desperate. For in the end this is what she did. She got together a box of matches, a candle, a bar of sealing-wax, and a hairpin. She made a little pool of hot sealing-wax into which she dipped the end of the hairpin. Collecting a small blob on the end of it, she thrust it into the hole, and let it adhere to the end of the steel pin. At the seventh attempt she got the thing to move.

IT TOOK her just an hour and ten minutes to get that steel pin back into the room, and when at length it came far enough through for her to grip it with her fingernails, she burst into tears through the sheer physical tenseness of the strain. Very, very carefully she got it through and, holding it firmly with her left hand, she fixed the knob with her right, then slowly turned it.

The door opened!

The temptation to dash out into the corridor and assist herself was almost irresistible, but she forbore. She listened. She peeped out. No one was about. With beating heart she went out, closing the door inaudibly; she crept like a little mouse to the room next door, stole in, and flung herself on the bed. Immediately she did so, it flashed through her mind that *she had left her sponge-bag and towel in the dead man's room!*

In looking back upon her experience she always considered that second expedition was the worst of all. She might have let the sponge-bag and towel remain there, only that the towel—she never used hotel towels—had neatly inscribed in the corner M. B.

With furtive caution she managed to retrace her steps. She reentered the dead man's room, reclaimed her property, and returned to her own. When the mission was accomplished she was indeed well-nigh spent. She lay on her bed and groaned feebly. At last she fell into a fevered sleep.

It was eleven o'clock when she awoke, and no one had been there to disturb her. The sun was shining, and the experiences of the night appeared a dubious nightmare. Surely she had dreamed it all?

With dread still burning in her heart she rang the bell. After a short interval of time the chambermaid appeared. The girl's eyes were bright with some uncontrollable excitement. No, she had not been dreaming. This girl had heard something.

"Will you bring me some tea, please?"

"Certainly, Madame."

The maid drew back the curtains and fussed about the room. She was under a pledge of secrecy, but she could contain herself no longer.

Suddenly she approached the bed and whispered excitedly:

"Oh, Madame, I am promised not to tell—but a terrible thing has happened. A man, a dead man, has been found in room 117—a guest. Please not to say I tell you. But they have all been here—the gendarmes, the doctors, the inspectors. Oh, it is terrible—terrible!"

The little lady from the bed said nothing. There was indeed nothing to say. But Marie Louise Lancret was too full of emotional excitement to spare her.

"But the terrible thing is— Do you know who he was, Madame? They say it is Baldini, the man wanted for the murder of Jeanne Carreton in the barn at Vincennes. They say he strangled her, and then cut her up in pieces and hid her in two barrels, which he threw into the river. Oh, but he was a bad man, Madame, a terrible bad man—and he died in the room next door. Suicide, they think, or was it an attack of the heart?—remorse, some shock perhaps. Did you say a *café complet*, Madame?"

"No, thank you, my dear—just a cup of tea—*rien d'autre*."

"*Parfaitement*, Madame."

THE girl retired, and a little later a waiter entered the room with a tray of tea. She could never get over her surprise in this. It seemed—well, indecorous for a man—altho only a waiter—to enter a lady's bedroom. There was, no doubt, a great deal in what the dear dean said! They were certainly very peculiar, these French people—they had most peculiar notions. It was not the way they behaved at Easingstoke.

She got further under the sheets, but the waiter appeared quite indifferent to the situation. He put the tray down and retired.

When he had gone she sat up and sipped her tea, which gradually warmed her. She was glad the sun was shining. She would have to get up soon.

They said that her sister-in-law's boat was due to berth at one o'clock. That would give her time to dress comfortably, write to her brother, and then go down to the docks.

POOR man! So he had been a murderer, a man who cut up the bodies of his victims—and she had spent the night in his bedroom. They were certainly a most—how could she describe it?—people. Nevertheless she felt a little glad that at the end she had been there to kneel and pray by his bedside. Probably nobody else had ever done that.

It was very difficult to judge people. Something at some time might have gone wrong. He might not have murdered the woman after all. People were often wrongly convicted. She herself— If the police had found her in that room at three o'clock that morning— It is that which takes place in the heart which counts. One learns and learns. Had she not learned that one can pray just as effectively lying under a bed as kneeling beside it? Poor man!

She washed and dressed herself and walked calmly down to the writing-room. There was no evidence of excitement among the other hotel guests. Probably none of them knew about the tragedy except herself. She went to a writing-table, and after profound meditation wrote as follows:

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I arrived late last night, after a very pleasant journey. Every one was very kind and attentive; the manager was sitting up for me. I nearly lost my spectacles in the restaurant-car, but a kind old gentleman found them and returned them to me. There was a most amusing American child on the train. I will tell you about her on my return. The people are very pleasant, but the food is peculiar—nothing *plain and wholesome*. I am going down to meet Annie at one o'clock.

How have you been keeping, my dear? I hope you have not had any further return of the bronchial attacks. Please tell Lizzie that I remembered in the train on the way here that that large store jar of marmalade that Mrs. Hunt made is behind those empty tins on the top shelf of the cupboard next to the coach-boxes. I wonder whether Mrs. Buller was able to come to evensong after all? This is a nice hotel, but I think Annie and I will stay at the Grand to-night, as the bedrooms here are rather noisy. Well, my dear, nothing more till I return. Do take care of yourself.

Your loving sister,
MILLICENT.

Yes, she couldn't tell Peter about it, neither in the letter nor when she went back to him. It was her duty not to tell him. It would only distress him: she felt convinced of it. In this curious foreign atmosphere the thing appeared possible, but in Easingstoke the mere recounting of the fantastic situation would be positively—indelicate. There was no escaping that broad general fact that she had spent a night in a strange man's bedroom. Whether he was a gentleman or a criminal, even whether he was dead or alive, did not seem to mitigate the jar upon her sensibilities, or, rather, it would not mitigate the jar upon the peculiarly sensitive relationship between her brother and herself.

To say that she had been to the bathroom, the knob of the door-handle came off in her hands, she was too frightened to awaken the sleeper or scream, she got under the bed—well, one simply could not conceive such a thing in Easingstoke deanery. It would create a curious little barrier between them, as tho she had been dipped in some mysterious solution which alienated her. It was her duty not to tell.

SHE put on her hat and went out to post the letter. She distrusted a hotel letter-box. One never knew who handled these letters. It was not a proper, official way of treating them. She walked to the head post-office in Bordeaux.

The sun was shining. It was very pleasant walking about amongst these queer, excitable people, so foreign and different-looking—and the cafés already crowded with chattering men and women; and the flower-stalls, and the strange odor of—what was it? Salt? brine? charcoal? A military band was playing in the square —very gay and cheerful. It was all life and movement and bustle—thrilling, rather.

"I spent a night in a strange man's bedroom."

Little Miss Bracegirdle hunched her shoulders, hummed to herself, and walked faster. She reached the post-office, and found the large metal plate with the slot for letters and R. F. stamped above it. Something official at last! Her face was a little flushed was it the warmth of the day or the effect of her adventurous life?—as she put her letter into the slot. After posting it she put her hand into the slot and flicked it round to see that there were no foreign contraptions to impede its safe delivery. No, the letter had dropped safely in.

She sighed contentedly, and walked off in the direction of the docks to meet her sister-in-law from Paraguay.

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WHEN IT RAINS — IT POURS

"When it rains —it pours"

Sea air is the true test of salt

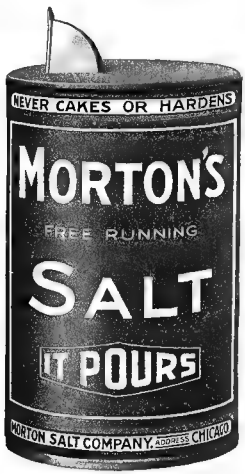
ALONG the seacoast, in the mountains—wherever the air is damp—you'll find Morton's Salt in almost every home.

It's there because it consistently triumphs over weather conditions and does a first-class job of making your food taste better.

Even when it rains it pours—no lumps to cause trouble and to throw away.

You'll like Morton's; a perfect condiment and convenience.

MORTON SALT COMPANY
CHICAGO



Helpful Hints on Using Salt

Washing fresh vegetables with a strong solution of salt water will remove slugs, insects, etc.

Before frying fish sprinkle a little Morton's Salt in the skillet; they will be less likely to stick to it.

When poaching eggs add a little Morton's Salt to the water; the whites will "set" better.

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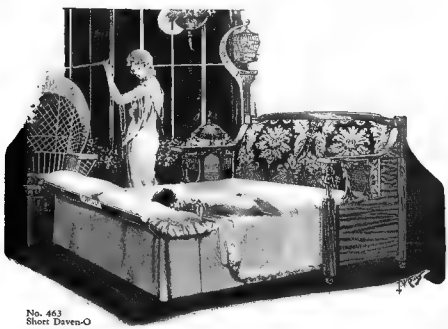
The Invisible Bed Room



No. 463
Short Daven-O

Luxury and Economy Meet in This Beautiful Davenport-Bed

By day the Kroehler Daven-O holds the place of honor in your living room—a distinguished, beautiful, richly upholstered davenport. At night it becomes, with one simple motion, a roomy, luxuriously comfortable bed; making an extra bedroom quite unnecessary; subtracting from the family budget the extra rental which that room would cost.

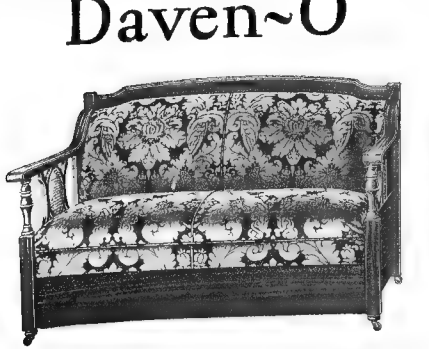
The Kroehler Daven-O is not a substitute for a bed. It *is* a full size, 72 x 50-inch bed, with patented, folding metal bed frame and sagless bed springs, and thick, removable mattress. No one would ever guess, to see it in all its daytime beauty, that it concealed both bed and bedclothes in its capacious depths.

Kroehler Daven-Os are made in overstuffed, colonial and period designs, with any wood finish. Chairs are made to match. Upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. Made to harmonize with any decorative scheme. Handsome styles, at prices to meet any requirement. Sold by leading furniture dealers everywhere, for cash or easy payments. Ask for a demonstration. Look for the Kroehler trade mark. Do not accept a substitute; Kroehler Daven-Os cost no more.

Write for free book of attractive designs and name of nearest dealer.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Chicago
Factories at Kankakee, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.
Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ontario

KROEHLER Daven-O



An Added Room—Subtracted Rent

CLOTHES: *By Susan M. Boogher*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

the long glass while Celeste arrayed her in a clinging gown of soft dull silk, and placed upon her golden hair the most ravishing little bonnet, and spread out behind her the fan-like veil of heavily weighted crêpe. Even in her mourning Muriel could not altogether realize Tony's death.

She had a feeling that he had gone away somewhere—somewhere rather far and vague. She wasn't unhappy.

People were most amazingly kind to her. Her mother and father were, her friends, the servants. Letters came from all sorts of sources about Tony—his army companions, people with whom he was billeted in France, college-mates.

She was busy for a month answering the perfectly darling things that people wrote of him.

And getting her mourning was the greatest task! She had no idea that correct mourning was so difficult to find.

Then, too, never had she attracted the attention that she did now. Everywhere people stared at her, turned round to stare at her. It really was amusing—particularly the pretending that she didn't notice them.

To see Muriel at this time walking on the boulevard with her little girl was to experience an esthetic thrill. The exquisiteness of her beauty was flawless, flawless the perfection of her clothes, the sadness in her wide eyes.

Black is always becoming to youth. And Muriel somehow was never so poignantly youthful as in her tragic habiliments the months succeeding Tony's death. The nun-like broad band of white crêpe that strapped beneath her chin, the faint show of white in the facing of her small hat, the grace of the long weighted veil that hung to the edge of her narrow skirt somehow enhanced in the most ravishing way the flower of her face.

It was no wonder men stared, and that schoolgirls nudged each other, wishing vaguely that they too were young widows.

To walk every afternoon thus with little Muriel was Muriel's life for some months after Tony's death. That, and very intimate glimpses of her many friends. "She did," she told her mother, "want to be very conventional! She thought it was positively disgusting while one was in such deep mourning to go about."

Sometimes in the evenings she got rather desperate—she was, after all, used to a life of extreme gaiety.

She remembered several rather horrid scenes with Tony about it.

Tony *was stubborn*, Muriel reflected now, thinking over this time when she had almost died of lonelinessand negligées.

She shuddered now in her widowhood at the memory. That time really had spoiled her enjoyment of negligées—she hadn't got over it quite yet!

Now, of course, she didn't need to wear negligées, altho, being in the house so much, she found that she just did. But they were lovely, the ones she had bought in shades of orchid and mauve and dove-gray and violet.

THE business crash that came like a thunderclap into Muriel's life had failed to register, much as Tony's death had done. She had been in mourning a year, and was giving her entire time to planning the second mourning she would order, when the unexpected break came.

Her father wired her to come at once to Texas, where Tony's entire interests were.

It seemed an awful bore to Muriel just then, when her clothes were all old, and the new ones hadn't arrived.

However, as her father's first telegram was succeeded by two others, she finally bade Celeste pack, and she and little Muriel and the child's nurse got off amid a clutter of hat-boxes and suitcases and bags and corsage bouquets of orchids.

Of the weeks that followed Muriel retained no very clear impression. Her father's face was the one thing that seemed to register itself upon her brain.

She scarcely recognized him when he took her in his arms at the railroad-station, he was so old and worn and changed.

He too, it seemed, was involved in the break in oil.

In the end she grasped finally the dismaying fact that both her father's fortune and Tony's were gone!

By this time her mother, too, had joined them. Also several of her Eastern friends were in Vistas, gathering up the scraps of fortunes that a few months ago had seemed so secure.

Marjorie Cooper Blakmore was there; Marjorie lately remarried to an oil millionaire.

It was Marjorie who first suggested to Muriel the shop idea—Marjorie, whose black-satin gown, snake-like and sinister at her coming-out ball, had so filled Muriel with envy. "Why don't you start a shop, Muriel dear? There's no one in the world has the taste in clothes that you have! Marjorie was drinking tea with Muriel in the drawing-room of her suite at the Vista Hotel.

SUSAN M. BOOGHER
Author of "Clothes"

"I HAVE struggled over my autobiography, but there simply isn't any. Just say I've lived all my life—so far—in St. Louis, that I write a little of all sorts of things, poems, stories, and plays, that I'm interested in progressive education, that I have a husband and an eight-year-old son. (What are biographies about when they aren't psychological?) Somehow there simply haven't been any events in my life. If you asked me what I think of the War, the League of Nations, internationalism, Wilson, modern education, you might have to stretch your word limit."

And as she finished speaking she put down her cup and crossed the room.

Muriel smiled a little wanly as Marjorie bent above her. She still was dressed in a gown belonging to her first tragic period of mourning, a Canton crêpe heavily beaded and fretting about the feet with sobbing fringe. She lifted one hand, which Marjorie clasped in both of hers.

"Why don't you, dear?" Marjorie repeated.

For answer Muriel's eyes filled with tears.

Marjorie bent closer to the now turned-down head, dropping a kiss upon the golden hair. "I know so well what you're going through," she whispered softly. "I've been all along your way, dear. But it's only a question of time—" she broke off from her thought.

Muriel raised her face to Marjorie's. "It's this awful poverty," she exclaimed sharply. "You've never had this to contend with. Just grief—why, that's nothing! I love Tony just as much now he's dead as I ever did. In fact, it's really not so different." She broke suddenly into wild sobs.

Marjorie cradled her in her arms, patted her shoulder, soothed her with tender, meaningless words.

AND finally Muriel controlled her sobs. A "Why, the very last words I said to Tony were, 'I love you, dear!'" Suddenly she extricated herself from Marjorie's arms, sprang up from the couch, and paced swiftly up and down the room. "But poverty is so different from grief! It's like a trap somehow; you've no idea, Marjorie! Why, I need new clothes—all sorts of things. Little Muriel does, too! And if you please, father says I, he, none of us, has a penny! It's unbelievable!"

"Why don't you start a shop, dear?" Marjorie repeated. "A mourning specialty shop, if you want. Or any sort of a shop? I'll give you carte blanche right now to dress me for life!"

Muriel stopped abruptly in her pacing.

A light had come into the drabness of her face. She stared at her friend for a long moment, seeing possibilities before her.

So it was Muriel began her career as a business woman; from this beginning she opened in Vistas the smallest of smart shops devoted to women's wearing-apparel.

From the first the shop flourished.

Altho Tony's and her father's particular investments had failed, Vistas, generally speaking, was on the upward crest of its mightiest wave of prosperity. Muriel's shop grew with the gushing oil-wells.

Smartness was its byword. An interior decorator of note had journeyed down from New York to "do" it in the latest approved fashion. It was a small shop, but faultless.

Muriel's taste was exquisite. Always her taste had been exquisite, but now she out-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

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Face Pores Give Up Their Poisons To New Magnetic Clay!

Men and Women Amazed as New Discovery Almost Instantly Reveals a Hidden Beauty.

NEVER before has the attainment of a smooth, clear, beautiful complexion been as simple, as inexpensive as now. Anyone can now have a fine-textured skin, radiant with the fresh coloring of youth, smooth and firm as a child's. In only 30 minutes, mind you! In one short half-hour you can have a brand-new, beautiful complexion!

It seems almost magical! Tired lines, enlarged pores, sallowness—all vanish. Blackheads and pimpleheads are lifted right away. Hidden beauty that you never dreamed you possessed is brought to the surface.

Gentle as the touch of a fairy's wand, powerful as the influence of a magnet, is the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay. As though the fairy-wand had touched each clogged-up pore, the poisons and impurities are released. And as though each particle of the clay were a tiny magnet, these poisons and accumulations are drawn to the surface, instantly lifted away, absorbed.

What Is This New Kind of Magic?

It's all very simply explained. The face is covered with millions of tiny pores, through which Nature intended impurities to be expelled. But when dust, bits of dead skin, and other harmful accumulations clog these tiny pores, the impurities cannot escape. The skin becomes dull, coarse, colorless. Soon poisons form in the stifled pores, and blackheads and pimples make their appearance.

Ordinary methods cannot relieve this condition. Water clears the surface of the skin, but cannot get at the tiny mass of impurities and accumulations *beneath the surface*—the bits of poison that are hidden away in the pores that are causing all the trouble. Massage may help temporarily, but stretches the skin and eventually causes wrinkles.

Only now, after years of research and experiment, has the positive, natural way been found to relieve the condition of clogged pores *at once*. Certain elements, when combined in just-right proportions, have been found to possess a remarkable potency which acts on the face pores as a magnet acts on a bit of steel. These elements have been blended into a fragrant, cream-like clay which is as easy and pleasant to use as a face powder.

Each particle of this amazing new kind of clay is like a tiny, invisible magnet. When you apply the clay to your face, it seems almost as though millions of tiny magnets were drawing the pore-poisons and accumulations to the surface, absorbing them, lifting away the blackheads and eruptions. The feeling is one of physical relief—refreshing and invigorating.

Our Guarantee Backed by Million Dollar Bank

State Bank of Philadelphia

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that DOMINO HOUSE has deposited in this Bank $10,000. Out of this special fund this Bank is authorized and does hereby guarantee to return to any customer the total amount of his purchase at any time, within 30 days, if the goods purchased are not entirely satisfactory in every way, or if DOMINO HOUSE fails to do as it agrees.

Yours very truly,

A. P. Brownell Pres.

How to Use Domino Complexion Clay

That's what it is called, this remarkable discovery—Domino Complexion Clay. It is applied with the tips of the fingers, just as an ordinary cream would be applied. You may read or relax while it is doing its wonderful work. In a few moments it will dry and harden into a fragrant mask. There will be a cool, tingling feeling as the tiny pores awaken, and as the magnetic clay draws the clogged-up impurities to the surface.

In a half-hour, remove the clay. With it you will remove every blackhead and pimple-head, every pore-poison and impurity, every bit of dust, dirt and dead skin. Your complexion will be transformed!

It will have the soft texture, the fine, delicate coloring of youth. You will declare that a fairy must have touched your face, gently removed the blemishes and impurities, and revealed a new beauty!

Our Million Dollar Guarantee

The wonderful beautifying effects of clay have long been known to beauty specialists. Indeed, many kinds of clay have been used in beauty parlors for years. But only now have the just-right elements been found which, when combined, create a magnetic clay—a clay that draws the impurities to the surface and lifts them away.

Domino Complexion Clay is guaranteed to satisfy you. It acts alike on all skins because it is natural. Our guarantee, backed by the million-dollar State Bank of Philadelphia, protects you.

Domino Complexion Clay $5.00
Domino Complexion Powder 2.00
Value $7.00

All for

ONLY $1.95

If You Act at Once

To enable everyone to try Domino Complexion Clay we are making a very special offer. If you act at once we will send you, without any money in advance, one of the new, frankly-compounded jars of Domino Complexion Clay and include entirely without cost a full-size box of Domino Complexion Powder. When the postman delivers the package to you, give him only $1.95 (plus few cents' postage) in full payment for $5.00 jar of Domino Complexion Clay. If, within 10 days, you are not delighted with the Clay and what it does for your complexion, simply return it and your money will be refunded at once. It is understood, of course, that you will return the powder if you return the Clay.

Mail this coupon—or a postcard—now. Don't miss the unusual special offer. Tomorrow may be too late—*do it today!* Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no marks to indicate contents. Domino House, Dept. 189, 269 So. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 189
269 So. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me one of the new $5.00 frankly-compounded jars of Domino Complexion Clay for which I will give the postman only $1.95 plus postage in full payment, providing you include absolutely free a full-sized box of Domino Complexion Powder. Although I am sending you this special offer, I retain the guaranteed privilege of refunding the jar within 10 days, and you agree to return my money if I am not delighted with results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....

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City ..... State .....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon.
(Price outside U. S., $5.10, cash with order.)

Free
To Pictorial Review Readers

Full-size $2.00 Boudoir Box of Domino Complexion Powder—the new invisible powder for beauty. It is ideal to use after the Domino Complexion Clay treatment. The attractive free box of Domino Complexion Powder will be mailed to all who promptly take advantage of the money-saving special offer on Domino Complexion Clay. Mail the coupon, or a postcard, today.

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No More Gray Hair Says Science

Wonderful, Clean, Colorless Liquid Restores Normal Color Results in a Week

Secret Sought by Thousands Now Revealed

What is the story your mirror tells? Have you reason to feel that your friends are whispering: "She is showing her age. See how gray she is?"

Or are you a man still full of the ability to win and yet regarded as "too old" for active service because your hair is gray?

But no matter how gray your hair, you have it in your power to see it restored to its former color with all the glossy richness which it showed in early years.

"I have tried so many things," you say. "All the hair dyes ever sold, and yet you see——"

Forget the failures. They are past. Now you are to be told the secret of restoring the natural color with a wonderful, clean, colorless liquid. You are to be shown how in the privacy of your own room, with hardly an effort, you can make a change which will bring youth to your appearance, joy to your heart.

A Remarkable Treatment At Your Service

This treatment comes in the form of a liquid, clean and colorless, and containing properties which quickly restore the lost color to the hair and give it renewed vigor. Simply apply it to the scalp and hair and soon you see the lost color returning to give your hair its former luxuriance and beauty. And surprising as it may seem, this preparation is not sticky, greasy or messy, and it will not stain the skin. It is as agreeable to apply as water.

Now you have the secret. Its name is Kolor-Bak. And now you also have the means of banishing your grayness in the simplest, easiest way you can imagine.

Nature's Aid—A Tonic to Scalp and Hair

Kolor-Bak is actually a scalp and hair tonic because of its cleansing, stimulating qualities which promote health and strength—thus aiding Nature to bring about a normal condition of the hair.

You will find also that Kolor-Bak brings perfect uniformity in the restored color. The hair will be the same color from scalp to tips—it will not be dark on top and gray beneath. It will not appear streaked or faded. Having this uniformity in the restored color is quite as important as getting rid of your grayness.

You not only have this uniformity, but you see your hair come back to the actual shade it had in the past. Application of this remarkable liquid to gray hair means that hair once brown becomes brown once more, once red it becomes red, once black it becomes black, once blond it becomes blond. The one clean, colorless solution does for all.

Every scientist, every physician, knows that gray hair is hair that has ceased to receive its normal supply of coloring matter or pigment from certain tiny cells (called follicles and papillæ) in the scalp, because these cells have become inactive from illness, shock of some kind, scalp disease, dandruff, infection, neglect of the hair, or lack of circulation, etc.

It is simply amazing to see how the grayness disappears when Kolor-Bak is used, no matter what the cause of the grayness.

A Marvelous Relief for Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Thousands have found that Kolor-Bak works wonders in the most persistent cases of dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. It quickly cleans the pores of the scalp matter which impedes circulation and evidently destroys the germs which feed upon the nourishing matter which should be absorbed by the cells and follicles. Thus it helps to keep the hair from becoming brittle or falling out. By removing the cause of the trouble, it brings the scalp and hair to a normal condition. The dandruff goes, the itching ceases and the hair grows thick and glossy, healthy and strong.

This Guarantee is Your Protection

You need not accept our statements that Kolor-Bak will do all we say. With every full treatment we send our legal, written binding agreement and guarantee—that Kolor-Bak will restore gray hair to its original color, will remove dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair, and will promote the health of hair and scalp.

Always—Youthful Appearance Wins Admiration

My Hair Was Quite Gray

Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and was becoming grayer and grayer. It was falling out. I began to look older. My scalp itched terribly. Showers of dandruff and scurf appeared whenever I combed my hair.

I was simply amazed at the astonishing change produced by only a few applications of Kolor-Bak. The itching stopped with the first application. The dandruff disappeared. My hair soon stopped coming out. The most wonderful thing of all, however, is that my hair is again its original natural color—not one single gray hair to be found in my head. I look ten years younger and I really feel that much younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak!

(A typical letter)

Gray haired—"Too old for active service."

Thousands Tell You How Kolor-Bak Helped Them

"What do I think of Kolor-Bak? Simply wonderful. No more gray hairs for me and dandruff a thing of the past."

"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff."

"My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."

"One bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition."

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"I would not take a thousand dollars for my Kolor-Bak," writes a grateful man who owes to Kolor-Bak the appearance of youth which enables him to hold his position.

From everywhere come words like the above, praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

Special Free Trial Offer to Readers of Pictorial Review

We invite every reader of Pictorial Review who has gray hair or who suffers from itching scalp, dandruff or falling hair to prove Kolor-Bak without risking a penny.

To give you all the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a special proposition, particulars of which will be sent by mail to those who ask for it. No money to send, only the coupon.

Don't put this off a day. Send the coupon, which not only entitles you to receive the free trial privilege, but brings our valuable book on Treatment of the Hair—free.

No need to send any sample of your hair, as the one clean Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair, regardless of former color. Mail only the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 995, Chicago, Ill. Canadian customers supplied from our Canada laboratories.

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES
204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 995, Chicago
Please send your Free Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free book on Treatment of the Hair and scalp.

Name .....

Address .....

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CLOTHES: *By Susan M. Boogher*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

did herself. Even among the wholesale houses in New York her taste was noted, commented upon by hardened designers. When she turned down an offering there was real concern.

In Vistas she became a factor in the social world. The smart set vied with each other in making her life pleasant. People thronged her apartment in the evenings; dinners crowded her engagement-book. For a time Muriel was really the happiest of mortals. Her entire time was absorbed by clothes. Every few days a new shipment arrived from the East. It was the intensest joy to unpack the dresses, to toss impatiently aside the multitudinous tissue-paper waddings, and to find at last the creation beneath, to lift it aloft, shake out its creases, try it on, perhaps.

And she wasn't a bad business woman. With the help of her assistant, who was as smart as Muriel in appearance and manner, but who had had a full business course and a subsequent position, they managed each month to pile up a nice profit.

Often when the assistant had gone Muriel would linger on, going from rack to rack, fingering the dresses hanging there, smoothing them, luxuriating in their color and their texture.

It was an intoxication with her: clothes.

They made her eyes shine and her cheeks glow and her breath come short.

The Spring following her opening, a tremendous longing seized her to give over her mourning and array herself in colors again. She had bought recently the most ravishing assortment of gowns! Their colors were like wine pot-ale one's head: jade-green, flesh-pinks, copper, gold, crimsons, blues that hinted the green depths underlying deep waters, mauves as subtle as twilight.

ONE night Muriel remained after hours at the shop to check up the day's accounts.

It had startled her to realize that she had sold seven thousand dollars' worth of things that day. Seven thousand dollars! She retotaled the amount to make sure.

Then a sudden happiness swamped her. To think that she, Muriel, could sell seven thousand dollars' worth of goods in one day! And all because she knew beautiful clothes and loved them!

Suddenly she wished that Tony could know what she had done. She was remembering that Tony always rather hatefully deplored her love of clothes. "What was it he had said to her that very day he was killed? Something about wishing she had to go naked the rest of her life!"

She put down the pencil with which she had been doing the sums, and rose from her desk, moving rather dreamily into one of the inner rooms.

She didn't quite know what took her to that particular room, but as she entered she remembered she had left a topaz-colored panne-velvet gown there after showing it to a customer.

Muriel stopped for a moment, scrutinizing herself in the long mirror that faced her. Across the rose light that pervaded the shop she saw a somewhat tired little face above a black-clad, slender form.

Suddenly a sob tore through her—she was remembering having heard that all women should break their mirrors in early youth. For a moment she hated the sight of her tired little face that was losing its beauty; for a moment she hated the clothes that are, after all, dependent upon their wearer's beauty.

Then she found her fingers tearing at the hooks that fastened her black frock.

When she had got it off, and stood free at last of its somber hatefulness, clad only in chemise and knickerbockers, she laughed hysterically. "I hate you, hate you, hate you!" she heard herself saying, kicking the black dress with her foot.

But she had raised her arms to her hair, letting it fall in a shower about her shoulders. Then with a few deft gestures she piled it upon her head.

When she had fastened the topaz-colored panne-velvet gown about her she looked at her image as at a world made new with Spring. "Lovely!" she exclaimed aloud, and her lips parted with incredulous happiness.

To herself, for the moment, she seemed suddenly as beautiful as she had that day she stood before the glass in white satin and clouding tulle and Tony's pearls.

She regarded herself for a long time in the topaz-colored dress. And as she looked, something in her, something that had been her soul, shriveled and died. "I'd like to be going to a party!" she said to herself, confused by what had happened within her. "What's the use of life just to make horrid old money? Money's to spend. I hate it! I hate making money! I hate this shop!"

She moved on a sudden impulse out into the central room, and stood there in the semi-gloom, surveying her establishment.

She was experiencing the psychological dejection that success inevitably brings in its wake. Now that she was selling dresses faster than she could buy them, now that she was making money, Muriel found herself in fierce revolt. If things had gone badly, if she had been losing money instead of making it, this would never have overtaken her. Failure breeds its own stimulus. Success often is the profoundest depressant.

"I hate this shop!" she was repeating over and over to herself.

All about her hung the ghostly forms of unfilled dresses, the emptiness of hats untenanted, slippers filled out with ribboned shoe-trees!

Suddenly her confusion crystallized into an intense and bitter rage: she hated her adorable shop; she hated these beautiful things about her.

She hated clothes!

That was it: she *hated clothes!*

Hysterical laughter bubbled into her throat, overflowed her lips, rang tinklingly into the silence about her.

"I hate clothes!" she cried aloud. "I hate clothes!" She was weeping now, huddled in her Frenchiest chaise-longue, and rocking back and forth in throes of the first abandon that she had ever known.

"*I hate clothes!*"

The words became the refrain of her wo. She was wishing that Tony could see her now, that he could know she had come at last to hate clothes. Clothes, that had filled and ruled her life.

"I hate clothes!" she kept repeating amid her sobs. Visions swirled maddeningly before her eyes; she was remembering the young girl to whom she had sold a wedding trousseau to-day. "Silly little fool!" Muriel thought. "What earthly difference does it make whether a girl is married in white satin and tulle or not? To marry is the important thing!"

But how many girls realized that?

She relived her own experience. Tony hadn't counted that. Tony, with all his splendid manliness. Tony, who at the time of her marriage was merely the excuse for white satin and tulle and the other tremendous trifles that had obscured his worth.

She had ceased crying now, and was laughing. In the semigloom the little shop was very silent.

Muriel's thoughts were seething within her. She wondered confusedly if many girls would marry without the allure of white satin and tulle and "Lohengrin" on an organ. She was trying to evoke her own feeling for Tony; questioning whether it would have swept her into his arms if they had lived, naked on some savage island?

The phrase that popped into her mind touched her mood with a faint amusement. Irrelevantly she saw again the vapid face of the young girl to whom she had sold a wedding trousseau this morning.

Perhaps the girl's fiancé was as wonderful as Tony had been.

A shudder tore through her.

She was remembering a thousand things: a thousand sweetnesses of Tony's.

His arms about her in the night; his lips against her throat, as he liked them to be when she fell off to sleep.

Dear old Tony!

The tenderness of him that night of—whose ball was it?—when she had told him about the baby—the way he lifted her in his arms and carried her to bed, undressed her, held her close to him as she drifted off to sleep.

But there was something—what was it? —even that night: something ugly to remember. Something that made Tony look at her crossly and as if he were seeing her for the first time.

Her brain fumbled at the latch of memory. Of course: it was his chagrin because she had said she must begin to get "Its" little clothes.

She sprang up from the chaise-longue, sending its multitude of frilly pillows to the four corners of the room. Her hands were clenched tight in her emotion, her eyes blazing, her bosom heaving. "I hate clothes!" she articulated again. "I hate clothes! Tony, I hate clothes! Tony—"

She wanted to ask Tony to take her away from these hateful clothes, from this hateful shop. Away to some savage island.

How right Tony had been! She never wanted to see clothes again!

Her fingers jerked mercilessly at the topaz-colored velvet gown. Almost in a moment she had put on the kicked-at black frock, the little nun-like hat, and, without a backward glance, had left the shop and the clothes she hated.

WHEN Roger Kenneth was introduced to Muriel at one of Marrenbye Belsmore's dinners, his first coherent thought was, "I never saw such a beautiful gown!"

And it was a beautiful gown!

After the poignancy of her revolt against clothes, Muriel had pulled herself together and planned and executed her second mourning.

And this gown was one of the results of Muriel's planning.

It was of gray tulle, shot with hints of silver—ineffably twilight, mysterious, alluring. And Muriel's eyes grew gray and twilight when she wore the gown—gray and twilight and ineffably mysterious.

Roger Kenneth remained beside her as their hostess moved away, remained beside her, bending above her golden head. A great yearning was surging in his heart, a great aching loneliness. It came to him that not for years had he met so lovely a woman as Muriel. Not really since he had come West—when was it?—four years ago to fight, his fight for health.

"I've seen you before in Vistas," he heard himself saying to the golden head. "Can't tell you how much I've wanted to meet you. I, you know, am one of the old residents. Lived here four years!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

"This," said the shrewd detective, "is an inside job"

"I know," said the man from Headquarters, "how friendly everybody around the place seemed to be—but *somebody who was in your confidence* got away with your valuables, just the same."

How often it is, that when health is gone, "*something that was in your confidence* got away with the valuables."

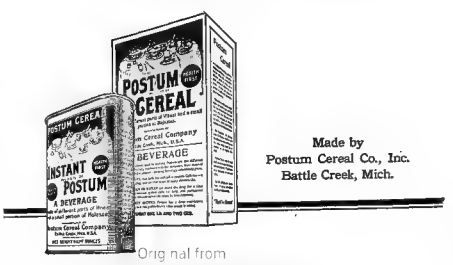
Coffee often robs its users of health, as any doctor can tell you. Sleeplessness, nervousness, high blood-pressure, indigestion, and a general loss of efficiency have brought many people to the discovery that their supposed friend, coffee, has robbed them under cover of friendship.

There's charm without harm in Postum —that splendid cereal drink in which so many thousands are finding safety and satisfaction. Postum's flavor fully pleases, and Postum is safe for *anybody, any time.* The children can share in the delights of a hot cup of Postum. Why risk? Why not know you're safe? Order from your grocer or your restaurant waiter today, and make the start with Postum.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for fully 20 minutes.

Postum for Health

"There's a Reason"



Made by
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich.

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In every glass - -
there's satisfaction

Drink

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

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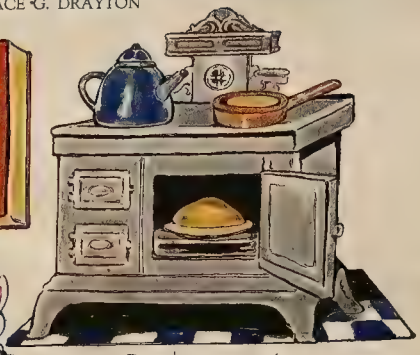
Dolly Dingle Makes a Cake and Pudding

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON



DOLLY'S LITTLE KITCHEN STOVE

THE BIRTHDAY CAKE DOLLY MADE

DOLLY'S PARTY DRESS

EXTRA SOCKS AND SLIPPERS.

DOLLY DINGLE

DOLLY POLISHES A PAN.

DOLLY'S HAT CUT ON DOTTED LINE.

DOLLY MAKING A PUDDING.

FIDO BEGGING.

DOLLY'S VISITING DRESS.

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LILLIAN GISH is one of the youngest screen stars to have been featured in the biggest successes of the silver sheet.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

MARION DAVIES, one of America's most beautiful stars, is continuing her successful film career in Cosmopolitan Productions.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ira L. hill

DOROTHY GISH and her sister, Lillian, are two of the most talented screen stars developed by that master producer D. W. Griffith.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

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Had Your Iron Today?

The Great Vim Food
Is Raisins with Oatmeal

Raisins Make "*a New Dish*" of Oatmeal

NOTE how children who once pushed this healthful cereal away now relish it *with raisins.*

The raisins give it an attraction that they never knew before—the lure of healthful sweets.

The raisins taste good and satisfy the sweet tooth. So raisins and oatmeal are both good and good *for* your little folk.

Raisins and oatmeal form the most economical, balanced nourishment that you can serve to any child at breakfast. You don't have to force it. Try and see.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound, being 75% pure *fruit sugar* which is practically predigested by the sun.

Oatmeal also is easily digested. So this fruit-cereal food is ideal in this respect.

Also as an iron food. Raisins are rich in natural food-iron. A child needs only a tiny bit of iron daily, but it's a vital need.

In the light of modern scientific research diet has become of paramount importance. Remember this when you select your family's meals.

Remember, too, that raisins, by adding flavor to plain foods like rice, make cheaper foods acceptable and thus help to cut down bills.

We pack delicious raisins for you to use in scores of luscious dishes—energizing puddings, pies, cakes, bread, cookies, salads, etc.

Try the recipes printed on this page, then mail the coupon for *free* book, "Recipes with Raisins," containing 97 additional suggestions.

When buying always ask for

BLUE PACKAGE

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters

Made from finest California table grapes

Three Luscious Raisin Recipes

Raisins with Oatmeal

One cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins, 1 cup oatmeal (or whole wheat), 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups boiling water.

Put water on in top of double boiler, add the oatmeal slowly, boil rapidly until it thickens, add salt; put in bottom of boiler on back of stove over night. In the morning add the well washed raisins. The addition of the sauce from stewing also adds delicious flavor to this dish.

Raisin Bread

Three cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅔ cup sugar, 1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Soak Raisins in boiling water for 15 minutes, drain and dry. Sift flour, salt, baking powder and sugar together, add Raisins, mix beaten egg with milk and add to flour, stirring constantly. Pour into greased bread pans, let stand 10 minutes and bake in moderate oven for 40 to 45 minutes. This makes two small loaves or one large loaf.

Raisin Pie

Two cups Sun-Maid Raisins, 1½ cups boiling water, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls corn starch, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, 1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind, juice of 1 orange, 1 tablespoonful grated orange rind, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Cook Raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and corn starch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

Send Coupon for 97 others

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers
Dept. A-309, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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What three Wise Women say:

"Old Dutch is a natural-born cleanser"—Made from a substance mined from earth—soft, flat flakes that erase the dirt and can't scratch. Use it for fine cleaning.

"It is the thrifty cleaner"—A little goes a long way because every particle does so much work. Your cleaning costs are lessened. Use it for heavy cleaning.

"It's the safe, easy way to clean"—Old Dutch shoulders the heavy work. It takes the drudgery out of cleaning. Your things look better, last longer. Use it for all cleaning.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

QUICK COOKING BY STEAM

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

MRS. HOUSEWIFE, do you know that there is a piece of kitchen equipment waiting for you that will cook a real dinner of meat, potatoes, another vegetable, and a dessert in as short a time as twenty minutes? Not all dinners, of course —some take longer—but one of pork-chops; green peas or carrots, potatoes, and steamed apples can be put in a steam-pressure cooker and, in even less than twenty minutes, is ready to eat.

What has happened? You have cooked in a container which holds in the steam and so makes pressure; the pressure raises the temperature inside the cooker. This means that food in the pressure-cooker can be made much hotter than when cooked in an ordinary kettle with a lid. With the increase in temperature the time of cooking is shortened. Food cooked this way takes about one-third of the usual time.

If you are one of the many busy women who are away from home all day and still have longings to eat real food at home, try a pressure-cooker. You will find your menus quite changed and that you can get away from the round of steaks, eggs, and other quickly prepared foods and serve a greater variety in the same length of time and with less lab or than you have been accustomed to putting on your meals.

This method of cooking saves labor, time, and fuel. One of Iowa's home demonstration agents has said, "Any article of food can be eaten cooked or canned in a pressure-cooker in one-third or less time than the same article cooked in the ordinary way. All the flavors and juices of meats thus cooked are retained, making the meats palatable, juicy, and tender; consequently the cheaper cuts of meat may be purchased, cooked in a 'pressure,' and served to the family deliciously tender, and much superior to an expensive cut poorly cooked."

It Holds the Steam

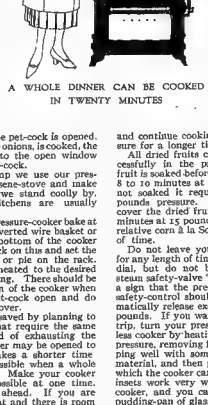
PRESSURE-COOKERS are made of cast aluminum, are shaped like a kettle, and have a tight-fitting cover that can be clamped down to prevent the escape of steam. The cover has a safety-gage or -control, a pet-cock, and a steam-gage which indicates the number of pounds pressure. A small amount of water, about a cupful, is put in the bottom of the cooker to generate steam, except when tender cuts of meat, such as roasts, are cooked, and it is desired to obtain as nearly as possible the effect of baking in the oven. Then no water is used, and the meat is seared before the cooker is closed We have cooked all vegetables with water in the bottom of the cooker, but with no water in the pan unless they are very old and dry, and then added only ¼ to ½ cupful of water. Vegetables should be salted before cooking.

Pressure-cookers may be purchased in more than one size, and should be chosen according to the number of the family. Insets, a rack, and bars come with the cooker, also directions for its use. The pressure-cooker can be used on gas, coal, oil, or electric stoves, and it is possible to purchase one type of cooker which has an electric heating element as a part of it.

The pressure-cooker is probably best known as a time and tried canner. It cans fruits, vegetables, and meats in less time and with less fuel than by any other method. The United States Department of Agriculture's latest canning bulletin gives directions for canning in the pressure-cooker. This will be sent to any one free of charge if he will write to the Division of Publications, Washington, D. C., and ask for Farmers' Bulletin 1211, "Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables."

We have worked with the pressure-cooker in the PICTORIAL REVIEW kitchen for many weeks to find out just how useful it is as a general cooker. We have worked with foods that would otherwise require very long cooking, such as tough cuts of meat, fowl, soups, and stews, dried vegetables and fruits, long-time vegetables such as beets, cereals, and combinations of foods that make good meals. As the proof of the cooking is in the tasting, we have served all the food cooked to a real family of varied tastes, and the verdict is that the pressure-cooker lives up to its claims.

When the food has been placed in the cooker no time need be spent stirring or basting, and there is no danger of food sticking or burning. Your only responsibility is to be sure that the required pressure is maintained. Because so little heat is needed to keep this up and the time of cooking is shortened, your kitchen will be considerably cooler than when using the oven or the top of the stove in the old way. And your fuel bill will be less. Again the food is cooked by steam formed from its own juices or by very little water put in the bottom of the pressure-cooker, little food value is lost. Any extracted juice from the meats which is left as a concentrated stock can be used either as gravy or in soup.



A WHOLE DINNER CAN BE COOKED IN TWENTY MINUTES

The pressure-cooker is so tightly closed that much of the flavor of the food ordinarily lost is retained. The loss of water from the food that is so cooked is less than by ordinary methods, and so the shrinkage is decreased. An odor of cooking foods is absent when a pressure-cooker is used until the time when the pet-cock is opened. If any strong food, like onions, is cooked, the cooker can be taken to the open window before opening the pet-cock.

In our Summer camp we use our pressure-cooker on a kerosene-stove and make it do its stunts while we stand coolly by. You know camp kitchens are usually fairly hot.

We even make our pressure-cooker bake at camp. We put the inverted wire basket or perforated pan in the bottom of the cooker and then place the pan on this and set the pan of cake, biscuits, or pie on the rack. The cooker should be heated to the desired temperature before using. There should be no water in the bottom of the cooker when baking. Keep the pet-cock open and do not clamp down the cover.

Time and labor are saved by planning to cook together foods that require the same length of time instead of exhausting the steam so that the cooker may be opened to put in a food that takes a shorter time This is not always possible when a whole meal is being cooked. Make your cooker do the most work possible at one time. This means planning ahead. If you are cooking a piece of meat and there is room left, plan to put your potatoes at the same time, then remove it and add the vegetables if they are short-time ones.

It is difficult to give the exact time required to cook every food, since age, size, freshness, and amount must all be taken into consideration. We have used 15 pounds pressure for our cooking. This means a temperature of 250 degrees F.

Vegetables, such as potatoes, carrots, onions, cabbage, peas, and turnips, take about 10 minutes at this pressure. Beets require from 10 to 25 minutes, depending on the age and size. Asparagus in many times overcooked if more than 6 minutes at 15 pounds pressure is allowed. Cauliflower requires about the same length of time as asparagus. String-beans require from 10 to 12 minutes and sometimes 15 to 20, depending on the freshness and size. Allow from 8 to 10 minutes for spinach and other greens. Lima beans require from 15 to 20 minutes. It takes about 30 minutes for unsoaked dried Limas to cook. Allow about 20 minutes for a vegetable like Winter squash. When cooking meats allow 8 to 10 minutes per pound for tender meat, not cut in small pieces, when it is to be well done. A rare roast of beef requires 6 to 7 minutes to the pound. For tough cuts of meat count on 10 to 15 minutes to a pound when cooked whole. If, upon opening the cooker, you find that the food is not done, put back the cover and clamp and continue cooking the food under pressure for a longer time.

All dried fruits can be cooked very successfully in the pressure-cooker. If the fruit is soaked before cooking, cook for from 8 to 10 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. If not soaked it requires 15 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. Use enough water to cover the dried fruit. A custard takes 10 minutes at 15 pounds pressure, and its near relative corn is a Southern the same length of time.

Do not leave your cooker on the stove for any length of time without watching the dial, but do not become alarmed if the steam safety-valve "goes off." This is only a sign that the pressure is too high. The safety-control should be adjusted to automatically release excess pressure around 22 pounds. If you want to go on a shopping-trip, turn your pressure-cooker into a fireless cooker by heating it up to the required pressure, removing from the fire and wrapping well with some good non-conducting material, and then putting it in the box in which the cooker came. The fireless-cooker insets work very well in a steam-pressure cooker, and you can put in your favorite pudding-pan of glass or enameled ware.

General Directions

DO NOT think if you use the steam-pressure cooker that you need to change the kind of meals you are accustomed to serving. With a little practice you can adapt your own recipes to the cooker, and a continued use will make you an adept in combining foods, so that you can make your cooker 100 per cent. efficient, a dividend-paying investment.

Pour the required amount of water in cooker (steam goes up more quickly if water is hot) and arrange food for steaming.

Take care that the edge of the cooker where the cover fits on and the cover are perfectly dry to make sure of perfect contact. Place the cover on and tighten it. Have the pet-cock open to allow all air to escape. Start with a hot fire under the cooker.

As soon as the steam comes from the pet-cock close it; the pointer on the steam-gage will then begin to rise, indicating the amount of steam-pressure. When the gage indicates the pressure desired, decrease the heat under the cooker in order to hold the pressure at this point. The cooker then requires little attention during the cooking period.

Begin to count the time for cooking when the steam-gage registers the required pressure. At the end of the cooking period remove the cooker from the fire, open the pet-cock very little, and allow the steam to escape very slowly. Sometimes it is desirable to let the pressure come back to zero with the pet-cock closed. You will notice we have suggested this in the baked ham recipe.

When the steam-gage registers zero unscrew and lift the cover and remove the food. Keep the steam-gage out of water when washing the kettle and dry the cooker well.

Read the general directions for operating the pressure-cooker before commencing to use one. Always put water in the bottom of the cooker unless directed not to in the recipe.

Combination One

PORK-CHOPS POTATOES
GREEN PEAS OR CARROTS
STEAMED APPLES

SEASON the chops and sear on both sides in the bottom of the cooker. Lay the potatoes, which have been peeled and cut in halves, over the chops; salt, add no water. Lay the rack over the potatoes; put the peas, which have been shelled and washed, or the carrots, cut in slices or cubed, in one of the inset pans in the cooker; salt. Prepare the apples as for baking; put in one of the inset pans and place in the cooker. Cook for 10 minutes at 15 pounds pressure.

Combination Two

POT-ROAST MASHED POTATOES
STRING-BEANS BUTTERED BEETS

SEAR a four-pound piece of beef, either top round, rump, or shoulder, in the bottom of the cooker, season, add ¾ cupful of water. Lay the rack over the beef. Clean beets (large), put (*without water*) in one of the inset pans in cooker. Cook 20 minutes under 15 pounds pressure. Open pet-cock, and, when the pressure is down to zero, remove the cover and take out the beets. Put the string-beans, cut in pieces, and peeled potatoes, in quarters, in separate insets; salt. Close cooker, cook 12 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. While the potatoes and the string-beans are cooking peel the beets and slice or cube and keep warm. When the food in the cooker is done, remove, mash potatoes, season beets, butter or add milk to the beans, and make the gravy for the pot-roast.

Combination Three

VEAL CUTLET SPINACH
CREAMED POTATOES
BROWN BETTY

REMOVE the bone and skin from a slice of veal, ¾ to 1 inch thick, cut from the leg. Cut in individual serving (irregular pieces can be formed into rounds and held in place with toothpicks) or use whole. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in fine bread-crums, then in egg well beaten, and then in crums. Heat the pressure-cooker and try out some of the veal fat or add other fat, and brown the veal in the bottom of the cooker. Turn often to be sure the meat does not burn. When evenly browned put in cooker inset. If cooker has bottom of cooker add 1 cupful of water to the meat and lay the rack over the meat.

Prepare Brown Betty according to your favorite recipe. Sauté crums, to be used for the top, in butter before spreading over mixture. Put veal and Brown Betty in cooker and cook for 10 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. Put potatoes in one of the inset pans and the spinach in another inset pan and salt. Remove the Brown Betty from the cooker and put in spinach and potatoes. Cook for 10 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. Make a white sauce for the creamed potatoes and pour over them when they have been taken from the cooker and diced. Serve spinach as desired.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

A PRESSURE-COOKER MEAL—HAM, STEAMED APPLES, POTATOES, AND STRING-BEANS ALL READY TO SERVE

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

MAKE SURE THE LIGHT IS RIGHT

BY LILIAN CASSELS

Society for Electrical Development

HAVE you gone to the oculist's lately? And your husband, junior, along for an examination, and perhaps little sister, too?

Isn't it a shame the way young eyes are being affected? (To say nothing of those of older folk!) What can be the matter? It's hard, isn't it, to think that youth should be robbed of half the rough-and-tumble fun to which it is entitled because of the restrictions laid on it by spectacles and eye-glasses? And that ineffective vision should be allowed to forbid to later life so much hard-won achievement?

What can be the causes? Most of you have studied dietetics and sanitation and baby-care and the science of home-made health in its various details; and weak eyes can scarcely be hereditary in all families whose children are so troubled. You have, you think, provided in your home plenty of light, especially since the advent of the economical high-powered electric lamp.

What is the answer? Is the artificial illumination of to-day linked up with the ever-increasing presence of eye-strain, with its undeniable effects upon physical, mental, and psychological balance?

Men of high repute in illuminating circles say it is. And manufacturers of lamps, illuminating engineers, designers of fixtures and shades and other lighting equipment are not only concentrating large energies upon the correction of faulty illumination; they are addressing audiences and writing books, and talking early and late to teach the nation that inefficient lighting and improperly directed and diffused lighting can and must be eliminated.

Two fundamental faults in illumination as it exists in most American homes to-day are gloom and glare. And the greater of these is glare.

Illumination has developed, since the invention of the incandescent lamp, into a science that is rapidly becoming an art. In spite of this fact, however, illumination as a technical profession is so new that it has comparatively few followers; and lighting equipment in average homes tells all too plainly that those responsible for its installation have failed to realize there is a wide difference between having light and having illumination.

The illuminating engineer, preparing to correct this condition, has studied what happens between the time light leaves the incandescent filament of the lamp and strikes the eye. And he has made from this technical topic an intensely human one, showing the delicate yet interdependent correlation between illumination and eyesight. He has, moreover, carried his observations into concrete form in new type units designed to truly illuminate.

More Wiring Needed

WHEN those who plan homes understand the value of scientific illumination to human welfare they will hasten to make lighting equipment harmonize with the powerful lamp which is the source of general home lighting, spending less lavishly for unessential luxuries and giving something approaching its true dignity to that artificial illumination under which average citizens spend ninety per cent. of their waking home hours. It is a curious fact that, in home-building, both builders and owners have a tendency to cut wiring- and lighting-equipment costs down to proportions that are actually niggardly, in order to allow desired expenditures on less vital phases

Gloom is discernible in insufficient actual light, because of either too few or too small lamps or too much heavy shading. Glare is light out of place; as dirt is matter out of place. It is a condition either of intense brightness of light-sources or of illuminated surfaces, whereby ocular discomfort or interference with vision occurs.

Glare of the first variety is present because a high-power lamp is placed within the line of vision, horizontal rays being particularly hard to endure.

Glare from illuminated surfaces the danger is less obvious, therefore more dangerous. It may come from highly polished paper, tops of desks or tables, walls, and so on, when light in unbroken rays travels directly to these surfaces and then reflects back to the eyes. Nature protects eyes from daylight-sources (sun and sky) by forehead, brows, lashes, and lids; the distress felt when horizontal rays, reflected from water or snow, strike under these shades, illustrating glare very well. It is claimed by to-day's oculists that eighty per cent. of all headaches are caused by glare. Most people know that a light too dim necessitates close-range vision, overtaxing eye-muscles and creating strain. But few people know that under glare the pupils of the eyes contract to shut out the stinging brilliancy, thus throwing upon other eye-muscles an excess share of visual labor.

In many homes where there might easily be the very best lighting, where large sums are spent for imported rugs and hangings, for furniture of expensive make, where costly pictures and marbles are considered natural and reasonable purchases, there is lighting so faulty as to be deplorable. Undoubtedly education in illumination needs will result in speedy replacement of these offending fixtures and lamps by others which meet the needs of health, comfort, and fitness.

In planning for this revolution a book written by M. Luckiesch, "Lighting the Home," will be found interesting and helpful. Among dealers in electrical equipment in one's community will be found also some who have studied illumination seriously and who can carry advice into installations. Local light companies are provided with literature that helps toward illumination, mental and physical. And when new equipment can be purchased at will, the dictates of art and decorative fitness may be freely indulged; for lovely fixtures which also conform to illumination requirements may be found by those who study their topic and apply to this purchase the same judgment and common sense as used in other buying operations.

Use the Proper Shades

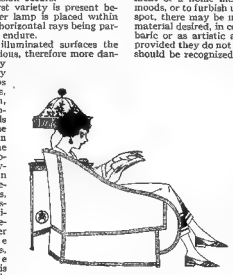
BUT in some instances, especially in rented homes, there will not be the inclination and perhaps not the ability to spend money as freely as would be necessary for this revolution. Still, even in rented homes lighting should be correct. The effort here must be to correct bad conditions, wherever this is possible, by altering the flow of light by means of the addition of such shades and reflectors as will remove the light-source from the field of vision without materially reducing its efficiency as an illuminant, adding such new units as may be necessary as the backbone of the lighting scheme.

For shading purposes translucent glass is a most satisfactory medium. It is true that other materials than glass have been immensely popular in recent years. Parchment, parchment-paper, and silk are notable examples of this. But, except in a few specially constructed pieces, silk and parchment are likely to cut down the efficiency of the lamp so materially that in extending glare one has created gloom. There are exceptions, however, in some very new-type fixtures which combine silk with glass.

An exception to the inefficiency of parchment-shading occurs in some beautiful hand-painted shades, or filters, which have been designed by Miss Beatrice Irwin as an expression of her belief in the value of color. Miss Irwin is the author of "The Science of Color," a book which delves into the physical, mental, and psychological effects of color on temperament; and her color-filters, made in a variety of exquisite colorings and designs, have so pleased lighting experts that she has been made a member of the Society of Illuminating Engineers. Her filters are made of a parchment which, tho tough, is extremely delicate in appearance; and the colors are so weighed and handled that there is very little absorption of light from the lamp, the range from small bedside reading-lamps to large central fixtures or standard lamps. Miss Irwin classifies color as creative, recuperative, and stimulant; and her filters are designed to have these effects.

For lamps added to the lighting equipment of a home merely to express color-moods, or to furbish up some unsatisfactory spot, there may be indulged shades of any material desired, in colors or designs as barbaric or as artistic as one's taste decrees, provided they do not cause glare. But these should be recognized as ornaments, not as illumination; their presence should never be understood to fill the light needs of the room they occupy.

Finally, lighting equipment, if one is to realize full illuminating value from it, must be washable, and must be washed. Water is cheaper than wattage, even tho it has been computed that the daily cost of average home illumination is about that of the cost of cream for one person's breakfast coffee. Select shades with the care you give your other furnishings.



AN EASY CHAIR, A GOOD BOOK—AND ALWAYS A GOOD LIGHT

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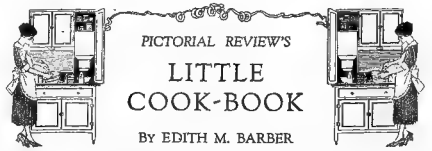

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

BEGIN the day right with fruit or fruit-juice. A glass of cold orange-juice, or half a grapefruit, a baked apple, or a dish of stewed figs or prunes for a first course at breakfast will act as an appetizer for the rest of the meal. Whichever we choose for breakfast we may still have a choice left for luncheon or dinner dessert.

"F" FOR FRUITS

WHAT a satisfaction to have a food such as fruit, which we all naturally like, at the same time worthy of that oft-times tiresome phrase, "So good for you!" While it is desirable to have fresh fruits on the menu the dried fruits should not be scorned, as their comparative cheapness makes it desirable to cultivate the taste for them. No longer are prunes the symbol of the cheap boarding-house. The quality of dried fruits on the market has steadily improved during the last few years and they are becoming more popular as this is recognized.

With the markets of the world as well as the home gardens and orchards bringing us a variety of fruit at all prices every month of the year, there is every reason for giving the fruits a two-show circuit on our bill of fare.

Apple Sauce

6 Tart Apples — ½ Cupful or More Sugar
Water — Cinnamon or Nutmeg

METHOD 1—Wash and quarter the apples, removing the blossom-end, and place in a saucepan with just enough water to cover them. Cook until soft, strain, add the sugar and spice, cook five minutes, beat well, and serve hot or very cold.

Method 2—Quarter, pare, and core the apples, being careful to remove the entire core. Cover with water and cook until the apples are soft. Add the sugar and spice, cook five minutes, and beat thoroughly with a wire egg-beater. Apple sauce made in this way does not need to be strained. This is a practical method when apples are spotted, and must, in any case, have most of the skin removed.

Stewed Apples

6 Apples — 1 Cupful Water
1 Cupful Sugar — ½ Lemon-rind

BOIL the sugar, water, and lemon-rind together in a shallow saucepan until the sugar is dissolved. Pare, slice into eighths, and core the apples. Cook half the quantity in the syrup until they are transparent, remove, add the rest of the apples, and cook in the same manner. It may be necessary to add a small amount of water if the syrup cooks down. After cooking and removing all the apples pour the rest of the syrup over them and serve as a dessert or with steamed rice as a sauce. A little cranberry-juice added to the syrup will give an attractive color.

Baked Apples

WASH and core sour apples. With a sharp knife cut a line through the skin around the middle of each apple. This will prevent the skin bursting as the apples cook. Allow a quarter of a cupful of sugar mixed with a quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon to five apples. Fill the cavities with this mixture, place in a baking-dish, and cover the bottom of the dish with hot water. Bake in a hot oven, basting occasionally with the syrup. More water may be added as needed. Apples may be "baked" on top of the stove by placing in a covered dripping-pan and cooking slowly, basting occasionally.

Corn syrup used instead of sugar produces a glacéd appearance. Raisins and nuts may be used to stuff the cavities of the apples. In this case mix the sugar and water and pour over the apples.

Spiced Pears

REMOVE the skins from medium-sized pears. Into each pear stick five or six cloves, and place close together in a small dripping-pan. Mix one-half cupful of brown sugar with one cupful of boiling water, pour over the pears, and add water enough to cover the bottom of the pan a quarter of an inch in depth. Cover closely, and cook on top of the stove over a slow flame. Baste occasionally with the syrup and cook until tender and slightly transparent.

Apples or peaches may be cooked in the same way.

Baked Bananas

BAKE bananas in the skins in a moderate oven until they become dark in color and soft to the touch. Remove from the skins and sprinkle with granulated sugar and a few drops of lemon-juice to each banana. Serve hot, as a dessert. Green bananas may be baked and served without sugar and lemon to take the place of potatoes.

FRUITS (Continued)

Steamed Rhubarb

4 Cupfuls Rhubarb — 1 Cupful Sugar

WASH the rhubarb and cut into inch pieces without removing the skin. Cover with boiling water, let stand five minutes, drain, add the sugar, and cook in the top of a double boiler over hot water or in a covered baking-dish in the oven until soft.

Less sugar is needed if rhubarb is scalded according to these directions. If the rhubarb is very young and tender it need not be scalded.

Baked Rhubarb

4 Cupfuls Rhubarb — 1 Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Raisins

CUT the rhubarb into inch pieces and place in alternate layers. Put the sugar and raisins in a baking-dish. Cover and bake in a moderate oven half an hour or more until the rhubarb is soft.

Stewed Apricots

1 Pound Dried Apricots — 3 Cupfuls Water
½ Cupful Sugar

WASH the apricots, put in a saucepan, add the water, and soak several hours. Place over the fire, bring to a boil, and simmer gently until tender. Add the sugar and cook five minutes longer. Prunes, figs, and dried peaches may be cooked in the same way. Use one-half the amount of sugar for prunes and figs.

Cranberry Jelly

1 Quart Cranberries — 2 Cupfuls Sugar
1 Cupful Water

PICK over and wash the cranberries, add the water, cover, and cook until soft. Strain through a wire sieve. Add the sugar to the juice, and boil rapidly from two to five minutes until two drops form side by side and hang together from the edge of a spoon. Pour into a wet mold or jelly-glasses and cool. This recipe will be more than enough for one meal, but it is time-saving to make at least this amount as the jelly will keep indefinitely in a cool place. Made at the last of the season it may be sealed, like other jellies, with paraffin.

Cranberry Sauce

1 Quart Cranberries — 2 Cupfuls Sugar
2 Cupfuls Water

PICK over and wash the cranberries. Cover with the water and cook in a covered kettle for ten minutes. Add the sugar and cook three minutes. Skim and serve very cold. This recipe will serve more than one meal Cranberry sauce will keep indefinitely if kept cold and covered.

Fried Pineapple

1 Can Sliced Pineapple — 1 Egg
Dried Bread-crumbs — 1 Tablespoonful Water

DRAIN the pineapple and dip the slices in crums, egg, and crums. To prepare the egg, beat slightly with one tablespoonful of water. More than one egg may be needed. Fry in deep fat or sauté the slices of fruit covered with crums, and serve with meat. Instead of being fried, the slices may be placed around the roast for the last half-hour of cooking and basted with juice from the meat. The egg and crums may be omitted for this method or for sautéing.

Baked Prunes

1 Pound Prunes — Water to Cover

PICK over the prunes and place in a baking-dish, cover with water, and soak several hours. Cover and bake in a slow oven an hour or more. The long, slow cooking will bring out the natural sugar, and no sweetening will be needed. Other dried fruits may be cooked in the same way, but a small amount of sugar is desirable with the more acid fruits.

Fried Peaches

CUT five peaches in halves and remove the stones, but not the skins. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan and place the halves in the pan with the cut side down. Cook until soft, basting with the butter Turn and fry on the other side for a few moments; add more butter as needed. Sprinkle with one-half cupful of granulated sugar and cook until the sugar melts. Serve with hot meat or as a dessert.

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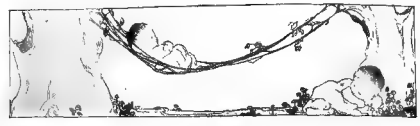


A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

WHEN BABY IS EIGHT MONTHS OLD

MY DEAR MRS. N——: You are wise to stay in the country throughout September, because we often have very uncomfortable days during this month. "Dog days" frequently continue, and it is too bad to subject a baby to such humidity in the city when he has enjoyed the cool air of the country so long. Following are the answers to your questions according to number:

1. You report that Paul has not gained as much this month, and ask if this is a cause for worry.

Ans. No, babies at this age and especially at this season do not usually gain the regular four ounces every week. Paul's weight of 18½ pounds is very good indeed for a baby of eight months. Two or three ounces a week is all one can expect a baby of this age to gain.

2. "Should I expect Paul to sit entirely alone now, and, if so, is it best to use a high chair for him or to let him have a nursery-chair every morning in place of using the small chamber in my lap as heretofore?"

Ans. Most normal babies of eight months sit entirely alone, but they should not be urged to do this. When ready they will do so of their own accord. Continue to put a small pillow at Paul's back when he sits up in his carriage or crib; then he will be able to lie back on this as soon as he feels tired. Do not use a high chair (they are dangerous things for babies), but begin the use of a nursery toilet-chair. He is not expected to remain on this for more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time and will thus become accustomed to a chair, without danger of getting too tired. No doubt he will soon begin to pull himself up into a sitting position when he is playing in his baby-pen. This is perfectly all right also, for he can lie down again when he feels the least bit tired. Do not urge him to bear his weight on his feet or try to stand yet. He will do all of these things himself when he feels equal to it.

3. "Paul does not seem very eager for his meals now; he will often stop nursing at the end of ten minutes and leave one or two ounces in his bottle. Should I feed him oftener when he does this, or what would you advise?"

Ans. *By no means* feed him oftener. When a baby shows he is not hungry this is usually a signal to lengthen the interval between meals. Eight months is a good time to begin the four-hour schedule, and as you expect to wean him from the breast before very long, drop one breast-meal. I advise you to plan his meals in the following manner: 6 A. M., breast-meal (ten minutes on each breast); 8 A. M., 2 tablespoonfuls of orange- or prune-juice in the same quantity of water, 10 A. M., 7½ to 8 ounces of formula from bottle; 2 P. M., 7½ to 8 ounces of formula from bottle, 6 P. M., breast-meal, 10 P. M., 7½ to 8 ounces of formula from bottle. If you like you may divide up the fruit-juice and give half at 8 A. M., and the other half at 4 P. M. If you do not do this, give water at 4 P. M. I would not begin other foods just yet, until we have settled cool weather. I think you will find Paul will be much more eager for his meals if you plan this way now.

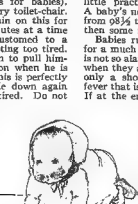
4. "What formula shall I use this month?"

Ans. For the three bottle-meals take 17½ ounces of whole, certified milk, 6½ ounces of barley-water, 2 level tablespoonfuls of milk- or malt-sugar. For the first two weeks of this month four 7½ ounces of this formula into each one of three bottles and for the last half of the month use 8 ounces in each bottle. The barley-water may be made by using 2½ level teaspoonfuls of barley-flour to 6½ ounces of water, boiling this in a double boiler for half an hour as usual.

5. "Several times this month Paul has been fretful for a day or two at a time and I have thought he might have a little fever, but was not sure. His upper gums are much swollen. What should I do if he acts this way again?"

Ans. In the first place do not guess at a baby's temperature. Get a reliable clinical thermometer and learn to use it properly. To take the baby's temperature, place him face downward across your lap, cover the bulb of the thermometer with vaseline, and gently insert it into the baby's rectum, being careful to hold his legs firmly so he can not struggle and break the glass thermometer. Have a clock or watch with a second-hand where you can see it. It is usually safe to leave the thermometer in place for four minutes. Some are to be read in half a minute, others in three minutes; it all depends on the special make you buy. At the end of this time withdraw the thermometer and take it to a good light to read it. After a little practise you can readily do this. A baby's normal temperature is anywhere from 98⅘ to 99 degrees F. If 100 or over, then some fever can be said to exist.

Babies run a much higher temperature for a much less cause than do adults, so it is not so alarming for them to have fever as when they are grown up, if the fever exists only a short time; if it is high, continued fever that is apt to be dangerous to a baby. If at the end of three hours the fever has not considerably abated it is always wiser to call in a doctor. In some cases, even before waiting for this period to elapse, it depends a great deal on the special baby and his general condition. If a mother has no thermometer and only guesses at the baby's temperature a great deal of valuable time may be lost. Be sure to shake down the thermometer below the normal point and to wash it in cold water and soap, then wipe it off with a little alcohol each time.



If you find that Paul has a temperature of 100 degrees F. or over, give him one teaspoonful of castor-oil, dilute his bottle-meals with one-half boiled water for a few feedings, give him one ounce of boiled water before you nurse him, and cut down his nursing time to ten minutes after the water has been given. Look in his throat to see if so call a doctor at once; if not, then simply rub his gums with cool boric-acid solution (one teaspoonful of boric acid to one pint of water), and give him a tepid sponge-bath with one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to a small basin of water, or else two tablespoonfuls of alcohol to eight ounces of tepid water. Keep him quietly in a cool room in his own crib until his temperature has again become normal. Do not allow visitors in the room. If he has not had a free movement from the bowels that day give him an enema with a baby bulb-syringe and a little soapy water. Take his temperature every three hours during the daytime, until it is normal.

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. Mothers having older children up to the age of twelve may ask definite questions about their care, feeding, and general hygiene. We have helpful diet lists and recipes.

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CLOTHES: *By Susan M. Boogher*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

Muriel, as he finished, raised her gray and twilight eyes to his. She knew that she was lovely, knew her gown was an achievement as complete in artistry as the "Mona Lisa" or the Parthenon. "You ride, don't you? I've seen you pass my shop!"

Roger Kenneth seated himself beside her. "Oh, yes!" he said enthusiastically. "You know, if you'd care to ride with me, there's the most perfectly gaited little mare in my paddock. Perhaps you'd enjoy riding. Lots of interesting spots I've rooted out during my exile down here!"

They progressed to intimate terms during the course of the evening—and they rode together the next day.

Muriel's riding-clothes were, of course, perfection. She had used them in Newport and Southampton and Central Park.

Roger Kenneth's eyes took them in at a glance. He hadn't seen correct riding-clothes on a woman, he told himself, for four long years.

And Muriel's eyes were blue, he found. Not twilight-gray at all! It struck him as the most miraculous thing that her eyes should change color with the clothes she wore!

THEY rode together the next day, too. And they lunched and dined together.

With Roger, really, it had been a case of love at first sight. They were practically engaged when he gave Muriel a house-party at his ranch. So much so that the other guests by tacit consent made it easy for them to be alone.

Roger's ranch was altogether interesting to Muriel. "You see," he explained, "having to come out here away from everything—New York and all—the Dad tried himself. Didn't want me to be put to it for comforts, you know!"

He was showing Muriel his kitchen. In spite of herself, she exclaimed at the perfection of its appointments. "I never knew a ranch was anything like this! It's so bright and clean and ideal!"

A fan of sunlight streamed through a wide quadruple casement window, along which a row of flowering pink geraniums held their blossoms primly to the light. And there were Delft-blue curtains pulled back from the streaming sunshine.

Muriel tried to recall when she last had seen a kitchen; it was impossible for her to remember ever having gone into the one in Tony's town house or even at Spring Lake. It occurred to her that she would like most awfully to learn how to cook: little biscuits, perhaps, and boiled potatoes, and chops just the right shade of shiny brown, with frills on their ankles! She had an instantaneous vision of herself in a Delft-blue gingham dress and wide apron, sleeves rolled away from her forearms, busying herself in Roger's kitchen.

She caught her breath sharply, remembering irrelevantly her experience that midnight in the shop when it came to her how utterly she hated clothes! For a moment confusion seethed in her brain. And then, quite clearly, out of her swirling thoughts, she saw herself here in Roger Kenneth's house. She saw herself as Roger Kenneth's wife: living the beautiful, stark simplicity of ranch life, up early in the morning to days of healthful labor, asleep early at night beneath the crowding stars.

Her eyes suddenly were shining, her cheeks flushed, her breath coming short. The thing she was feeling was sharp almost as physical pain, and at the same time it was more delightful than any sensation she had ever known.

OUT of an irradiance that seemed to be consuming her she grasped at something that was like a beckoning hand.

Happiness!

"That was it!" she told herself, and the sensation that was sharp as pain, yet was not pain, increased within her. It was happiness, she told herself incredulously. *Happiness!*

She realized suddenly that she had never known happiness before. Happiness was to live here with Roger, whom she would love as she ought to have loved Tony. Happiness was to care nothing for clothes. Happiness was to have many babies who would grow fat and pink-cheeked, and fall limply to sleep in her arms at night.

Then she realized that Roger was speaking to her; there was an odd choke in his voice.

She remembered Tony's voice that night of her coming-out ball when he took her away from the crowds of people into her father's quiet study.

With an effort she shook off the memory of Tony's wooing; with an effort she brought herself to listen to the words that now were crowding Roger's lips.

She hated really to turn her thoughts away even for a moment from the sharp, pain-like sensation that was happiness; hated to banish even momentarily the picture her consciousness had evoked, the picture of herself as Roger's wife in the stark simplicity of ranch-life and many babies.

But Roger was insistent. Also, he was taking her in his arms.

"I must listen!" she told herself. "And when he has finished I can feel again the sharp, pain-like happiness."

She closed her eyes beneath his kisses, lay quiescent in his arms.

He was speaking to her amid the kisses he pressed upon her lips, telling her over and over how much he loved her—her beauty, her charm, her smartness. "Why," he burst out, "you are the personification of the life I'm exiled from! You are cities! And culture! And civilization! And clothes! Muriel, I love you, love you."

He kissed her again, and released her.

Muriel opened her eyes. There was the frightened look in them of a lost and wandering child. Gone was the sharp, pain-like happiness she had known for a brief moment.

Her hands made a little reaching, baffled, outward gesture. It was as if she were trying ridiculously, as babies do, to touch some shining flower-like moon.

It was then she realized with an instinct of finality that clothes were in a way her doom.

A shadowy recollection of Tony's threat recurred to her. "Graven images," he had said. "By God, Muriel, something awful's apt to happen if you worship clothes!"

"Well," she told herself, looking into Roger Kenneth's ardent eyes, "Tony was right. The awful thing had happened."

For a moment, because she was free of her passion for clothes, she had known happiness. But Roger, *fate*, had plunged her again into the hated slavery.

"Muriel," she heard him saying, "tell me you will marry me. Be to me here in my exile the things that I have left. You shall have more clothes than you dream of. I can give you everything!" He was laughing a little, almost as if he were intoxicated. "Muriel," he said, "oh, you've no idea how I've longed for you here—a woman like you. There's been no one in my life with exquisiteness, blah." He laughed again, wildly, deliriously, and bent his lips to hers. "I shall take you to Paris, London!"

Muriel returned his kisses—her eyes closed against the thing she saw in his.

IT HAD come to her how strange, *funny* really, it was that when she loved clothes, she had had a husband who scorned them.

Now, that she hated clothes, she must marry a man who loved them.

Tony—why, she had refused to fly with Tony because the aviator's cap was ugly and unbecoming. She had refused to fly with Tony—Tony, who would have taken her with him high above the sordid world into a purity of boundless blue.

Now, she could have understood Tony. But Tony was dead.

And Roger—who was to be her husband—Roger was planning to conquer New York, Paris, with the beauty of her clothes.

It was most amazingly strange, *funny* really!

Suddenly an appalling fatigue weighted Muriel's body. She found herself opening her eyes to Roger's with the most intense effort.

She wanted to tell him that she hated clothes, that she never wanted to think of clothes again, never wanted to bother with them.

But he was looking at her with such shining, adoring, exalted eyes that the words shriveled on her lips.

"Roger," she began, and paused.

His arms were about her shoulders; one hand was touching the fabric of her sleeve, caressing it. "And when I'm completely well, Muriel, I'll take you to New York, Paris, London! I'll show you off to all the world! I'll match you against the world." He crushed her in his arms again.

Muriel was conscious that he had several times repeated his thought of taking her to London and Paris. She was sobbing a little against his breast. "Roger! Roger!" she stammered over and over again.

He captured one of her hands, lifted it to his lips, delighting in her slender finger-tips, her rosy, moon-curved nails. "You're more exquisite than any woman I've ever seen," he muttered over and over again.

He wanted to tell her he would surround her in luxury and magnificence, deck her in clothes such as the women in the world could surpass. He had a vision of her in the sables he must buy her; the chinchilla in which her eyes would turn gray and twilight and mysterious.

"When will you marry me?" he asked out of the tumult of his thought.

MURIEL released herself from his arms, stepped a little away from him, stood for a moment, eyes veiled by downcast lashes. Her breath was quite regular now. And the shining glory that had been for an instant in her soul and that no man had seen, slowly vanished.

And after a moment it was a very cool and stately, almost a philosophic Muriel, who spoke. "Roger, I will, as soon as I can make arrangements about my shop. I'm expecting several consignments of clothes."

Roger laughed, a long laugh of sheer delight. "Yes," he said, "we'll shut up the shop -keep all the clothes for the trousseau."

Muriel looked at the man to whom she had become engaged, and, looking, shrugged. She was telling herself that every one measures the universe in terms of something else, and was realizing, in a vague, confused way, that she could not change the measure in which she weighed things, even the she had come to hate the measure she must use.

Even tho she hated clothes!

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THE MAN WHO SAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

till the end of my days. No, I'll be damned if I would!'"

It was at that instant, I divine, that Peg made the second discovery, the one that clarified everything, even her own queer unmanageable emotions, and set it all right. "'If I were once to walk myself that far—'" It must have caught and blazed in her imagination; her wishful imagination. Fairy-tales and sorceries! "Thou shalt not waken from this sleep till the day a prince shall come through the wood and -and—" Ah, well! There it was. No, any talk of love between a Tyrone and a Giles was one thing. But pity was another. A high, chivalrous, romantic intent to rescue; that was altogether another thing.

"She seemed changed after that," the sailor told me. "I don't know what it was, but she didn't talk so much. Sometimes she'd sit for an hour and stare at the sky, the same as Giles, like she was thinking. She'd hold her chin in her hand, like that, like she was figuring.

"ONE day she cornered *me*. 'Tobey,' says she, 'whatever are we going to do to get the hypocrite on his feet? It's a big jolt of some sort he wants, don't you think now? For the sickness is in the head.'

"'I wouldn't go so far—' I was beginning, not sure just what to say, but she cut me off with scorn.

"'Look at him!' says she. '*Look* at him! Look at the cheeks of him and the muscles in his wrists! His weakness is the weakness of the dray-horse No, Tobey, it's in the head, and especially in the heart of him. It's the tonic of a hard, quick pain at the head and heart that lad wants to-day, and you can't tell me otherwise.'

"I gave her a look, standing there in the gangway with the sun going down all red around her—(My God, man, she was a peach!)—and then I couldn't think how to go on. 'You'll never!' says I, looking east and west. 'Never!' says I. 'Only it's this way,' says I. 'From where I stand I can see at least a dozen men, and most of them are looking this way, and all of them are the kind of men you'd go better with, Miss Peg, than what you'd go with—with some others we know. You'll never forgive me; I know that——'

"'Lord love you, she wasn't listening. Then I took Tobey by the scruff of the neck and I said it out:

"'For the sake of the Creator of Mercy, Miss Peg, if you've got any pity for Giles in your heart, do just one little thing for him. Forget him. Go on down that gangplank now, and forget the way back up. Do that one little thing, Miss Peg.'

"She gave me a smile for that; a sweet, absent-minded smile.

"'But you don't know!' says I. 'You don't *know!*'

"She gave me another, half-way down the plank, she was that absent-minded and amused. It did nothing but make me mad. I could have eaten nails. I went back to Giles.

"'Giles,' says I, 'you're a fine one! You're an elegant figure of a lady-killer, you are!'

"'Tobey,' says he, 'don't!'

"But the devil himself was clawing my innards.

"'You're the gay beauty, aren't you now,' says I, 'to carry 'em all before you?'

"'Tobey,' says he again in a voice I ought to have minded, 'don't!'

"'You're the dark hero, you are, to bring the queen of the ballroom crawling on her knees to——'

"'I oughtn't to have done it! I knew it! I knew it then.'

"'That woman?' says he. 'You mean that woman?'

"'Have you ever heard the word 'woman,' sir, said like the deepest blasphemy a man can leave out of his mouth?

"'That woman?' he says again. 'That fly-by-night of theaters and gaming-halls? That plaything of every high-hatted bounder on the beach? That curled and painted——'

"'You lie!' I gave him. 'Every last word you say is a hell's lie, Giles, and, what's more, you know it!'

"'And to come around me! *Me!* As if John Giles were one of the smooth-haired hounds her painted lips are wet with the kisses of *Me!*'

"'Lies! Lies!' My hands ached for his windpipe. 'If you feel that way about her, why don't you tell her the *truth* then? *All* of it! Say that, Mr. John Gentleman Giles!'

"'Tobey,' says he in a whisper, never taking his eyes from the sea, 'Tobey,' says he, 'go away! Go quick!'

"I did. I went up forward and lay out on the galley-trunk and took my lip between my teeth and ate it. My hands still ached for a windpipe, but what was there to do? 'Tobey,' says he, 'what have you gone and done?'

"When it was getting dark I slid back aft. He never knew I was there. He never saw anything but the night coming in over the sea His face was his skull. The look on it was the look of the thief on the other cross—the one that cursed Christ and went to hell. And that's when I wished I'd let him pass on that time when he had the chance, unknowing in his sleep

"Well, all right. Next day she came up smiling as usual, only cheerier. Her chinking-spell was done—with a vengeance. Lord, I never heard the like of her chattering that day. There she sat perched on the rail, hanging onto a stay to balance her and swinging her feet like a girl going to a party. Only she'd *been*. The night before. Well, she told all about that, what a good time she'd had, what she wore, and everything. Then how she'd spent the morning: tennis, automobile, and everything. Then she'd been to the beach for a dip. It was too cold.

"'But I've got to keep at it,' says she. 'I must learn to swim. Can you swim, Giles?'

"'I shouldn't wonder,' says he, 'after a fashion.'

"'Perhaps you'd be giving me the lessons then when it comes on warm again,' says she with a pretty mouth and a brogue. 'Fancy the grown-up hulk of me not knowing the stroke how to save me from perishing in the sea. It's a shame on me. And then,' says she, 'I went to the Carlton for lunch——'

"I never knew what she had for lunch, for my eye was taken just then by something a sight more pressing. There that fool girl sat on the rail, swinging back and forth with the spirits she was in, and all she had hold of to balance her was—not the wire-wove *stay*—but a little slight of marline I'd left there looped around the shroud. My hair tickled to see it.

"'Ay, *Miss!*' I threw her a hail, but that was wrong. It only gave her a start, and there she was, gone the marline. She made one grab at the rail, and she let out one gasp: '*Giles!*' And over and down she goes into the port o' Cannes.

"For just that long I was froze; froze to the deck and staring at the rail. Then I came to, and I took a long step, and I heard Giles.

"'Tobey, *stand where you are!*' It wasn't a voice; it was a bellowing bull. I had to look at him.

There he sat with his head shoved back stubborn in his pillow and his face, from the place where his neck came out of the collar, as crimson-red as a new-dug beet with rage. Rage! Rage to break the world in two.

"'*Stand!*' he choked. 'Don't be a sucker, Tobey! Stand your ground!'

"'But,' says I with a gulp and a stammer, 'she's fallen *overboard!*'

"'On *purpose*, you fool! *Damn* her! *Damn* her! *Damn her soul!*'

"'You're crazy! She can't swim a stroke!'

"The laugh that came out of his mouth then! If you could have heard it tearing up the lining of his throat! I didn't have to hear it long. I was on that rail. I saw her head come up in a snag of hair and bubbles a little off toward the bow, and I dove. I got her. And none too soon to be the hero, for I guess there must have been five of her friends in after her off the mole. I got a hand under her chin and tread water for what I was worth, and I says in her ear, 'For God's sake, Miss Peg, open your eyes! Wake up! Come to!'

"Well, she came to, all right. She opened her eyes and gave me one look. And when she saw who I was—well, have you ever seen the eyes of a tiger-cat close to? A good wild tiger-cat with claws? It took her one jerk to get loose of me, and whoop-la! there goes Miss Peg under the bowsprit and off for the beach at about the finest specimen of the Australian crawl I've ever seen in my days at sea. It was elegant!

"When I came back aboard Giles says to me, 'I see you've got yourself wet, Tobey?'

"And I says, 'Thank God for one thing: *that's* done with *now*, for good and all!'

"And Giles, he sat at me, looking to sea, 'Thank God!' says he.'

IT CAN not be hard to imagine the feelings of Peg Tyrone. Any one who has ever been disgustingly drunk in public and had sense enough to remember it later will understand. No dawn of the morning after could have been cooler or grayer than the moment when, weedy, bedraggled, and sobered off by the sovereign remedy of cold water, the Tyrone emerged from the port between the fishing-boats and the eyes of Cannes

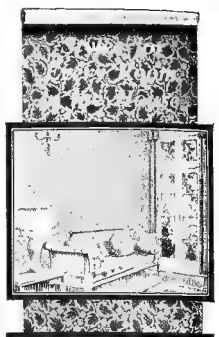
She had made a spectacle of herself. First and last she had made "a holy show of herself," complete, public, humiliating, and, infinitely worse, to no end. The man who sat, still sat. Looking back at the thicket of yacht-masts through the dribbling thicket of her front hair, she could figure the smile of disdain curling faintly that plebeian lip. Oh, she had dragged herself in the slime, all right, Peg Tyrone! Lovely Peg! Quite literally in the slime.

She had the choice of two alternatives, a choice to be made quickly, forsooth, before the bustle of concern, commiseration, and secret glee should reach her through the Allées and up the mole. On the one hand she could allow herself to be furious. Gorgeously furious! "A good wild tiger-cat with claws!" And such claws! On the other, she could allow herself to be amused.

She was amused.

Tobey had implored her to go down the gangplank and forget the way back She did. She forgot it so completely that she did not even find it necessary to avoid its

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51



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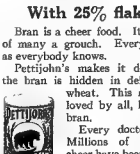

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THE MAN WHO SAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

neighborhood, but continued to take her constitutional on the mole each afternoon, surrounded by the day's gallants and immensely amused, and if the splendor of her eyes chanced to fall upon the end of that gaping gangplank she saw no more in it than in the dozen others stretching to make contact with the world there across the watery margin of the unknown. The sailor had hinted it were best if she should forget that such a one as Giles had ever lived. She had done it, with a vengeance.

With a vengeance! Yes, indeed! In this connection the sailor asked me to believe something which he confessed he would not have believed himself, and that is that the ravishing Peg became of a sudden more ravishing than ever before.

"She always had pep enough," he told me, "but now she seemed to have even more. More pep, more glitter, more sparkle in the eye, more chins-up high-and-mightiness in the way she hardled herself, and more than ever the look of 'Let's all be merry, gentlemen; but Beware the Dog! That was her look, sir."

HOW Tobey should know these things I can not say, having often relegated along with his friend into circumambient void, unless indeed he had taken again to "turning his chew" on the taffrail, from which vantage to look down with an ironical philosophy upon those daily flauntings of her amusement under the stern of the vessel she had forgot. But however that were, one thing comes out.

Now that the episode was finished; now that the farce was played and the curtain fallen and the time arrived to count up the proceeds of the show, the leading lady might be conceived to figure herself as fortunate indeed. Against the loss of a moment's self-respect she had to balance a tremendous profit in personality. A useful profit too. The whole "glitter" description of the sailor's suggests a new hardness, at least an exterior hardness, a brilliance refracting and defensive, without which (to mangle a metaphor) the nightingale might hope to get on far with her chosen career in a wood of weasels, even tho the blood-sucking intentions of the weasels were invariably of the most honorable, which I judge they were not.

So you will see in sum what Giles, to whom of course she was less than nothing, had yet succeeded willy-nilly in doing for Peg Tyrone. And you will see how Peg Tyrone, being now come to firm and joyous grips with life, self-assured and self-defended, triumphant, amused (almost feverishly amused)—you will see how the Tyrone had squared the account by completely forgetting Giles.

She had forgotten Giles in so thoroughgoing a fashion, indeed, that in the end she achieved that last triumph of forgetting, the ability to remember him again without a tremor of malignancy or pain; remember him so disinterestedly, in fact, as to be able to pay him the friendliest and most casual of calls.

It chanced to be on the yacht's last full day in Cannes. The sailing-master was to rejoin the vessel the following morning, and before noon she was to be under tow for Toulon, to go into repairs.

"IT WAS a queer day, all told," the sailor informed me. "The weather had been fine for a week, hardly a breeze going and not a cloud in the sky. And yet toward noon this day there began to come up a surf, a real one. It didn't go down either. From one hour to another it came stronger, rolling up white along the Croisette, roaring out blood and raising Cain in general. There was no parade on the Esplanade that afternoon, I can tell you; everybody was busy hunting a lee. I was all but yet there wasn't a breath of wind. Even toward night, when it was at the worst, it held on that same dead calm. That was the funny part. It made a man feel queer. Something had happened somewhere. It was the wondering where. It must have been out there in the Mediterranean, away down deep under that bright and smiling skyline—some gale or earthquake—some devil of a ruction of some kind that nobody knew of. But what? and when? and where?"

I might almost have suspected the sailor of straining nature to set a scene, had I not myself once seen the selfsame phenomenon along the selfsame shore.

"I'd been ashore for some small stores that afternoon," Tobey continued, "and some fun it was with the spray along the mole. And when I came back aboard who should I see sitting on a stool there alongside of Giles and looking like the minister's wife in with a glass of tell but Peg Tyrone herself. She called him *Mr.* Giles. No more 'Giles darling,' *Mr.* Giles, if you please. No more of her playful brushes. No more about the 'lazy carcass' of him. But now 'twas, 'What extraordinary weather!' and, 'Do you enjoy the mooring course, Mr. Giles? Or can't you hear them from here?' And the like of that. And, 'Do you like music, Mr. Giles?' as I was thinking, if you did.' and she was fumbling hard to get her handbag open, and her lips as tight as wire—'I was thinking if you did you might like to hear "Manon" to-night. Would you feel like making use of this seat, Mr. Giles?' She handed him over a paper and took an interest in the surf astern. 'I'm singing,' says she.

"Well, Giles took his eyes out of the sky and studied the paper. He turned it over and studied the back, and then the front again.

"'I was just wondering,' says she, with half a yawn, 'if you'd care to make use of it to-night.'

"'Thank you very much,' says Giles. 'I will.'

"She got up and went then, and I looked Giles up and down.

"'What a liar you are!' says I.

"'Tobey,' says he, still studying the card, 'I pity that girl.'

"'Ho-ho!' says I, 'and ha-ha!'

"'No,' says he with a kind of anger, 'but it's a hard, rotten, wrong, damned proposition to put up to a girl like that, who was meant to queen.'

"'Giles,' says I, 'what's ailing you? You look peaked to-day and you act queer. Feel sick?'

"'And I'm *not* a liar,' says he. 'I said I'd make use of this ticket and I'm going to. I'm going to give it to *you*.'

"'The hell you are!' says I.

"'This seat,' says he, 'is pretty well back in the house, and, what's more, it will be half dark at the time. And if you sit there with your head sort of down in your hands——'

"'The hell I will!' says I.

"Well, I won't go into the arguments. The upshot was that after supper I got a shave and a polish, and ran my serge suit, took the ticket in my hand, and stood in line before the wicket-man at the show up in the Casino there. He looked at my ticket, then he looked at me, then at a sign stuck up beside the door.

"'What's wrong?' says I, seeing the sign was in French. There was an Englishman next me, a good-natured old fellow who passed it off with a wink and a grin. 'That says, "Evening dress requested," says he, 'and that means "dress suit."'

"WELL, I got out of *that* place. Don't worry, I got! And fit to curse and kill I was. 'Tobey, says I, 'you're not fit to be seen in decent company. Go home!' Only it came to be I couldn't go back aboard until I'd waited ructions—but quick while.

"So, with all this, I was leaning up against the fence in the dark around the corner and wondering where to go, when all of a sudden what should I hear but Peg Tyrone singing a song. It came out of a slit in the wall over my head, and man! she was singing! She was singing, man! Maybe it was because I was nearer to—we'd heard her plenty of times on still nights out there aboard, but—and in that same song too—were what you might call 'conseers' of that voice. Giles and I, or at least I was, for I never saw Giles let on—well, maybe it was because I was closer to that night. But I don't think. No, it was different. Man, have you ever heard human singing that reached down your throat and hauled your heart out whole? Have you ever heard a voice to pull you through a stone wall? I've never been much of a hand for queer ideas, but I had them that night, listening to that song. One of them was how grand it would be to be a cab-horse and stand there along the curbing with the rest of them all the days of life. And just then the song stopped. It wasn't finished, understand; it just broke off. And then the music too.

"'Go on!' says I, 'go on!' But it didn't. I don't know how long it was I stood there waiting for it to come back, but I had to give up holding in my breath; I know that much.

"By and by I heard some one talking inside, a man's voice, making a speech. And then after another while the song went on —not on—it started over again, and it was some other woman singing, not Peg Tyrone.

"Well, it came into my head like that, like two pictures on a screen. One was the picture of that empty seat in there, looming up like a lost tooth. And the other picture was the eyes of the tiger-cat with claws.

"'Tobey,' says I, 'you get back aboard!'

"I got. I came out along the mole, ducking under the spray that made a thunder of a cloud over the seaward side, tucking up my pants and going tiptoe, and I came up the plank and onto the deck.

"OH, SHE was there, never doubt! There in nothing to speak of, with a cape thrown over. She stood with her fists planted on the after capstan-drum and her chin out and her eyes on Giles in his long chair by the companion door. And she was breathing hard.

"I got around along the rail, and I thought I'd go forward. Then I thought I wouldn't. I just peeped near Giles.

"'Want me around?' says I in a whisper.

"'Yes,' says he in the same, without turning his head.

"Then Peg spoke up. 'What's that man doing here?' says she in a tone.

"'Best go along, Tobey,' says Giles, 'after all.'

"'Not in a thousand years,' says I. 'You asked me once to stay.'

"'Is he going?' says she, with the same rip of scorn.

"'He says not,' says Giles.

"For a minute she held her breath. She stood there above the drum—the smoke of surf beyond the mole, with the light from the Casino through it, blocked her out for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

AUNT JEMIMA says:

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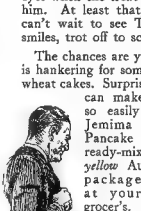

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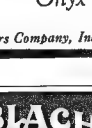

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THE MAN WHO SAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

us under the awning, black and plain—she stood there holding her breath. And it was poison-bitter when she let it come.

"So you think,' says she, 'you think to make me swallow that as well?'

"'No!' says Giles, 'No!' It sounded between a cough and a groan in his throat, but nobody but me could hear. And then, 'Go, Tobey,' says he; 'for the love of pity—'

"'Not in a thousand years!'

"She began to laugh then, a low kind of a laugh that mixed in with the surf and died away and came again and played around with itself. And 'Never mind you, gentlemen!' she laughed. 'Never mind! For what is one in the audience the more or less to Peg Tyrone, whose life it is to turn the shameless soul of her wrong-side-out for all the world to see? Never mind you! Never mind!' And that laugh of hers went on.

"'Don't!' says Giles in his throat, but no one but me could hear.

"HER laugh went on, and it racked her and came out fire in the end.

"'Do you know, Giles, why I'm here—why I've come running out here for this last time, to-night? I'll tell you why. It's because of the queer thought you've got somehow into your head—the notion I'm in love with you. I've come to tell you the way I love you, Giles. I love you the way I'd love a poison-serpent under the heel of my shoe! I love you the way I'd love the roach befouling the butter-crock! I love you the way I'd love the slime the toad leaves under the hedge! That's the way I despise you, Giles! Not hate! Ah, no! Don't pride yourself on that, fine lad! Ah, no! No! No—no—no—no—no—'

"She was up to her full height then against the cloud of spray, and her arms spread like the bar of a cross and her fingers clawed at the ends.

"'God save me!' she cries, 'from the burning of the lie in my throat! I hate you, Giles! I hate you, I hate you, Giles!'

"'And,' says Giles in a steady tone (but I can see his hands on the chair-arms now), 'and,' says Giles, 'the way you hate me is a pale thing beside the hate I bear for you!'

"She went up higher at that, on the tips of her toes, it seemed, and her arms like wings, waiting.

"'I hate you,' he kept on in the same deliberate tone, 'as I would hate a thief come sneaking in the night to rob the poorest man. To rob the man that's lost in the fire all the wealth and plenty he had and saved out of it only the one black penny to keep him alive. For a wanton and a thief come sneaking to steal that penny away I hate you now!'

"'And tell me,' she cried in scorn, 'the penny, Giles, I'd be saving you of?'

"'The unveiling, black, unhealthy penny of a man's last pride.'

"'*Pride!*' She stamped at it. She leaped at it. '*Pride*, is it?' She plucked at the flimsy stuff at her neck as if she wanted to strip her bare with the bitter mockery of that. 'So now then it's *pride!* The pride of Peg Tyrone? Ah, no, nothing so paltry as that. The pride, if it please you, of Mr. John Giles! Ah, to be sure! *Giles's* pride!'

"'And since we hate each other so,' says Giles, 'it's God's mercy that to-morrow will see the parting of our ways.'

"'What?' She spoke it in a quiet, funny tone, taking her hands down.

"'To-morrow is the day this vessel clears from Cannes, and I with it, and that's luck, isn't it?'

"'What?' says she She seemed to find it hard to understand. She put her hands back to her neck. 'You're going away to-morrow, Giles?'

"She came around the capstan then and toward him, and about half-way she stopped, and, 'Giles,' she says, 'Giles, lad, whatever is it makes such fools of the two blind, obstinate creatures we are?' All the bitter anger was gone out of her voice, and everything but a kind of a trouble of fright.

"'Giles,' says she, 'I know how it is, because I used to have a pride in me as well. Only mine was a right pride and yours is a wrong one—a black and unhealthy pride, the way you look at me with your own lips it was—and it's that that's holding you foot-bound like a sick man here; is it not, Giles?'

"'And Giles,' says she, coming another step, 'it's the blackest and unhealthiest of all the prides, that is; the pride that says, "I'm wise enough to see that there are things beyond me to hope for," which is the same as to say, "I'm not as good as other men."' Ah, Giles, if you'd but strand yourself up amongst them—stand at your height! If only you would do that! If only you'd wipe the black blindness from your eyes and put out your hand, boldly and devil-may-care, and take the thing you're wanting in your heart! For you're wanting, Giles! Wanting, lad! Do you think I'm blind? I too? Giles! Giles!'

"If you'd heard that voice of hers then as I heard it (and I was thinking if it had been 'Tobey! Tobey!' instead I'd have gone through fire), wanting, Giles! Wanting, that whispering song to drag a man across the gulf of hell!

"'For you love me, Giles,' says she, 'and you needn't tell me no. You've loved me for long and for long, and don't say no. And yet you can't put out your hand. You can't say to the twisted heart of you, "No matter about anything else, here's a lad and here's a lass, here's a man and here's a woman, fashioned to walk together in the morning of the world, as the blindest of men could see!" Ah, Giles! Giles!

"'Tobey,' says I to myself, 'if you can't do anything with your head, do something with your hands.' For the chair beside me was shaking with an ague and I heard Giles's breath in his throat. I laid a friendly grip on his wrist, but he knocked it off, and his voice came thick.

"'Stand back!' says he to her.

"'Yes, yes!' says she, and she went back, like dancing, till she came beside the wheel. 'I know,' says she. 'For you'd be despising me till your death-day, Giles, and yourself still more, Giles, if it weren't on your own two feet you came. Would you not, Giles?'

"There she stood with her chin up and her hands behind her back, the dead calm around her, breathless and heavy, and the surf all around the calm.

"'I'm waiting, Giles.'

"'Giles,' says I in a whisper, 'for the love of God!'

"'I'm waiting, Giles.' Her voice, over the sound of the surf, was so sure and steady it gave me a creep of fear. And, 'It's not far, Giles,' says she, 'for a man to come across for the glory of two.'

"Giles heaved his arms; he shook his head to shake the words out.

"'Not the glory, but the damnation—if I were to come.'

"'I know, lad.'

"'But *you don't* know!'

"'I know the one thing, Giles, for it was your own two lips that told me. If you walk this far to me you'll go on walking with me to the end; walking over the flower-bed of the world—'

"'And you'd hate the sight of flowers forever, and so would I.'

"'And you'd be happy, lad, and I would sing—'

"'The song would choke in your throat, and I would pray to die.'

"'I'm waiting, Giles.'

"A minute went by. Sixty breathless seconds. Sixty frozen seconds.

"'I'm waiting, Giles,' says she, and there was something else in her voice now, 'Waiting,' says she, 'for the last time.'

"Giles,' says I, sitting tight to the chair, 'Son,' says I in a whisper, 'for the sake of Heaven, son,' says I, '*remember!*'

"I doubt if it ever reached him, for I heard the breath fighting in his own windpipe: 'No! No! God, no! No! Hell, no!' And he sat. And out of the corner of an eye I saw Peg droop her shoulders and turn away.

"'Man!' says I in his ear, and I wanted to yell it out with my lungs. 'Oh, man, that's done!' I put a hand on his shoulder then, and, 'Let down!' says I. 'Let loose of you, Giles; it's finished and she's gone!'

"'What's that she's doing now?' says he, and I heard him groan.

"She'd got as far as the rail by the gangway, and there she hung with her arms crossed on it and her face hid away.

"'She's crying,' says Giles. 'She's—she's crying,' says he.

"'It'll do her good, says I. 'Now never you mind.'

"'Why—why—I—I can't stand *that!*' says he. He looked this way and that way. He looked up and down. 'I can't—can't stand *that!*' says he in a whisper, and by the look of him I saw he was done.

"'You wait,' says I, 'and I'll tend to *her!*' And I heaved up off the deck to go about it, but his fingers were on my sleeve.

"'—I—can't stand *that!*' says he, and I could feel him shaking. 'That's too much. Crying!'

"I JERKED loose and I walked straight and I walked fast. But I couldn't walk fast enough to beat the wail he lifted up to follow.

"'Peg!' he was wailing (and to think that was Giles). 'Don't, Peg! Ah, Peg, don't! Don't!'

"I made a rush of it then to get her and get her away. But his wailing beat me all the time.

"'No, Peg! No, girl, no! Ah, Peg, if you only won't! Listen, Peg, if you only won't—'

"I'd reached her then and set about her, none too gentle, I'm afraid. I took hold of her shoulders to lift her head. But Lord! there was no need. It came up of itself, and her eyes, all shiny with crying, swung over my shoulder to where Giles was.

"'I—I'm coming, Peg! I'm coming now!'

"'No!' says I, 'by God!' I tried to clap a hand over her eyes, but I might have been a baby then, and she the man. She was clear of me, standing there at her height, waiting to see.

"And all of a sudden, 'Not like that!' she cries. 'Not *so!* On your feet, man, proudly! Never on your knees!'

"And man, God help me, I knew it was true; and God help me, I had to turn to see.

"I hope, sir, I never have to look on the like of that again. I'll help me, I knew it was coming out from under the shadow onto that sterile deck there—coming for and slow with pain—walking on his stumps to Peg Tyrone.

"'Giles!' I heard her cry out again, and there was a touch of queerness now and bewilderment and fear. 'Up, lad! Get—get up!'

"But there he kept on coming without a sound, shuffling, tottering, touching the

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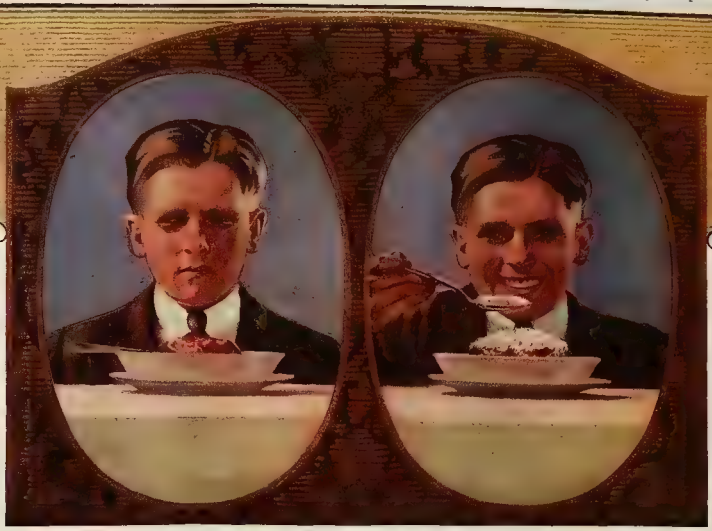

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STAGING THAT LITTLE PLAY

BY EDNA E. COLLADAY

EDITOR'S NOTE—The author of this article—the first of a series upon a subject of keen and increasing interest—has spent many years in directing amateur performances and teaching the technique of both acting and managing.

Miss Colladay was formerly managing director of the American Entertainment Institute, New York city, and is a leading authority in the field.

Succeeding topics in the series will include "Musical Productions" and "Children and the Amateur Stage."

Won't our readers, by the way, write freely to Miss Colladay, in care of Pictorial Review, stating their needs and difficulties as to plays and their production? Kindly enclose stamped return-envelop.

ALL over the country various organizations and individuals are becoming more and more interested in the amateur stage. Colleges, schools, churches, clubs, playground associations, day-nurseries, civic movements, and community centers are taking up amateur performances as the best means of spreading the gospel of education, creating a universal interest in the drama, providing wholesome entertainment for all kinds of people, cultivating their knowledge and love of music, and incidentally making money for charity.

Amateur performances, better than any other medium, lend themselves to combining certain desirable things. They bring together social, economic, musical, educational, and financial forces, and many other community interests. They provide a common goal. The imagination of an entire community is stimulated, public sentiment aroused and directed toward important matters, and interest created or revived in the various organizations that sponsor the productions.

If your community decided to present an amateur production of any kind and selected you to direct it, how would you go about it? What sort of production would you prefer to present, and why?

Different kinds of performances interest various communities. Some prefer drama, others a musical comedy or a minstrel show, and many will attend any sort of production which is an honest effort in any direction. The trouble with most amateur performances is that they are either too "highbrow" or too crude. You can not produce Greek tragedy with a minstrel-show cast and entertain a minstrel-show audience. Nor can you, on the other hand, interest in a farce or a minstrel-show people who take the drama seriously. Taking these divergent tastes into consideration, you will find your choice of plays confined to the happy medium.

Choose something that will appeal to your actors as well as to your audience. Make a cast sufficiently enthusiastic and they will help put across the message whether it be conveyed through romance, tragedy, or comedy.

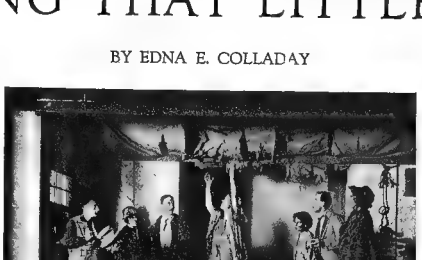
And this brings us to the many factors that enter into an amateur performance in any community, whether it be large or small. The business details of an amateur production should be as carefully organized as those of any other enterprise. A slip which, frequently overlooked, reaps disastrous financial results. The selection of committees, the advance sale of tickets, the stimulation of public interest, plans for business advertisements in the programs, necessary newspaper publicity, and the promotion of general good-will toward the production, call for just as judicious planning as does the performance itself.

WHETHER the amateur production is a stock drama, a pageant, a minstrel-show, a legitimate drama, or a musical comedy, there are certain elements in staging which must be considered carefully. First choose a play that will most fully meet the requirements of your particular community. Next select your cast with care and secure the services of a coach who has personality, intelligence, and tact. And last, but by no means least, try to interest in one capacity or another every group of people which will contribute socially, mentally, dramatically, morally, and financially to the success of the production. This is highly important. The human element so far outweighs every other factor that it must be considered from every angle.

Take thought of committees, patronesses, merchants, teachers, church-members, parents, young people, and children. It is possible and necessary to provide the sort of entertainment that will interest and inspire them all.

Upon the cast, whether amateur or professional, depends the success or failure of the production. Therefore in choosing it exercise great care. Use tact, ingenuity, and patience in order to avoid mistakes which later may cause loss of time and friction. To insure the success of any amateur play the lines should be read before beginning actual rehearsal, so that parts can be tried out before they are definitely assigned.

If you cherish fond illusions that Mrs. Tall N. Stately will make the best leading woman, Sam Whoopemup the cleverest comedian, Alicia Sweetum the ingénue, Alonzo Killjoy the heavy villain, Mr. Simperingham the leading man, Kitty Kickering a pretty maid, get them all together and have them read the play aloud from start to finish. You may have some surprizes in store for you.



THIS EFFECTIVE SCENE GIVES AN IDEA OF LADY GREGORY'S PLAY, "THE FULL MOON," AS DIRECTED FOR AMATEURS BY JOY HIGGINS

Mrs. Tall N. Stately may read her lines like an animated piece of woodwork. Sam Whoopemup may be too subdued. Alicia Sweetum may develop a tendency to forget everything she ever knew. Alonzo Killjoy may prove to be the real comedian. Mr. Simperingham may be a total loss and pert Kitty Kickering an utter fool.

Photos by Community Service

"THE FULL MOON" IN ONE OF ITS PHASES

But cheer up! The first reading is always the worst. Simply announce that a second reading will occur at such a time, in such a place. In the meanwhile go out and scour the town for what you know you definitely lack, and by the time you've had your third or fourth reading you will have assembled a presentable cast.

Since amateurs need much encouragement to overcome self-consciousness and to offset inexperience and require tactful discipline and patiently reiterated instruction, the personality of the director plays a very important part in getting the best results.

If rehearsals are conducted on a stage where properties are not provided, use chairs to denote wings, and see that each character uses the proper chairs, at the designated time, for both entrances and exits.

This may not seem very important to the average amateur cast, but the director will realize that if the actors form the habit of making the correct entrances and exits at the very beginning of the rehearsals, it will be easier for all concerned to remember just where they belong at any given moment of the play.

Do not rehearse more than one act at a time. If rehearsals can be arranged for every night or every other night, it will require only three weeks or a month to produce the average play. Rehearsals that are extended beyond this period grow very tiresome to amateurs. Intensive work brings the best results, even tho it requires more individual effort.

In regard to scenery and its attendant requisites there is a great lack of practical knowledge in the amateur field. The secret of effective scenery is not representation or reproduction, but suggestion. And the key-note is simplicity. Scenery is merely a background against which the stage-picture stands out, and it should be made as effective and harmonious as possible, so that the visibility of the picture will be as enhanced as is a white-marble statue against a background of black-velvet drapery.

When the production takes place in a theater which has once been the home of a stock company, anything in the way of either properties or scenery, from a footstool to a Summer garden, will probably be available. And any stage-carpenter can construct anything from a balcony to a portable house! If, however, your theatre has only two sets of scenery—interior and exterior, neither one particularly inspiring—if remains for you to transform your stage as best you can. Or, if your performance must take place in a hall, minus scenery, stage-lights, or properties, your ingenuity will be taxed still more.

Neither situation is hopeless, however, and the following suggestions may help you. For your interior scene use as large a rug as possible to relieve the stage of barenes. Lamps, books, pillows, magazines, vases of flowers, pictures, a telephone—the local telephone branch will usually lend an instrument for this purpose—plants, draperies at doorways and windows, various "homey" touches will help make your setting attractive and appropriate. For your outdoor scene—if it is woodland—use either a grass rug or none at all, and as many flowers, plants, and vines as you can find a place for.

Do not block up your wings, but cover them and your background with chicken-wire—a foundation for a forest of greenery that will transform your stage into a veritable fairy-land. If you interperse your vines and shubbery with flowers. If real flowers are not obtainable use artificial ones—they can easily be made of tissue- and crêpe-paper. Swings may be used, and the ropes covered with them. Vines may hang from overhead; and arbors, trellises, and Summer-houses, which are easily constructed, may be effectively covered with them.

A rural scene is given a realistic touch by a corn, wheat, or haystacks, and by large branches of trees projecting from the wings. These must be kept well in the background or they will be in the way. If you have using furniture, and wish to create the effect of a veranda or garden, wicker or rustic varieties are the best for your purpose.

When you have to manufacture your scenery, you will find a cyclorama both effective and useful. Drape folds or plain material of any neutral color upon wire, for a circular effect, or stretch it upon frames for a straight one—thus forming background and wings. The screen idea also is both practical and effective. This consists of straight pieces of scenery, folding like a screen, and bare as the sides of a box. It can be painted any color you desire. If you prefer not to fold-up use this instead of the cyclorama. To make the picture quite clear imagine a two-winged screen placed on either side of your stage, one wing toward the audience, the other folded back to keep the screen in place. Four of these, two on each side, sufficiently high, will form a perfect shield and background. These can be decorated or left plain, and are much more artistic and easier to make than more elaborate scenery Screen scenery may be made of denim, burlap, or any durable material that can not be readily seen through. Any electrician and carpenter can construct footlights for you. This with the above equipment and a few added minor details you have a complete stage-setting

STAGE illumination to-day is as far removed from the old method of flare and glare, which was the accepted standard years ago, as are the candles of our grandmothers from present-day lighting in the home. The old régime included upon quantity—not quality—of light. The more brilliantly lighted the stage, the more splendid the effect. But to-day it is realized that glare emphasizes defects and creates harshness and exaggeration where none was intended. Hence, unless the producer is seeking the spectacular, as in a big extravaganza, he avoids dazzling glitter just as the artistic photographer avoids sharp outlines. The tendency in stage-lighting is toward subdued effects. Even foot and border-lights have disappeared from many theaters, having taken place by the softness of flood-lights in the wings, or overhead bunch-lights, and lamps on the stage.

Few of the smaller theaters, except those in large cities, are equipped with electrical paraphernalia that make it possible to get effects by this means. Therefore, it frequently becomes necessary to obtain results with a limited electrical equipment. Here is a suggestion which will make simpler the lighting problem when the amateur director knows little of this phase of the work. See if you can secure enough illumination from art lamps—such as are used in homes to-day—placed in various natural positions on your stage. If you do not know where to place your lamps, experiment until you see which position will give the best effect, and make your room light enough for all practical purposes. There are always merchants and people interested enough to lend properties of practically every sort, even in the smallest community.

A fireplace illumination also is effective and easy to reproduce. Red bulbs used on each side and back of the fireplace, or placed beneath bits of colored glass or any thin red material, will give the desired glow. Bunch- or flood-lights—the first exactly what the name indicates, the second a large lantern on a standard, like the average reading-lamp, which diffuses and floods the scene—placed on either side of doorway or window, back

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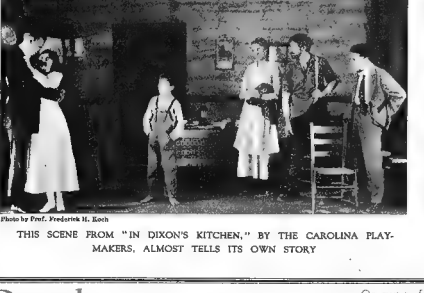

Photo by Prof. Frederick H. Koch

THIS SCENE FROM "IN DIXON'S KITCHEN," BY THE CAROLINA PLAY-MAKERS, ALMOST TELLS ITS OWN STORY

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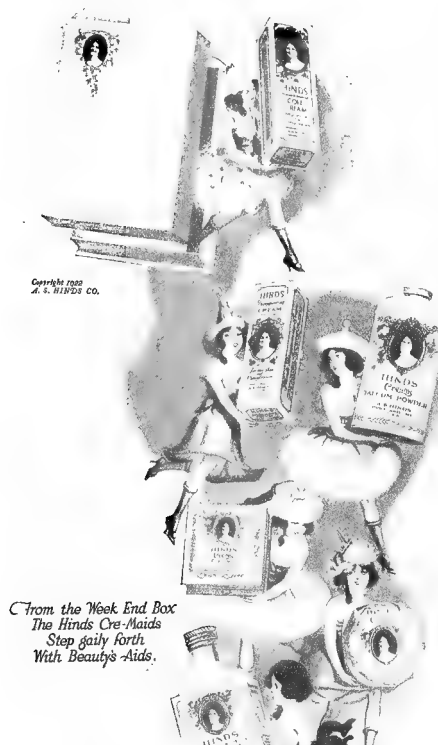

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THE MAN WHO SAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

deck with his finger-ends like a dumb ape in the zoo, and chewing his lip with the hurt of the planking on the raw of his legs, where they'd taken them off there, the two of them, just under and clear of the knee. There he came.

"'*Giles!*' Horror that was. Horror, pure!

"'Yes, and *Peg!*' says he, grinning like a skull with the work-it coat. 'You wanted the penny, Peg!'

"'*Giles!*' Horror that still was, but a horror and a craze of pity and guilt. '*Lad!*' she cries, and I saw her break forward a step with her hands stretched down. And Giles gave me the word.

"'Take her, Tobey!' he sang out. '*Now!*'

"I took her. I was stout enough this time. I caught her up and I fetched her down that plank and onto that mole, praying for a miracle the while. And the miracle was there

"It was the manager or something from the opera up there coming down the mole, and he was good and purple mad and looking for Peg Tyrone.

"'Take her away forever,' says I, and he took her away.

"WHEN I came back aboard I was near falling over Giles. He was under the rail there where she'd stood to cry, lying there in the shadow with his face to the planks.

"'Giles,' says I. 'Son,' says I, and God help me, I didn't know what to say. 'Come, son,' says I. "Time to go bye-low now.'

"'Just a minute,' says he.

"'Don't blubber,' says I

"'I'm not,' says he. 'But just a minute, please. If you wouldn't mind heaving that gangplank clear,' says he.

"I went to the port-side shrouds and took a turn on the toppin'-lift to fetch the plank up clear of the mole. Then I went back and stood over him, wondering more than ever what to say

"'Old man,' says I, 'you don't know how sorry I am it had to happen.'

"'You needn't be, Tobey,' says he. 'I'm not. I'm glad.'

"'For her, maybe,' says I

"'Yes, for her,' says he, 'and especially for *me*.'

"IT SEEMED to me he must be a little woozy. I laid a hand on his shoulder and I says, 'Come along, son, bop up piggy-back and let's go down. You've done enough walking for one night, I guess. Your new legs'll be coming along us a week or so, and then, maybe——'

"'They come already,' says he.

"'How's that?' says I, to humor him, the while I was getting him up and onto my back, like I always did. 'How's that, my lad?'

"'Did you ever know, Tobey,' says he in my ear, 'what it was to have a disease in your soul, and hug it tight?' And did you ever know what it was to feel yourself get well again? To cough it up black and come clear?'

"'Yes,' says I, tramping along the deck, 'yes, all right But as for the legs now——'

"The legs will do, Tobey I was right, that time. And she was right. I *did* walk that far, after all, because I never loved a woman before and I'll never love another again. And it happened, Tobey! It did happen. The spell is broken! My sitting days are done, Tobey. Glory be! I'll have to go on walking now to the end.'

"'All right,' says I, still humoring. 'And look over there,' says I; 'I guess we'll get away to-morrow sure enough. That queer, ungodly surf is beginning to slack away.'

"'Yes,' says he. Like that.

"And that was the last we said."

LAURETTE TAYLOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

loose sort of arrangement, and of Belasco, who sent for her to come and see him, and in so doing gave her one of the greatest thrills of her young life. Her first real success was in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, and the part which she enjoyed most, before the present happy collaboration of herself and her husband, Mr. J. Hartley Manners, was effected, was *The Bird of Paradise*, a play which took much study and preparation, for the ways of speech of an Hawaiian beauty do not come easily to a girl from Harlem.

AND now for nine years Laurette Taylor has been playing in her husband's plays and the eternal romantic in the heart of the great American public is touched by the relationship The fact that Maude Adams has given the best of her professional life to playing J. M. Barrie is not half so beautiful perhaps the two have met; in any case their association is impersonal and unsatisfactory in the minds of their audiences.

"But because we have done it ever since we were married," Miss Taylor remarks with great firmness, "it doesn't follow that we are going to go on doing it, uninterruptedly. We're not. We have a play of Fannie Hurst's, *Humoresque*, in prospect now. But I shall star in it and Hartley will produce it.

"The combination is good. I'm a little spiffy, I have to give Mr. Hartley's dog that for me, checks me up on my vitality! Now what makes me perfectly furious is that the public never will give the credit to Hartley's plays that they deserve. It's always that way. Heifetz plays Chopin; he's only the interpreter, but the public goes away thinking about Heifetz, talking about Heifetz, and giving no credit at all for their enjoyment to Chopin! I probably interpret the parts that Hartley makes better than another actress could for the reason that I live with them in the making. I know just what Hartley wants to do with them; our points of view are identical almost! But I'm living for the day when our audience will go away saying, 'That's a fine play, but I think she's awful!' And that's not because I'm unduly prejudiced in my husband's favor! How could I be? I've been married ten years!

"Of course, I never get away from the character of *Peg!* To this day I get letters to 'Peg!' *The Harp of Life* came after *Peg*. People said to me, 'You don't mean to say that after playing Peg, that child with the wide eyes and the wide smile, you're going to play the mother of a nineteen-year-old son?' That's just what I did mean! Neither Hartley nor I thought very much of *Peg*: it was the child and in the end she was just the same as in the beginning. That's what is the matter with so many plays nowadays; they're not as interesting as they used to be—just wide eyes and a wide smile, and wide eyes and a wide smile, and so on, indefinitely! It's monotonous! That's why I have determined to make Peg grow up, grow old, in time, and what's more, to make my public grow old with Peg! Nothing is interesting that stands still!

"Nothing could be easier than to let them put 'Here lies Peg-o'-My-Heart' on my tombstone when I die. But I am determined to make my public grow old, and interesting, with Peg, and if I don't succeed you may write my epitaph 'Here lies a disappointed woman!'"

Men and women never recognize themselves, only their neighbors! Preeminently *The National Anthem* was a Manners comedy of manners,

"We had a funny time with *The National Anthem*. It was said that it was a preachment," says Miss Taylor. "And because of that the gallery people stayed away at first; poor dears, they have enough troubles of their own without getting preached to in addition! The rich people came and sat comfortably on their money-bags —of course preachments were never aimed at them! *The National Anthem* is not a preachment, it is primarily the perfectly logical development of a consistent character, Marian, who is actuated throughout by the maternal instinct. 'I know how rotters like Arthur get nice girls like you; it's the maternal instinct!' says Arthur's father in the first act. Marian doesn't refuse drink because she has principles against it, but because she doesn't like the taste of it. It's only when she finds that it will help her to stand between her husband and the people who will criticize him that she takes a drink herself, and only when she finds she will lose him completely, all hold on him, all companionship with him, that she takes to it for the sake of being with him. The only preachment in the play is against the kind of music that young people are brought up on nowadays, the kind of music that flicks your pulse, that you can't sit still and listen to, but that you have got to get up and move to!

"I don't believe in propaganda plays, unless you're the kind of person who can't help wanting to do something for some one else! Hartley and I can't!"

Laurette Taylor has the happiest and most unexpected laugh of any actress on the American stage. It's the outward evidence of a delicious humor, a sort of sophisticated gurgle, and it's infallible; every one laughs with her!

"JUST the same I don't want to play in plays like *Getting Gertie's Garter*, for instance, or even *The Varsity*. It's not that the idea of an illicit love affair may not have its attractions: it has, but the mere presentation of an illicit love affair isn't in itself a sufficient theme or excuse for a play.

"They say that geniuses die young—that's because they don't use their heads. Caruso had a glorious voice that came to him out of his peasant ancestry, but he had the mind to respect his talent. He might have gone on singing in the streets of Naples all his life but for his intelligence It was that that picked him out of the streets and landed him in the Metropolitan Opera House. There is a lot of talk about the advantages that young people get out of being primitive these days. Being primitive is all very well, provided that you keep hold of your intelligence!

"I sit up here, talking like Socrates! Don't you dare make me out too wise! My public will say, 'She can't be nice if she knows so much!'"

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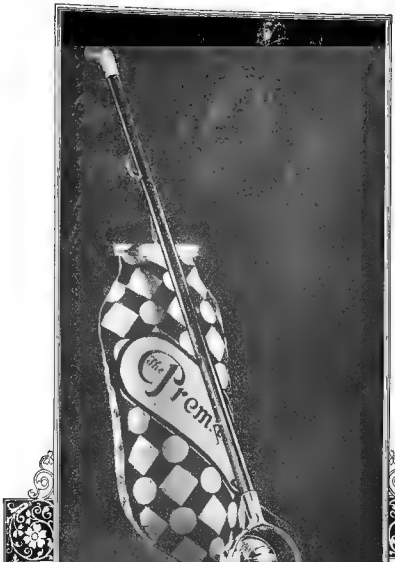

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR SCHOOLS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

The Bed-Rock of Hard Work

By Robert P. T. Coffin

Department of English, Wells College, Aurora, N Y.

As a lieutenant during the War it fell to my lot as a part of my A. E. F. duties to censor letters of two different outfits of heavy artillery. The first regiment was composed of men from one of our largest cities. They had come up through the city grade schools to the age when they could legally leave school. Twenty per cent. of these men were well-nigh illiterate; another fifty per cent. had almost no conception of spelling, of grammar, or of sentence-structure.

The second regiment was of mountaineers from Kentucky. Here again nearly twenty per cent. were illiterate; but the rest were well grounded in grammar, spelling, and composition. There was no fifty per cent. who, while able to make letters, could not put letters into words and words into correct sentences. And these mountaineers were products of the almost extinct district schoolhouse—men who as boys went to school only when the weather was too bad for work in the fields or woods!

It has been my lot also to teach for nearly a year in a big high school in a large city. There in an atmosphere of "socialized study" and new theories hot from the intellectual laboratories of a great American university where "education" is a leading department I found most of the pupils unwilling to exert themselves, dependent upon the teacher for even the content of their answers, and almost wholly without any foundation in grammar whatever. Home work, that old bugaboo of my youth for which I thank my lucky stars now, had been practically abolished as contrary to best "educational" authorities.

Again, while at college, I substituted for some months in a rural high school fed by district schools entirely. My pupils were ready with all sorts of homely but powerful observations from life around them, if only weather and crop wisdom, and were eager to learn. They had acquired grammar by the same methods their grandparents used before them and the same methods by which they stored their woodsheds with wood in stove-lengths.

Theirs was the fruit of mental elbow-grease. They had not learned to read by pictures. They had not taken grammar as a pleasant game. They had not been approached psychologically or lured with esthetic enticements. They had been made to work, and work hard.

Without variety and without relaxation they had been taught how to think straight and write straight over and over, until they could not help thinking and writing correctly.

Lastly, I have spent three years at Oxford among men who have been trained by teachers who never heard of a study called "education," never studied psychology, and never attended a normal school. They were first-rate teachers, tho, for their charges could put the graduates of our best American universities to utter shame in their clear thinking and their absolute mastery of style. Their genius in writing was not the fruit of a "tradition of culture."

These were boys who had been drilled like Spartans in such schools as Winchester, that has for its motto *Work, walk, or be whopped.* Drones had been unceremoniously ousted from such hives.

They had never had it as easy as the red schoolhouse boys, even, they had been obliged to pick up for themselves the easier English grammar via a bruising drill in Latin and Greek from their cradles almost. These classical studies had never been presented to them at first as especially pleasant or "cultural." They had been used as exercises merely. Grammar had been hammered into their heads until they could not be other than grammatical all the rest of their lives. After that, and only after that, in the higher forms or at Oxford, they had built their intellectual houses upon this bed-rock, beside which our scientific, psychological methods are so much shifting sand.

To me the moral of all this is plain. For the beginner it is more important that the teacher be first a plain, old-fashioned taskmaster, and only secondly a trained expert in the theories of "education." The red schoolhouse may have been unscientifically lighted, heated, and ventilated, but pupils learned grammar and spelling there. I have yet to find a pupil who attended two years there that is illiterate. Instead of more teachers with higher degrees, we need more teachers who are strong enough and brave enough to work hard over the same ground day in, day out, and year in and year out.

We need fewer treatises on "education" and more practical drill. If the birch be no more the sign of the school, the moral of the birch—*hard work*—should be the educational emblem still.

The Log-Cabin School Wins

By Stanley Johnson, New York City

THROUGHOUT rural America there are still in operation many log-cabin schools. This is particularly true of the Southern States. Within the present decade, in one of these schools with never more than fifteen pupils, a record of ten sessions has been kept by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of West Virginia. He finds in this brief period this rude, sequestered temple of education in the forest has given to the world "two practising physicians, a college graduate, a public-school teacher, a justice of the peace and postmaster, and a Teachers' Institute instructor."

In a public high school in one of our largest metropolitan centers, recently, an examination prepared by the Regents of Education for the State of New York was given to the pupils in a room that was crowded with an enrolment of seventy-two. Only twelve of the seventy-two passed.

In the little log-cabin school there was abundant opportunity for an intelligent instructor to give the rarest of a born teacher's gifts—inspiration; added to this was sufficient time for *individual* attention; not to solve problems for the pupil, but to awaken and guide his logical mind to its latent powers of *self-help*; above all to create within him the *power to think*.

In the metropolitan school, with an enrolment *double* what all educators believe is the normal number for a classroom, there were none of these opportunities. Every *five* out of six failed!

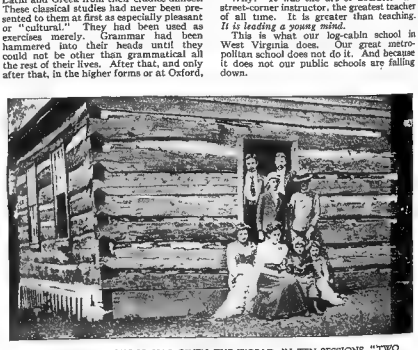
The two instances point to one of the gravest evils besetting public education in our large cities and towns: there is no guidance in the art and power of actual thinking.

The writer recalls a decade of life spent in a provincial New England community as principal of a high school with less than forty pupils. Every morning from twenty minutes before nine to nine *guidance* was given to all pupils who came to the desk. We had classes in French, German, Greek, Latin, biology, astronomy, geometry, algebra, chemistry, physics, English—in fact *everything*, as it seemed. But we never solved a problem, or translated a sentence in Vergil. We *guided*. A little word here and the tracing of a subject or a direct object there, and the pupil's mind almost invariably answered with a flash of light.

There were pupils in that school who passed examinations for higher institutions that the principal himself confesses he could not have passed!

Why? It was the art of Socrates—the street-corner instructor, the greatest teacher of all time. It is greater than teaching. *It is leading a young mind.*

This is what our log-cabin school in West Virginia does. Our great metropolitan school does not do it. And because it does not our public schools are falling down.



THIS LOG-CABIN SCHOOL HAS GIVEN THE WORLD, IN TEN SESSIONS, "TWO PHYSICIANS, A COLLEGE GRADUATE, A SCHOOL-TEACHER, A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND POSTMASTER, AND A TEACHERS' INSTITUTE INSTRUCTOR"

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THE GHOST WEDDING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

"They may be here now!"

San-Yada stared at him in surprize and irritation.

For here was a difficulty.

The bride beneath his roof was now the wife of a member of a ghost-clan which had no living representative.

Moreover, the clan-ghosts would all too soon come to live with her, he knew very well, since ghosts are always seeking a house of the living to stay in, in order that they may not be cold.

He had had occasion to burn a house in a corner of his province for that same reason, and to build a wall about the place lest anything be planted there.

The Governor reflected.

The dowry-silks that lay before him were, by the mistaken marriage, not his; they belonged to the extinct clan of Mao-Mao. His own ancestor, Kweng-toi, was still unwedded, and his childhood toys had been broken unlawfully. The ancient contract was still unfulfilled, and an injury had been done to the five brothers of Lei-suan, whose sister was now wedded to a family that did not exist. And further, the Governor reflected, the Clan of Mao-Mao was so low in degree that the hill-castle of Tonga was dishonored.

In fact, the Clan of Mao-Mao had been hill-bandits.

It was a member of that clan who had killed his own ancestor!

The Emperor might hear of this, and——

But the coming of the ghost-clan of Mao-Mao was the first thing to be averted, San-Yada reflected.

What was to be done?

He looked past the aged priest, who stood dripping like a willow-tree, through the dark open door into the corridor, half fearful of the ghosts who might come in and demand the silken dowry of Lei-suan, and the five fields of her bride-estate.

He well knew that they would extricate the silk-woof for their raiment, and the virtue of the five soils for their ghost-fields. And the Governor trembled, and his smooth forehead became as a plowed field.

Hsia, the chief priest, produced from inside his robe the incenser of the temple. It was lighted from the Governor's pipe, and presently through the palace stole the fumes of sandalwood and dried citron and pepperseeds; the palace was awakened, and all night the guards beat upon thunder-gongs above the walls.

THE little bride of the ghost-family of Mao sat upright in her cold bed of rushes, with her bride-cloak clutched about her, while the palace-maids broke dishes upon the floor to frighten the ghosts away from her. But no one was told the true seed of the matter.

And San-Yada, the Governor of Chouan, sat and smoked, and his ten-maiden brought him fresh tea constantly.

And when daylight crept in at the fretted windows of horn, and caught at the lanternpendants, the din and clangor and the muttered prayers subsided, and Hsia, the chief priest, came humbly to the Governor to say that the calamity had been averted, and that there were no ghosts in the palace.

He had examined all the silken hangings, and the dowry-silks of Lei-suan, and found their woofs unstolen. The ghost-meats upon the tables were still salty, showing that the ghosts had not been near them, and the locks of all the doors were still uncorrupted (since it was well known that ghosts rust them with their cold, damp fingers, in order that the doors may never be closed against them).

Moreover, the priest concluded: "They have left no mark upon the neck of Lei-suan, the Clan-princess—and they would have gone to claim her first."

And San-Yada, heavy-eyed, nodded his head, lighted his pipe freshly, and bade the chief priest confer with him, feeling the need of further wisdom than burned in his pipe, in the face of such a difficulty as lay before him.

And they conferred together (behind closed doors), but chiefly with their eyes, as old men can.

And since these violent measures could not be taken every night, owing to the temple-duties of the priesthoods, and since some order must be concluded in the tangle of the difficulty, Hsia spoke presently a remedy, which was, before noon, to annul, privately, the ghost-marriage of Lei-suan to the clansman of Mao-Mao by the Governor's declaring to himself, as the head of the province, that she was a ghost-widow, and by his making a scroll to that end; further, by breaking the grave-tablet of the ghost-bandit of Mao-Mao with a mallet, and further, by then marrying her, for a night and a day, to a living commoner of the household of Chouan.

"After which," the priest concluded, "no ghost-family, however desperate, albeit homeless, would dare to invade the palace."

The Governor smoked thirty puffs of his pipe.

"And then?" he asked with his eyebrows.

"Then can Your Loftiness, by virtue of your authority, behead the bridegroom for presumption," Hsia gravely intimated.

The Governor smoked twenty puffs more.

"And then?" he asked with his eyebrows.

"And then the wedding of the commoner's widow to the tablet of your honorable ancestor, Kweng-toi, can properly be carried out," said the priest, softly.

"By night," he added.

And their four eyes met upon the glowing dowry-silks with understanding.

San-Yada considered.

"And this must be done to-day," he remarked.

"Or else," the priest began, "by nightfall the ghosts of the Clan of Mao-Mao will have gathered themselves from distant places, where their bandits were killed in forests, and they will have gathered other related ghost-families, and all the priests of the Province of Chouan can not keep them from this palace."

The Governor shut his eyes, and laid aside his flamingo-pipe.

He clapped his hands.

To the guard who entered he commanded: "Assemble all the male commoners of the palace."

And into the treasure-room came presently all the men servants, the poet-clerks of the House of Chouan, the horse-curriers, the cooks, the warriors, the body-guard, the gatekeepers, and the makers of various things from the cellars of the palace.

And among them stood Tawakkei, the basket-weaver, fresh-faced and alert, thinking to see the person of Lei-suan, who was as the wind from a fruit-laden orchard to him.

And the Governor's weary eyes wandered over the throng, and he hesitated, and whispered with Hsia.

"Would it not be wise to choose one who would give a fitting heir to the clan?", he asked.

Hsia, the chief priest, upon thinking (which was slow, since he was very old, and the question took him back to his youth), nodded in assent, and answered: "The execution can be suitably delayed."

The Governor whispered again.

"Could it be made known by you, as chief priest, that the ghost-bandit of his house, when we shall have married her to him, brought an heir to this house—? Afterward?"

The priest cleared his throat (*ecce from reciting sûtras*).

"It could be established," he muttered, "that such was the case."

The Governor meditated as he scrutinized each of the faces before him. If an heir were to be thought of, it behooved him to pick well his man. His eye shuttled between one of the clan-warriors and a certain tall poet-scribe, both remote cousins of the House of Chouan, but their beheading was a difficult matter—besides, he needed his warriors and his poet-scribes; moreover, he could not take a life idly without excellent reasoning with himself to justify the act.

And then he remarked Tawakkei, the basket-weaver, whose body he had bought for a year and a year.

"What matter?" he reflected. "A basket-weaver is easily gotten. He comes from a distant province. He is a supple lad, and quick of eye and hand. Moreover, I can change his name to Mao-Mao—which family is hereditary enemy to my house—the death of my ancester Kweng-toi will be avenged thereby. I do not need to change his name until the day he dies—his ghostfriends will not afflict us, since he will die a Mao-Mao—the Clan of Mao-Mao will be glad to receive a new clansman, so recently living—their last living head died forty years ago."

And upon his gesture with his flamingo-pipe, the poet-scribe, leaving only Tawakkei and Hsia, the chief priest of Kronak.

Forthwith was Lei-suan sent for, and she came. And she beheld Tawakkei, and shivered. And he, with great caution, devoured her with his eyes, and thought of the tame crow that had tensed his footsteps on the road from the hill-castle.

AND the Governor sent for a brush and a roll of parchment, and himself wrote the annulment of Lei-suan's marriage with the ghost-clansman of Mao-Mao.

And having completed the document in secret characters, and signed it with his own jade seal, the Governor burned it, to secure his integrity, and wrote a scroll of Lei-suan's intended marriage (after the basket-weaver should be beheaded) to the tablet of Kweng-toi, his ancestor, which ceremony he held to be now as good as enacted.

But that document he signed also, and sealed with his own seal, and laid it among the dowry-silks.

And Hsia, the chief priest, married Lei-suan to Tawakkei, the basket-weaver, by tying the fringe of her girdle to the fringe of his sleeve, and muttering a *sûtra* against interference from the ghosts.

And Lei-suan knelt and struck the floor three times with her forehead before Tawakkei, in obedience to him as her husband.

And this was the second and the true wedding of Lei-suan.

The priest sighed with fatigue, and betook himself and his sixty-one fellow priests back to the Temple of Kronak.

The Governor of Chouan himself led Lei-suan and Tawakkei to a secret room and locked them in with his own hands, first bringing to them ghost-meats and hot wine, and a jar of rice with quinces in it.

And Froo-tin, his sister, he locked in the room of a distant tower, to avoid her questioning.

And the palace-gates were closed, and the

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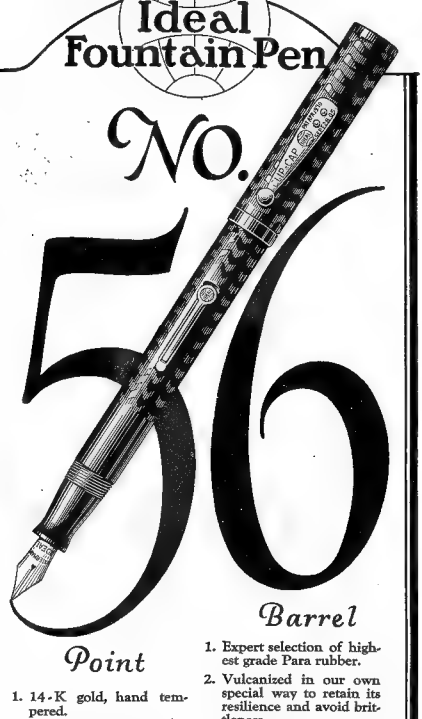

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THE GHOST WEDDING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

windows of horn were shuttered, and all the eyes of the palace slept, except those of the little Princess and her lover—and *they* shone in the curtained darkness like the eyes of cats.

And when the day had passed, and the night after it, and sunshine smote the Province of Chouan, after it had regilded the dragons of the towers of the hill-castle of Tonga, four crow-flights to the east, the Governor sent for his headsman, and ordered him to wait in the river-garden of the palace, which had no windows looking upon it.

And then, having loosed the locks of the door where Lei-suan and Tawakkei were, he bade the basket-weaver to come to him in the river-garden, not wishing to behold Lei-suan with what he was about to do in his mind.

And presently into the river-garden came, not Tawakkei, but Lei-suan, his wife, with glamourous eyes, but fear in her fingers.

And seeing the Governor seated upon the river-wall, wearing the red cap of anger upon his head, and the headsman sharpening his sword upon a whetstone, glancour left the eyes of Lei-suan, and fear possessed them.

"WHERE is Tawakkei, your husband?" asked the Governor.

And Lei-suan with her heart like a pebble in her throat, answered: "I came to ask rank-privilege for him, who is my husband, since he is to die. Let him be beheaded with a silken cloth upon his face."

To which San-Yada perforce agreed.

And Lei-suan went to fetch Tawakkei, and after some waiting she came leading by the sleeve a man with a silken cloth over his head.

And the cloth was the silken bride-cloak of Lei-suan, which she had worn from her ghost-wedding.

And Lei-suan carried in her hands a headbasket woven by Tawakkei, and she asked for the head in order that she might bury it at the Temple of Kronak.

To which San-Yada perforce agreed.

And thereupon he raised his thumb in the air, and pronounced the name of Mao-Mao upon the condemned man.

The sword of the headsman divided the air, and divided the head in the silken cloak from its body

And Lei-suan took the head tenderly, and placed it in the head-basket that Tawakkei had woven.

And when darkness had come again, horses were brought privately to the secret gate of the palace, and the Governor and the Princess, and no others, set off to the Temple of Kronak, where the chief priest, Hsia, waited for them at the gate with a lantern.

The chief priest led the way through the Garden of the Dead, to where Kweng-tol's tablet lay uncovered (near the broken one of the clansman of Mao-Mao). A new-dug pit for the head was between the two.

And Lei-suan carried upon her arm the head-basket with the head in it, wrapped in the silken cloak.

AND when this, the third wedding of Lei-suan, was concluded, and she had knelt and touched with her forehead, three times (and these unwillingly), the death-tablet of Kweng-tol, then did she rise up, and take the head from the basket, and throw back the silken bride-cloak from it, and disclose to the Governor and to the chief priest, Hsia, in the light of the lantern, not the head of Tawakkei, the basket-weaver, but the head of Ta-jen, a poet-scribe of the palace.

And the Governor looked upon the head, and the chief priest looked upon the head. But neither of them spoke.

And the forehead of the Governor, which had been as a plowed field, became as a hilly country, and the fingers of his sword-hand trembled.

For here was a difficulty indeed.

Lei-suan had been married intemperately to his executioner when her husband was still living. This was not to be thought of with resignation.

And from the temple rode the Governor and Lei-suan, leaving the chief priest in stupefaction with his lantern -and the head of Ta-jen, the poet-scribe.

And as they rode, Lei-suan, the wife of the basket-weaver, took from her sleeve her tame crow, and wrote it, and the crow teased the feet of the Governor's horse, and mocked him in a cracked voice upon that return journey.

And when they had reentered the palace by the secret gate, San-Yada, the Governor, withdrew to his retirement and lighted his flamingo-pipe, and the hilly country upon his forehead became as a mountainous province, as he considered the marriage-scroll of Lei-suan to the tablet of Kweng-tol, which he had made out that day, and signed with his seal.

And the nails of his fingers clattered against his pipe.

And after long thought he sent for Tawakkei, and for Lei-suan, his wife, and they came and knelt before him and trembled.

And as San-Yada contemplated them, his anger melted like lead over a fire, and his forehead softened to a Spring meadow. And two crystal tears clicked upon his parchment face.

For he saw that they loved each other, and his difficulty grew less.

And of them he asked in curiosity: "And how, Children of Determination, did you persuade Ta-jen, the poet-scribe, to take Tawakkei's place and be beheaded?"

And Tawakkei answered him.

"It was I who told him of my death-to-come, in order that he might write a death-letter for me, to send to my father in the mountains of Khotan—and it was he who told me that there was a stain upon his family door, that he could cleanse by his own death, but that honorably, and not by his own hand. Six times had he entered his clan-battle, hoping to die, but each time he returned, with Your Loftiness, untouched. And so he begged to take my place, and be honorably beheaded."

And Tawakkei bowed his head, expecting the word of condemnation.

"Why did you not escape?" asked San-Yada.

But Tawakkei only looked at Lei-suan, his wife, who was flung upon the floor in silent weeping.

And San-Yada turned his eyes upon her.

"And why, Clan-princess, did you not tell me of this?" he asked.

"I love Tawakkei," was her answer.

And the Governor smiled.

And the Governor's mind flew to the sixteenth act of the play that he had been writing for the Emperor, and he saw further content for it than he had imagined before the three weddings of Lei-suan.

And his brain cleared, and his pipe sent up the ring of solution to the roof.

But the nominal difficulty remained.

"You have dishonored my ancestor by touching his tablet in marriage when you were still wedded," he said to Lei-suan. "I now banish you and I obliterate your name and that of your husband. The province shall know you no more."

And the two looked at each other without anxiety, for a name was only a name, and banishment, like the wind and the wind lodge in the water; to lie down under the moon and sleep in the frost," as read the scroll that was written on the next day, was as nothing to them, who had their province in each other's eyes, and their name upon each other's lips.

AND so, on the following day, at sunset, sinking, a boat left the river-garden of the palace, with no window looking upon it, and no eye to see its going except the Governor's.

And in the boat were Lei-suan and Tawakkei, the basket-weaver, who now had no names, and they entered upon the voyage of their banishment.

And in the boat were a jar of rice for them to eat, and a jar of asparus for them to make wine of, and a box of tea for them to steep, and a straw mat for them to sleep upon, and a roll of linen for them to make clothes of, and a lantern at the prow of their boat to light them down the river, and an oar to catch in the eddies of it, and a cage for the tame crow of Lei-suan.

And the Governor, who was a just man, revoked the bondage of Tawakkei, and released his body, and gave to him one of the two purses of hexagon money that he had promised to him for a year and a year.

And San-Yada, the Governor of Chouan, stood at the wall of the river-garden as the boat caught its current and drift away. And in the hollow of his hand were a grain of rice, and an acorn that he had taken from the two jars on the boat, and a grain of barley, and a straw from the mat, and a thread from the roll of linen, and a coin from the purse of hexagon money, and a feather from the tame crow's wing.

And so were Lei-suan and Tawakkei banished from the Province of Chouan.

And San-Yada returned to the palace, and to his treasure-room, and he took the brown-boarded deck-seat that was the substance of the five fields of Lei-suan, and in yellow earth he planted the grain of rice, and in white earth the acorn, and in black earth the barley-straw, and in green earth the tea-bud, and in red earth the flaxen thread, in a pattern of his own memory of the dower-fields. And the coin from the purse of Tawakkei he ordered his minter to make two pieces of, each day thenceforward But the feather from the tame crow's wing he knew not how to make use of.

And the contemplation of the fourteen rolls of dower-silks brought him no contentment.

And as the boat followed the arabesque of the river, with Lei-suan in the prow of it, looking upon a pot of rice on a fire of charcoal, while Tawakkei, her husband, now nameless, plied his oar, a junk decorated the setting sun. Upon the deck-seat sat the Dowager Empress, who journeyed to find peace from restlessness. And seeing the little boat, she flung the flower that was in her fingers to the bride.

And she who had been Lei-suan set it in her bride-room.

And thus a new name, a flower-name, came to them who were now nameless.

But those names spoke of pain, but lived as the Nameless Ones from that evening.

ON THE day following their banishment the brothers of Lei-suan came to visit her, bringing five cups of rare workmanship (intended for the Emperor, but delivered to beauty in the firing, and therefore thought to be proper gifts for their sister by them), and one cup was shaped as a lily, and one as

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THE GHOST WEDDING

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a chrysanthemum, and one as a peony, and one as a peach, and one as a plum.

And the Governor related to them a crafty tale of Lei-suan's vanishment by river-drowning, which no one save himself had witnessed. And her brothers withdrew sorrowing, and rode away with their faces toward their horses' tails to hide their loss, having first broken the five cups upon the stone bridge of the palace.

Nine months had elapsed and grown full, when an enamel-seller wandered past a hut of straw, near the Village of the Crows, some distance down the river that flowed past the Palace of Chouan.

And a curtain was drawn over the door of the hut, and before it, cross-legged, sat a basket-weaver, busily weaving a melon-shaped basket of fragrant vines. And from the hut came a thin cry, like a young bird's cry.

And the enamel-seller stood watching him, and listening.

"What do you make to-day?" he asked, in a false voice.

"A basket for the Son of Heaven," answered the basket-weaver.

"Do you speak of the Emperor's son?" persisted the enamel-seller.

"There are many Sons of Heaven," answered the basket-weaver, "but one of them is my son."

"And what *is* his name?" asked the enamel-seller.

"Chiang-charak-miran," answered the basket-weaver.

The enamel-seller smiled, and drew from the folds of his cloak a roll of crimson silk, and gave it to him.

"Take this to line the basket," he said, and he was gone.

But the two sharp eyes that looked after him through the hut-curtain, perceived that altho the enamel-seller was very old, and bent, he straightened himself and walked as a prince when he reached the elbow of the road.

And thus she (who had been Lei-suan) knew who he was.

And each year after that, some one stopped at the basket-weaver's hut near the Village of the Crows, on a certain day of the blossom-season, and left a roll of silk.

And always it was an old man; sometimes a teller of tales, sometimes a maker of locks, sometimes a bird-seller. But always, when he reached the elbow of the road, he straightened himself, and walked like a prince.

AND as time passed like a feather upon the wind, and San-Yada, the Governor of Chouan, grew old, and Frootin, his sister, grew thin as a dried stalk, and her voice shrill like the wind through a keyhole, and the plowed field upon the Governor's forehead became fecund with unrest, then did Froo-tin die, even as the wind ceases, and the Governor was left to be the last of his clan, with chicanery the only guest at the secret door of his mind, and the future of the province like an empty box to his meditations.

For fourteen years had passed, and no dowry-gift remained in the treasure-room of the palace, since the last blossom-season had passed, when San-Yada had gone disguised as a parchment-seller in a blue cloak to the hut near the Village of the Crows.

And the Governor communed with his flamingo-pipe one day, when the cold rain rattled at the fretted windows of horn, and the November wind sought to come in, like a querulous ghost.

And the son of the basket-weaver, who lived in the hut near the Village of the Crows, went clad in silks of yellow, and of amaranthine, and of jade-white, and of crow's wing color, and of crimson.

And his mother (who had been Lei-suan, the Clan-princess), now matured like a ripened quince, saw her son from the corner of her mind (where shyness dwelt with pride) as a young prince.

And one morning a junk with red sails came down the river, and sixteen warriors of the Clan of Chouan came to the hut of the basket-weaver, and took him, and his wife, and his son.

AND when they stood upon the teakwood deck of the junk they saw stretched upon a mattress San-Yada, the aged Governor of Chouan, whose forehead was as a mountainous province, and whose hands were like dried fishes.

And there were brought to him five boxes of earth, that were as the dowry-earths of Lei-suan, the Clan-princess of Tongs.

And in one sprouted new rice, and in one a dwarfed oak-tree, and in one a shoot of barley-straw, and in one a tea-flower, and in one a flax-stalk.

And there was brought a heavy chest, with locks of silver, and in it were ten thousand pieces of hexagon money, that the minter of Chouan had made, the accruance of fourteen years.

And San-Yada, the Governor, spoke in a cracked voice like a wind in a hollow tree, regarding all the while Chiang-charak-miran, the son of the basket-weaver.

"These were the five fields of your marriage-earth, Lei-suan, in which I have planted these riches of the Province of Chouan. And in this chest are the revenues of one piece of hexagon money that I paid to Tawakkel, your husband, for weaving a head-basket, that I took from his purse to enrich him. For fourteen crop-years the riches of Chouan have been nourished in your fields, and their yieldance has endowed you, the owners of them, altho nameless, with nobility.

"And since to you who were called Lei-suan these fields have brought yieldance, as to your body has been brought the yieldance of a son, I now appoint *him* to be Governor in my stead."

And Chiang-charak-miran knelt, and the Governor thrust a crow's feather into his hat of rice-straw, and his two hands that were like dried fishes closed their eyes.

"I die—as Governor," said the Governor.

But he said no more.

And the mountainous province upon his forehead became as a placid meadow, for so was the weight of chicanery lifted from the mind of San-Yada, and the banishment of Lei-suan and Tawakkel was reckoned, and their names restored, and the false marriage-scroll of Lei-suan's wedding to the tablet of Kweng-chi, the ghost-ancestor of Chouan, burned, and the ashes spread upon the widening river.

And the two brothers of Lei-suan, now old men with fading eyes, from their long lives of china-making, came to meet the junk at the river-garden of the Palace of Chouan, and to escort the body of San-Yada to the Temple of Krotlik, and to be told the tale of Lei-suan's disappearance, and to greet their kinsman, her husband, and their nephew, her son, and to drink hot acorn-wine at the feast of government.

But Tawakkel, the basket-weaver, presently stole away from the feast to make a basket of cherry-stems for a humble gift to Lei-suan, his wife, who was as the wind from a fruit-laden orchard to him.

And Lei-suan, his wife, stole after him, with her tame crow (now grown old and full of pleasant malice) hidden in her sleeve.

GETTING A GOOD START

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

lamentable temporary results. They have gone on. Their lives have been dramatic, and often melodramatic. Great success can not be achieved without serious risks, and therefore without the abandonment of security.

But not all energetic employees of sound character are ambitious. Many of them are quite unambitious, and want security first and last. Security assured, they will toil hard and often use considerable brains in order to make it the most comfortable sort of security, but they will not encourage security for no matter how many tickets in the glittering lottery of the world. They have got the gambling habit unconsciously. The advice against inhabiting grooves does not apply to this non-adventurous category of excellence

THE trouble about discussing how to make the best of life is that one is forced to make so many excursions into the obvious. The failure to make the best of life is due, as often as not, to the neglect of the conspicuously obvious—to the omission to do some perfectly simple thing which everybody agrees ought to be done, or to the commission of some perfectly imprudence which everybody agrees ought to be very carefully avoided. It is as if, before entering a house, the candidate for success had to be warned not to try to walk through a closed and locked door, or, having begun to live in the house, had to be exhorted to take his clothes off at night and put them on in the morning, to eat at regular intervals, to refrain from debauchery, had even to be told that in order to sustain life he must breathe.

NOW, for the youth starting upon an independent existence, extracting for the first time a livelihood from the world, depending on his own efforts for all his necessaries and luxuries, there is one elementary safeguard which he positively ought to take. I hesitate to name it because it is so elementary. I blush to name it, and yet I am bound to name it, for the reason that a very large proportion of people calmly and persistently ignore it. He positively ought to save. You all agree? Yes, you really ought and inevitably he ought to save. The whole adult population of the civilized globe is aware of that; but does he, in fact, save? I will tell you. The majority of young men first seriously think of saving when they set eyes on a young woman who pleases their fancy in an unusual degree. When the greatest force in nature compels the average young man to admit in his heart that he is undone unless he becomes the husband of a particular girl and makes himself responsible for her future as well as his own, then he

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GETTING A GOOD START

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

says to himself, with the effect of a sudden, startling discovery,

"By Jove! I must begin saving at once!"

And he begins. It is rather late in the day, for he does not want a long engagement, and you can not ordinarily purchase the furniture of a love-nest out of the savings of six months or a year—hence the hire-purchase system!—but, thank Heaven, he does begin. A shock has revealed to him, at any rate, one profound economic truth which had been staring him in the face perhaps for years but which he had in some mysterious way failed to see. The shock was equivalent to an operation for cataract. I am less sure about the thrift of young women, but my impression is that it is not superior to that of young men.

From the first moment when he assumes control of his budget the youth ought to commence saving, and he ought consistently to continue to save. If saving involves depriving himself of cigarets, cinemas, fancy socks, or butter upon his bread, still he ought to save; he ought to perform a miracle and save. He may be able to save only a very little, a trifle, a mere nothing—he ought to save it. It is the habit of saving that counts, not the sum saved.

Savings are a weapon which no one can afford to disdain. The world is a dark forest infested by brigands and tigers; savings are the gun of defense. Without savings a man is at the mercy of an illness, an accident, a war, a trade collapse, the caprice of an employer. And there are tens of thousands of individuals, and not only young individuals, in London and New York to-day who have nothing between themselves and calamity but the coins in their pockets and the wages due to them next Saturday. This is a strange and very disconcerting fact, but a fact it is. The bulk of these tens of thousands of individuals are careless fools, guilty of the lunacy of the man who smokes a cigaret in a petrol-store. It is all obvious. Yet, tho I blush for writing it down, I do not apologize.

FURTHER and in addition to saving in liquid money, the youth ought to insure his life. Insurance companies, which have cultivated the gift of plausibility to an amazing degree, affirm to the youth that it is cheaper to insure oneself when young. I once asked an insurance manager to explain to me why insurance companies treated the young man more favorably than the old. I inquired whether they did it for the fun of the thing or from a high-minded intention to improve the moral character of the race. He naturally had to admit in reply that insurance companies do not treat the young more favorably than the old, and that they treat people of all ages in precisely the same hard, businesslike style. It is not cheaper to insure young than old. So far as his relations with the insurance company goes, the insured person has no advantage whatever in insuring young. He pays lower premiums, but he pays more of them; the insurance company gets the same amount of money in the end.

As regards himself, however, the youth has a very considerable advantage in insuring. To insure is a dodge for compelling himself to save. Further, an Insurance policy provides automatically the readiest and cheapest method of borrowing money that exists. I do not urge the youth to borrow money; I hope that he will not borrow money, but cases of forced borrowing to meet disagreeable and totally unexpected crises do, I believe, occur. Another advantage of the insurance policy, in the United Kingdom, is that the premiums paid can be deducted from income-tax returns. A few years ago income tax was something that youths had only heard of. To-day happy is the youth who has not borne into affrighting contact with the Income Tax Collector!

The varieties of insurance are many; but they may be divided roughly into two classes, the policy payable at death and the endowment policy. The latter is payable at a given age, or at death if it happens earlier, or after the payment of an agreed number of premiums. The endowment policy seems to me to be preferable to the policy payable at death. It is very conceivable that one may seriously need money at the age of fifty or sixty, and if fortunately one does not, one can always reinvest the assured sum in another policy or in other ways known to science. And it occurs not infrequently that the insured person survives the relatives for whose sake he has insured himself, in which case he may have a longing to handle the money in his own lifetime; he may go so far as to ask of what use the money will be to him in the grave, where bodily needs are so few and luxuries so superfluous.

The above two points are not perhaps the major essentials of the youth's budget, but they are essentials which for years are neglected more frequently than any other essentials, and that is why I have given prominence to them.

As for the individual budget generally, I will merely say that it must be conceived and planned as a whole, as a life's career must be conceived and planned, with a right sense of proportion, and with two eyes upon the main objects of existence. One part must not be starved at the expense of another. Pinching will be unavoidable, but the inadequacy will be unavoidable, but the pinching and the inadequacy must be equally distributed. For example, I would not advise a youth to abandon smoking entirely in order to buy books (unless of course smoking is unpleasant to him); I would advise him to miss a book occasionally in order to buy a cigaret occasionally—while counting his cigarets a hundred times more strictly than his books.

AND now I want to put myself right, beyond the chance of misunderstanding, with those who may think that I am stressing too much the material part of existence, and who may be likely to say that there are far more important matters in life than income and expenditure, and that these matters, being more important, should come first. I agree that the moral, intellectual, artistic, and emotional parts of life have more to do with happiness and right living than the merely material. I agree, for example, that it is more important for a man to act justly and benevolently toward his fellows than for him to manage his budget scientifically, to eat good food, to lie on a comfortable bed, or to be well dressed according to his own station. But I maintain that it is quite possible, and indeed proper, for a man to attend to all sides of his life, and that exactly as the mental equipment must depend primarily on the physical existence, the whole of the finer and more exalted activities must be based upon a sound and methodical activity.

Further, I maintain that to earn one's living skilfully and well, and to spend or save one's money in the same way, satisfies a fundamental natural instinct which can not be satisfied otherwise. All the vague talk which one hears about living on a higher plane and despising the material plane is to my mind dangerously wrong-headed. Nobody can live on the higher plane without living also on the material plane. Nobody can cut himself off from the material plane and avoid it. It were unsupported in a spiritual atmosphere. The thing is against nature and patently absurd.

Take the extreme case of a religious community, which exists for contemplation, prayer, redemption, and everlasting welfare, and the members of which are said to have "cut themselves off from the world." They have not cut themselves off from the world. I say nothing whatever against such communities, which may well be performing a very lofty function in the immensely complex organism of human society. But the members thereof have not cut themselves off from the world, nor from the material system of the world. The clothes they wear, the food they eat, the coal that warms them, the chairs they sit on, the buildings they inhabit, are all an immediate product of the material system. They have been made by human units of the material system.

If the community enjoys an income, as it does, that income is material; it springs from material activities, and it is possessed by the community because somebody who amassed the capital or obtained the land by purely material activities thought fit to make a present of it to the community. If the material system goes wrong, and in so far as it goes wrong, the higher activities of the community will go wrong. And in fact it is well known that the directing heads of such communities are deeply occupied, and must be deeply occupied, by material questions. And they occupy themselves with material questions to the end that the higher activities which they control may smoothly prosper. Instead of being cut off from the material world they are closely engaged within the material world; and they have a reputation, not undeserved, for exceptional ability in the conduct of material affairs. And they are quite right.

MANY other instances might be given of repudiation of the material part of existence which is not in fact repudiation at all. I need not enlarge upon the case of the fashionable lady with a husband making fifty thousand a year out of the commercial system, and with two houses, seven motor-cars, and thirty servants, who gives herself ecstatically and totally to the study of the problems of spiritualism, but I want to mention the case of the young poet-painter, or musician, with a passion for his art, who scorns what he probably calls the "gross materialism" of the world which he adorns. I have met many specimens of this young man.

In the first place he is generally in debt. That is to say, he has entered into commercial contracts—for the occupation of a studio, the purchase of a grand beer, the hire of a piano—which contracts he has broken. In other words, he is dishonest, having got what he could out of the despised materialism and then omitted to pay for it. Or in still other words, he has by false pretenses contrived to cause human units in the commercial system to labor for his well-being while doing nothing himself for them in return. This young man will deliberately and with misrepresentation borrow money from defrauded friends, which money comes directly out of the commercial system.

And tho he may exhibit a certain carelessness about his meals and his bed, he often spends very much upon the quality and quantity of his drinks, and he nearly always depends absolutely upon his cigarets, which cigarets are gross, physical

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

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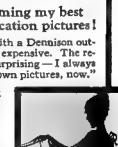

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GETTING A GOOD START

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

cigarets, manufactured and distributed by human units in the commercial system on the clear understanding that the business shall help to keep together the souls and bodies of those human units.

The young man is frequently very idle, because he has never taken the trouble to organize his physical life; and his days being unorganized, irregular, and mainly empty, he develops into a capricious creature with a gradually decreasing control over his lower instincts. And even so, in as far as he continues to exist, he is utterly dependent on the physical mechanisms which he affects to scorn while defrauding them.

The fact that this young man may produce something good, or even a masterpiece, now and then, is beside the point. He will produce whatever he produces in spite, and not because, of his dishonest philosophy of life. He would certainly produce much more and much better if he had had the sense to realize that only gas-bags can idly float in the air—and even they for not more than a limited period!

I WOULD not like to attach an undue importance to the business of "getting on" in a material sense. There are human beings—and they may be very fine human beings—who have the finest of all human beings—who have no worldly ambition and only the least possible interest in the physical side of life, using the word "physical" in a wide significance. They find the satisfaction of their best instincts in the mind and the soul; it is a matter of indifference to them whether they are employers or employed, whether they are counted successful or unsuccessful, whether they clean their own boots or are waited upon by innumerable menials, whether they eat bread or caviar, whether they live in palaces or huts, whether they spend two hundred or twenty thousand a year. Such human beings, do they suffer the inevitable disadvantages of being peculiar, are singularly fortunate, partly because they are singularly independent and partly because the quality of the happiness they strive after and often achieve is purely spiritual or intellectual.

But even these can not safely neglect the physical basis of existence; they can not safely muddle their budgets; and if by carelessness or self-conceit they take more from the physical world than they give, their ideals will be smirched and they will suffer in that which is most precious to them.

AND for the far larger number of us, who wish to succeed in a general way, whether in commerce, the learned professions, the arts or the sciences, the proper organization of the budget, the common, matter-of-fact, worldly budget, should be the first preoccupation. The relations of any individual with the world at large are decided, not by the private canons of the individual, but by the canons of the world at large.

None of us can deal with the world in his own terms. Security must be paid for by the strictest adherence to the principles laid down by the experience of mankind gathered and matured through scores of centuries. If those principles are ignored friction will be the certain result, and the amount of the friction will vary with the extent of the ignoring. Friction, no matter how simple or small its origin, will interfere with and sometimes scotch the highest activities of the brain.

If a youth, endeavoring to live rightly, omits to have his boots mended he may catch a chill on a wet day which will spoil his chances for a crucial examination. How can anybody devote himself wholly to the pursuit of a vast scheme involving his whole career if his mind is to continually be pulled away from the supreme subject by petty anxieties about rent-day, or the bill at the grocer's, or the painful condition of teeth whose warnings have been disregarded? He simply can not. The proposition has only to be stated to carry conviction. The biggest things in life depend on the smallest things. That is why the smallest things, the prosaic and humdrum things, the things that superior spirits are apt impatiently to scorn, need to be handled with the same efficiency as the greatest things.

Next month, in this brilliant series, "Falling in Love"; Bennett at his best.

THE NIGHT-RAIDERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

more miserable. Every one noticed his depression and thought it was because he was going back to school. Aunt Amy was quite touched.

"Never mind, Jeremy dear," she said, "it will soon be over. The weeks will pass and then you will be home with us again. It won't seem so bad when you're there."

He said, "No, Aunt Amy," quite mildly. One of the worst things was deceiving his mother. She had not played so great a part in his life since his going to school, but she was always there, quiet and sensible and kind, helping him about his clothes, soothing him when he was angry, understanding him when he was sad, laughing with him when he was happy, comfortable, and consoling; always like Uncle Samuel, believing in him. He remembered still with the utmost vividness the terror that he had seen in two eyes when she had nearly died just after Barbara's arrival. Because she was always so safely there he did not think much about her, but when a crisis came, when things were difficult at school, she was always the first person who came to his mind.

The evening arrived, and as he went up to bed his teeth positively chattered. It seemed a fine night, but very dark, he thought, as he looked out through the landing window. Hamlet gaily followed him up-stairs. He was never recurring from a terrific fight that he had had, a week or so ago, with a poodle, and one of his ears was still badly torn and he limped a little on one foot. Nevertheless he was in high spirits and gamboled all the way up the stairs, suddenly stopping to bark under the landing window as he always did when he was in high spirits, chasing an imaginary piece of paper and pausing outside Jeremy's bed-room door, panting and heaving, his tongue hanging out and a wicked look of pleasure in his eyes.

HERE indeed was a new problem. Hamlet! What would happen if he suddenly awoke, discovered his master's absence, and began to bark? Or suppose that he awoke when Jeremy was leaving his room and determined to follow him? Jeremy, at these thoughts, felt his spirits sink even lower than they had been before. How could he in this thing escape Uncle Sam? He was like a man doomed. He hated the dean's Ernest at that moment with a passion that had very little of the child in it.

He took off his coat and trousers and climbed into bed. Hamlet jumped up, moved round and round for some moments, scratching and sniffing as he always did until he had found a place to his mind, then with a little contented sigh curled up and went to sleep. Jeremy lay there with beating heart. He heard half past nine strike from St. John's, then ten, then half past. For a little while he slept, then awoke with a start to hear it strike eleven. No sound in the house save Hamlet's regular snores. A new figure leaped in front of him. The policeman! A terrible giant of a man with a great stick and a huge lantern.

"What are you doing here, little boy?" he cried. "Come with me to the police station!" Jeremy shivered beneath the bedclothes. Perspiration beaded his forehead, and his legs gave curious little jerks from the knees downward as tho they had a life of their own.

Half past eleven struck. Jeremy carefully he got out of bed, watching Hamlet out of the corner of his eye, put on his coat, his trousers, and his boots, stole to the door, and paused. Hamlet was still snoring peacefully. He crept out, then remembered that to do this properly one must take off one's boots and carry them in one's hand. Too late now for Jeremy. Down crept he went; at every creak he paused; the house was like a closed box around him. From some room far away came loud, impatient snores. Once he stumbled and nearly fell; he stayed there, hands on the banisters, a dead man waiting for the beating of his heart.

His hand was on the pantry window; he had pushed back the catch, climbed through, and in another moment was in the garden.

IT WAS a very dark night. The garden gate creaked horribly when pressing him of his wicked act; the darkness was so thick that you had to push against it as tho it were a wall.

At first he ran, then the whole world seemed to run after him, trees, houses, and all, so he stopped and walked slowly. The world seemed gigantic; he was not as yet conscious of fear, but only suspicious of the presence of that gigantic policeman taking step with him, inch by inch, flicking his dark lantern, now here, now there, rising like a jack-in-the-box suddenly above the trees and peering down upon him.

Then, when for the moment he left the houses behind him and began to walk up Green Lane toward the Cathedral, his heart failed him. How horrible the trees were! All shapes and sizes; towers of castles, masts of ships, animals, pigs and lions and lions blowing a little in the night breezes, becking and bowing above him, holding out horrible, skinny, gloved fingers toward him, sometimes closing in upon him, then moving fawnlike out again.

In fact he was now completely miserable. With the dreadful finality of childhood he saw himself as condemned for life. By this time Hamlet, having discovered his absence, had barked in the house awake. Already perhaps with lanterns they had started to search for him. The awful moment of discovery would come. Even Uncle Samuel would abandon him; nobody would ever be kind to him again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

"This is One of My New Fall Dresses!"

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This new plan is so simple you start making garments at once, so thorough that to do this properly one must take off one's boots and carry them in one's hand. Too late now for Jeremy. Down crept he went; at every creak he paused; the house was like a closed box around him. From some room far away came loud, impatient snores. Once he stumbled and nearly fell; he stayed there, hands on the banisters, a dead man waiting for the beating of his heart.

His hand was on the pantry window; he had pushed back the catch, climbed through, and in another moment was in the garden.

IT WAS a very dark night. The garden gate creaked horribly when pressing him of his wicked act; the darkness was so thick that you had to push against it as tho it were a wall.

At first he ran, then the whole world seemed to run after him, trees, houses, and all, so he stopped and walked slowly. The world seemed gigantic; he was not as yet conscious of fear, but only suspicious of the presence of that gigantic policeman taking step with him, inch by inch, flicking his dark lantern, now here, now there, rising like a jack-in-the-box suddenly above the trees and peering down upon him.

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THE NIGHT-RAIDERS

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At this point it was all that he could do to keep back the tears. His teeth were chattering, he had a crick in his back, he was very cold, the heel of one boot rubbed his foot. And he was frightened! Bet your life but he was frightened! He hadn't known that it would be like this, so silent and yet so full of sound, so dark and yet so alive with strange, quivering lights, so cold and yet so warm with an odd, pressing heat!

There were no lamps lit in the town below him (all lights out at ten o'clock in the Polchester of thirty years ago), and the Cathedral loomed up before him a heavy, black mass, threatening to fall upon him like the mountain in the Bible. Now the trees were coming to an end—here was a house, and there another. A light in one window, but, for the rest, the houses quite dead, like coffins. He came into Bodger Street, past the funny old-fashioned turnstile that led into Canon's Yard over the cobblestones of that ancient square, through the turnstile at the other end, and into the Precincts. He was there! Shivering and frightened, but there! He had kept his word.

As he crossed the grass a figure moved forward from the shadow of the Cathedral and came to meet him. It was Tommy Winchester. It immensely cheered Jeremy to see him; it also cheered him to see that if he was frightened Tommy was a great deal more so. Tommy's teeth were chattering so that he could scarcely speak, but he managed to say that it was beastly cold and that he had only got his waterproofing out of his bedroom, and that a dog had barked at him all the way along the Precincts, and that he thought he was having a headache; some lie or other! Nevertheless they strained their eyes across the dark, wavering lake of the Precincts, watching for him.

"I'm so cold," Tommy said through his chattering teeth. Then suddenly as the struck by a gun, "I'm going to sneeze!"

And he did sneeze, an awful, shattering, devastating sound with which the Cathedral, and indeed the whole town, seemed to shake. That was an awful moment. The boys stood, holding their breath, waiting for all the black houses to open their doors, and all the townsmen to turn out in their nightshirts with lanterns (just as they do in the "Mesmerizer," also that of course the boys didn't know), crying "Who's that who sneezed? Where did the sneeze come from?"

Nothing happened save that the silence was more awful than before. Then there was a kind of whirring noise above their heads, a moment's pause, and the great Cathedral clock began to strike midnight.

"Now," said Bartlett, "we've got to walk off run round the Cathedral eight times."

He was off, and Tommy and Jeremy after him, Jeremy was a good runner, but this was like no race that he had ever engaged in before. As he ran the notes boomed out above his head and the high shadow of the great building seemed to catch his feet and hold him. He could not see and, as before, when he ran the rest of the world seemed to run with him, so that it always appeared to hear whether any one were moving with him or no.

Then quite suddenly he was alone and frightened as he had never in his life been before; no, not when the horrible sea captain had woken in the middle of the night, not when he thought that God had killed Hamlet, not when he had first been tossed in a blanket by Bartlett's, not when he had first played second half in a real game and had to lie down and let ten boys kick the ball from between him!

His body was turned to water. He could not move. The shadows were so vast round him, the great buttresses, and at his feet, the trees on the slopes below the Cathedral all nodded as tho they knew that terrible things were going to happen to him—and there was no sound anywhere. What he wanted was to creep close to the Cathedral, clutch the stone with and and there. That was what he nearly did, and if he had done it he would have been there, I believe, until the day broke. Then he remembered the dean's Ernest, who had been too frightened to come; he remembered that he had been "dared" to run round the Cathedral twice, and that he had only as yet run all round it once. His stockings were down over his ankles, both his boots now hurt him, he had lost his cap, he summoned all the pluck that there was in his soul and body combined and ran.

When he had finished his first round and was back by the west door again, there was no sign of the other two boys. He paused desperately for breath, then ran on pursued by all the evil spirits of the night, startled again. This time it did not seem so long. He shut his ears to all possible sound, refused to think, and the physical pain of the stitch in his side and his two rubbed heels kept him from grosser fear.

Then the most awful thing happened. A figure, an enormous figure, it seemed to poor Jeremy, rose out of the ground, a figure with flapping wings; a great light was flashed in the air, a strange high voice screamed aloud. The figure moved toward him. That was enough for his courage. As tho death itself were behind him, he took to his heels, tore across the grass, plunged through the stile into Parson's Yard. The little shadow had been like a curve of wind on the grass. High in the air rose the cry,

"A windy night and all clear!" A windy night and all clear!" and the night-watchman, his thoughts upon the toasted cheese that would in a half-hour be his reward, pressed round the corner of the Cathedral.

AND Jeremy ran on! How he ran! He stumbled, nearly fell, recovered himself, felt no pain in his legs or side, only fear, fear, fear! As he ran he was saying,

"I must get back! Oh, I must get back! I must be home! I must get back!" and didn't know he was saying anything at all.

Then suddenly in the middle of Grass Lane he recovered himself and stood. How still and quiet everything was! A few stars were breaking through the clouds. The rustling of the trees now was friendly and reassuring, and there was a soft undertone in the air as tho a thousand streams were running beneath his feet.

He stood, panting, loving to feel the stroke of the little windy fingers on his cheek. What was that that had frightened him? Who could it have been?

But gradually the cessation of interest was shifting. The past was the past. He had done what he had said he would do. Now for the future. He shivered as he came to him in the full forces, then squared his shoulders and marched on. He would meet whatever it might be, and anyway he was going to school the day after to-morrow.

Time moved quickly then. He was soon passing the high school, the world completely dead now on every side of him; then there was his old friend, the monument, then the row of houses in which his own home stood. He closed the garden-gate very carefully behind him, stole up the path, found the ledge stone below the pantry window, then felt for the ledge.

His heart ceased to beat; the catch was fastened. Some one then *had* discovered his absence! The house seemed to be dark and silent enough, but they were lying in wait for him inside!

Well, he was going on with it now. All that he wanted was the quiet and comfort of his room, and to be warm and cozy again in bed. He was suddenly quite horribly tired. He pushed with his fingers between the ledges and found then that the catch was not securely fastened at all. The upper part of the window suddenly jerked upward, moving awkwardly and with a creaking noise that he had not known before. He pulled himself on to the window ledge, then very carefully let himself down on the other side. The first thing that he knew was that his feet touched a chair, and there had been no chair there before, then that his fingers were rubbing against the corner of a table!

He was not in their own pantry, he was not in their own house! He had climbed in through the wrong window! And even as he realized this and moved in an agony of alarm back to the window to climb out again, his arm brushed the table *again*; he pushed something and with the noise of the Niagara Falls a thousand times emphasized, the china of all the pantries of heaven fell clattering to the ground.

AFTER that things happened quickly. A light instantly cleaved the darkness and he saw an open door, a candle held aloft, and the astonished figure holding it. At the same time a deep voice said,

"Stand just where you are! Move another step and I'll fire!"

"Don't fire, please," said Jeremy. "It's only me!"

The figure confronting him was a woman's; it was, in fact, quite easily to be recognized as that of Miss Lisbeth Mackenzie, who had lived next door to the Coles for years and years and years, ever since, in fact, Jeremy could remember, and waged, like Nancy Toward, incessant warfare on boys, butchers, and others, who walked across her lawn, whose only merit had been that she hated Aunt Amy, and told her so. She was an eccentric old woman, eccentric in manners, in habits and appearance, but surely never in her life had she looked so eccentric as she did now. With her white hair piled untidily on her head, her old face of a crow pallid behind her hooked and piercing nose, over her night-dress she had hurriedly gathered her ledquilt, a bed quilt of Joseph's of many and varied colors, and on her feet were white woolen stockings.

In the hand that did not hold the candle she flourished a pistol, that even to Jeremy's unaccustomed and childish eyes was undoubtedly a very old and rusty one.

Miss Mackenzie having expected to behold a hirsute and ferocious burglar, was considerably surprised. She held the candle closer, then exclaimed,

"Why, you're a little Cole from next door!"

"Yes," said Jeremy. "I thought this was our pantry and it was yours. Wait a minute I'm going to sneeze." This he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

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THE NIGHT-RAIDERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

did, and then hurried on breathlessly. "Please let me go now and I'll come in to-morrow and explain everything, and pay for the cups and saucers. But I don't want them to know that I've been out."

"Here. Pick the bits up at once," she said. "Or somebody will be cutting themselves. It's just like that maid having it out on the table. That settles it: She shall leave to-morrow." She put down the candle and pistol on the table, and then watched him while he picked up the pieces. They were not very many.

"And now please may I go?" said Jeremy again. "I didn't mean to come into your house. I didn't really. I'll explain everything to-morrow."

"No, you won't," said Miss Mackenzie grimly. "You'll explain here and now. That's a pretty thing to come breaking into somebody's house after midnight and then thinking you can go out just as easily as you came in. You can sit down," she said as a kind of after-thought, pointing to a chair.

"IT ISN'T anything really," said Jeremy very quickly. "I mean that it isn't anything you need mind. They dared me to run around the Cathedral twice when the clock struck twelve and I did it and ran home and climbed into your house by mistake."

"Who's they?" asked Miss Mackenzie, gathering her quilt more closely about her.

"Bill Bartlett and Ernest Sampson," he said as tho that must tell her everything. "The dean's son, you know, and I don't like him, so when he dares me to anything I must do it, you see."

"I don't see at all," said Miss Mackenzie. "It was a very wicked and silly thing to do. There are plenty of people I don't like, but I don't run around the Cathedral just to please them."

"Oh, I didn't run around it to *please* him!" Jeremy said indignantly. "I don't want to please him, of course. But he said that I wouldn't do it and he would, while as a matter of fact I did and he didn't."

"As a matter of fact," picked up from the drawing-room, was just then a very favorite phrase of his.

"Well, you'll get it hot from your father," said Miss Mackenzie, "when he knows about it."

"Oh, but perhaps he won't know," said Jeremy eagerly. "The house looks all dark and perhaps Hamlet didn't wake up!"

"Hamlet?" repeated Miss Mackenzie.

"Yes, that's my dog."

"Oh, that hateful dog that sometimes looks through the railings into my garden as tho he would like to come in and tear up all my flowers! He'd better try, that's all!"

"He isn't hateful," said Jeremy. "He's a splendid dog. He had a fight a little while ago and was nearly killed, but he didn't care. He just grinned."

"He won't grin if I get hold of him," said Miss Mackenzie. "Now, what are you going to do about it when your father knows you've been out like this?"

"Oh, he mustn't know!" said Jeremy. "You're not going to tell him, are you?"

"Of course I am," said Miss Mackenzie. "I can't have little boys climbing into my house after midnight and then do nothing about it!"

"Oh, please, please!" said Jeremy. "Don't do anything this time. I promise never to do it again! It would be dreadful if father knew. It's so important that the holidays should end well. They began so badly. You won't tell him, will you?"

"Of course I will," said Miss Mackenzie. "First thing in the morning. I shall ask him to whip you and to allow me to be present during the ceremony. There's nothing that I love like seeing little boys whipped—especially naughty little boys."

For a moment Jeremy thought she meant it. Then he caught sight of her twinkling eye.

"No, you won't," he said confidently. "You're just trying to frighten me. But I'm not frightened. I go back to school day after to-morrow, so they can't do much anyway."

"If I let you off," she said, "you've got to promise me something. You've got to promise me that you'll come and read to me twice every day during next holidays!"

"Oh, Lord!"

Jeremy couldn't be quite sure whether she meant it or not. How awful if she did mean it! Still a bargain was a bargain. He looked at her carefully. She seemed very old. She might die before next holidays.

"All right," he said, "I promise. I don't read very well, you know."

"All the better exercise for you," she answered. Her eye mysteriously twinkled.

She let him go then, even assisting him from behind out of the pantry window. He had a look and a smile at her before he dropped on the other side. She looked so queer with her crabbed face and untidy hair under the jumping candle. She nodded to him grimly.

SOON he was at his own window and through it. Not a sound in the house. He crept up the stairs. The same wild snore met him rumbling like the sleeping soul of the house. Everything the same. To him all those terrors and alarms, and they had slept as tho it had been one moment.

He opened his own door. Hamlet's even whining breathing met him. Not much of a watch-dog. Never mind. He was tired he was! *How* tired! He flung off his clothes, stood for a moment to feel the cold air on his naked body, then his nightshirt was over his head.

The bed was lovely, lovely, lovely. Only as he sang down a silver slope into a sea of red and purple leaves, a thought went sliding with him. The dean's Ernest had funked it! The dean's Ernest had funked it! Let us never forget! Let us— Pluck!

STAGING THAT LITTLE PLAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

of the scene, will give a touch of realism to an interior.

Potted ferns, branches of trees, shubbery, vines, and flowers, placed in such a position that footlights are concealed and light shines through the foliage with a subdued glow, make an exterior setting more natural and beautiful. These should be arranged with the spectators in mind. Be sure to view the effect from the back of the theater. A moon can be made from oiled paper and painted the necessary tone of yellow. Place a light back of it so that it will shine through. A little experimenting with a yellow bulb will produce the desired effect.

The essential thing to remember about costumes is that they must harmonize with the spirit of the production. Overemphasis or exaggeration in character-costumes, for instance, which is often indulged in by the amateur, produces effects grotesque and inappropriate; therefore it is well to avoid them. A single example will suffice.

In a small town in one of the Southern States a production was given which included in the cast a farmer's rôle, which played a rather important part in the story. The man who was cast for the part was good. He read his lines well, had an excellent memory, and was apparently most satisfactory in every detail. Unfortunately for the director, the costume the farmer was to wear did not appear in time for the dress rehearsal, and the night of the performance a grotesque figure paraded before the distracted director's eyes, evoking a gale of laughter from the audience. It was clad in a red-flannel shirt, hip-boots, a red-bandanna neckerchief, and wore a bald-headed wig which did not fit. Beneath this wig was the youthful face and the long flowing false black whiskers of the man who was playing the part. He had arrived late and breathless. There had been no time to make him up, or to change the costume which was likely to caricature one of the important rôles in the play. And it did!

In a modern drama the costumes must be up to the minute; if not in fabric at least in design. If you are producing a period play, your costumes must reflect the time that is represented. If the scenes are supposed to take place at night and call for formal wear, see that every one participating is correctly appareled for evening. Costumes need not be expensive or difficult to make. Beautiful effects in classic or esthetic costumes are produced by draping soft materials that can readily be dyed in vegetable shade. Cheese-cloth and silk muslin lend themselves admirably to this purpose. Should the production call for character-costumes or a great variety of things difficult to make, rent them from a reliable costumer rather than run the risk of caricaturing the rôles.

Make-up should not be put on except at the theater, and then only by an adept. It will pay, if the cast is a large one, to secure the services of some one skilled in the art.

Final rehearsals are occasions for great excitement in a cast of amateurs, and by the time the dress rehearsal is reached, weariness of mind and body adds to the general atmosphere of dismal foreboding! Every one is sure the performance will be a failure! No one knows his part and desperation prevails.

Here a director who is cool, confident, critical, and optimistic proves a life-saver! In order to be sure of himself, the cast, the performance, and, above all, its success, the director must attend to numerous details before the opening night.

The stage must be properly set, the entire company made up and fully costumed, dressing-rooms must be assigned, and everything ready for the performance the instant the curtain rises. Thus the director can observe general and particular effects and make any necessary changes before it is too late. The cast must be fully costumed at the final rehearsal so that valuable time will not be lost in making necessary changes the first night.

Final rehearsals generally are poor, since every one is tired, nervous, and pessimistic.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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Ways to end it

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight film. It has proved them by careful tests. Now they are embodied in a new-day tooth paste—called Pepsodent —for daily application.

Dentists here and abroad now advise it. It is now bringing a new dental era to some 40 races of people.

Other new effects

Pepsodent brings three other effects, natural and very important.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits. They may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus every use does five things which dental authorities now regard as essential.

You'll quickly see

A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. That shows the delightful effects. In a week you will realize that this method means much to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

They mean such cleansing, such protection as old ways never brought. Get this 10-Day Tube and see how much they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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What you will see

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Men and women seeing you for the first time are impressed first of all by your face—your complexion. If it is soft, smooth, velvety and of rose-petal texture, they cannot help but admire, for you are attractive, adorable and lovely.

Keep the roses in your cheeks. You can with the aid of Nadine Face Powder, now in the new blue box—for Nadine gives your complexion an adorable loveliness.

Nadine makes your skin soft, smooth and velvety and lends that alluring fragrance of a flower garden. It gives your skin a refreshing coolness. Nadine, too, adheres until washed off, and gives protection from tanning sun and withering winds.

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Nadine Face Powder Compacte, gold finished box,	1.00
Nadine Rouge, gold tin shell box,	.50
Nadine Vanishing Cream, new and pleasing,	.50
Nadine Talcum,	.25
Nadine Soap,	.25
Egyptian Cream,	.50

STAGING THAT LITTLE PLAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

But if the foundation has been well laid, there need be no cause for alarm, for the next night every one will be refreshed and enthusiastic, and the performance will go better than any one now believes possible.

On the night of the performance have a prompter, armed with a complete script of the play, on each side of the stage, and a responsible person in attendance to summon actors from dressing-rooms, and to speed them up in making changes of costume. One inexorable rule, seldom observed, should govern all amateur performances. *Begin the performance on schedule!* Speed it up, allowing only enough time between acts for the necessary changes of scenery and costumes. While the orchestra is playing one selection of ordinary length, enough time should elapse for this.

THE majority of amateur performers are nervous during the early part of the first performance, but as the play proceeds this wears off, and they gain confidence as the audience manifests its approval by applause. The second or third performance is always better than the first, of course. The oftener amateurs appear before an audience the more confidence and poise they gain.

So much work is put into an amateur production that it is well to give as many performances as are practical from the box-office point of view and consistent with the population of the community. Each performance becomes more finished. In small towns the audience is drawn from the whole community, which will go many times to the same performance because of their interest in the cast and the lack of other amusements.

Amateur performances call for vision, determination, patience, and tact on the part of the producers, but they give mental and social stimulus to the communities at large. They revive interest in community affairs and afford financial aid for many worthy projects. They provide a medium whereby unknown dramatic talent is developed.

A liberal and practical education of both children and adults along musical and artistic lines is of great benefit to the various communities. In New York city many schools have "Neighborhood Houses" devoted to promoting interest in amateur performances of various kinds. Everything from dramatic readings from the best plays to musical entertainments takes place in them. In Los Angeles a Drama League acts as a clearing-house of information for all phases of amateur work. In Baltimore, in the Vagabond Theater, plays are acted entirely by amateurs with phenomenal success. The University of Virginia has just built a Greek theater for the promotion of Greek drama and for the education of students in outdoor presentations.

In various cities in the West little theater movements are being organized and several of them have children's theaters. Western America is unusually progressive and enthusiastic. It welcomes the advent of the amateur-production movement and cooperates with it everywhere. Alfred Arvold of the University of North Dakota is one of the progressive spirits of the West, whose work stands out because of its sincerity.

Perhaps the organization which has done most in the East to promote public interest in amateur dramatics, masks, pageants, and song festivals, is Community Service, Inc., in New York city. Besides maintaining a service bureau to advise about plays, Community Service, Inc., sends out specialists in amateur dramatics to different parts of the country to assist in Community Center work. Mabel F. Hobbs, dramatic consultant for its service bureau, dispenses information and enthusiasm with equal graciousness.

An authority upon folk-plays is Professor Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina. He has instituted a great work there and is the moving spirit of the Carolina Players, who have been pioneers in the writing and acting of folk-plays in the South.

Dr Drummond of Cornell University has done a great deal that will be of lasting value to the amateur stage in organizing his "Country Fair," which is given once a year and includes in its program many unusual and excellent things. Professor George F. Baker, who created the famous "Workshop" of Harvard, is another man who has done colossal and original things for amateur dramatics. With these and many other splendid and loyal sponsors, the field of amateur productions is becoming more comprehensive each year.

Come to the Exposition

PICTORIAL REVIEW cordially invites its readers to visit its special exhibit at the new and novel exposition to be held in New York in September, 1922—the Woman's Activities Exhibit, from the 18th to the 23rd.

The progress of women in the business, professional, and industrial world is the object of this newly inaugurated exposition of woman's advancement, conducted under the auspices of the New York League of Business and Professional Women. Our friends will find Pictorial Review's booth not only hospitable but interesting

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

WHAT CLOTHES DO I NEED FOR COLLEGE?

BY CECILE VAN STEENBERG AND CLARA M. BROWN

THIS is the question that thousands of girls all over the country are asking as the time for the opening of college approaches. To settle this puzzling matter a questionnaire was sent to seven colleges in widely separated localities, asking students to make a list of the minimum number of articles of clothing with which they could get along comfortably. Over one hundred and fifty girls gave their opinions, and the wardrobe listed below is based upon their answers.

The cost of the college wardrobe will be affected by several factors: the girl's personal standards of quality and style; the social demands of the college which she will attend; whether the garments are purchased ready-made or made at home; and the locality in which she does her shopping. For that reason it has seemed that a list of the required articles would be more valuable to the girl who is planning her college wardrobe than a statement of costs would be.

Outer Wraps
- 1 Winter coat
- 1 Spring coat
- 1 light-weight suit
- 1 sweater coat or slip-over sweater

Dresses
- 2 wool dresses
- 3 cotton dresses
- 2 silk dresses (one for afternoon and one for evening wear)

Shirts and Waists
- 1 wool skirt
- 1 cotton skirt
- 1 silk waist
- 2 cotton waists
- 2 cotton or wool middies

Hats
- 1 Winter hat
- 1 Spring hat
- 1 tam or sport hat

Underwear
- 4 to 6 cotton vests or knit union suits
- 6 cotton chemises
- 4 cotton bloomers
- 4 cotton brassières
- 4 cotton or silk camisoles
- 2 cotton petticoats
- 1 silk petticoat or bloomers
- 4 cotton nightgowns or pajamas
- 1 cotton kimono or bath-robe
- 1 corset or athletic girdle

Shoes
- 2 pairs Oxfords—leather, or leather and canvas
- 1 or 2 pairs pumps
- 1 pair bedroom slippers
- 1 pair rubbers
- 1 pair gymnasium shoes

Hosiery
- 3 pairs cotton hose
- 4 pairs silk hose

Miscellaneous
- 1 pair leather gloves
- 1 pair silk gloves
- 2 dozen linen handkerchiefs
- 1 scarf—wool or silk
- 1 cotton umbrella
- 1 gymnasium suit
- 1 swimming-suit (If swimming is one of the required sports)

Girls were also asked to state what additional articles seemed to them most desirable in case they could spend more than the minimum amount. The following suggestions were most frequently made:

More evening clothes
A hiking outfit, including shoes or boots
A sport suit
Extra dresses, hats, sweaters, and shoes
Better materials
Silk underwear
Furs
†Rain-coat
‡Wool hose, wool gloves, galoshes

THE following table, based on the information received, will serve as a guide for the distribution of the sum to be spent on the entire wardrobe.

Outergarments . .	57 per cent.
Undergarments . .	11 per cent.
Millinery	8 per cent.
Footwear	15 per cent.
Other articles . . .	9 per cent.
Total . . .	100 per cent.

When planning the clothing budget one must not forget to take into account the fact that there will be a considerable expenditure for "up-keep."

† Girls in Southern colleges seemed to feel that a rain-coat was an indispensable part of their wardrobes.

‡ Girls in Northern colleges expressed the same opinions about wool hose and gloves and galoshes.

PINEAPPLE POINTERS

BY HESTER CONKLIN AND PAULINE PARTRIDGE

TO-DAY all the modern world recognizes the necessity for the healthful minerals and vitamins which fruit adds to the diet. But sometimes knowledge stops just here, and it is difficult for the housewife to introduce the correct balance of fruit to the menu without tiresome repetition.

At this point in steps pineapple. Not only the well-known sliced pineapple, but the newer article which is shredded or crushed. These two distinctly different products each have their separate place in the menu, and the place of the crushed fruit is particularly in dishes where formerly the housekeeper has been accustomed to cut up the sliced fruit or put it through the food-chopper. As the shredded pineapple is cheaper there is a distinct saving in its use, both in time and in money.

Pineapple Breakfast Cakes

MIX and sift 1 cupful flour, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful sugar, and 1 teaspoonful baking-powder. Add 1 cupful crushed pineapple, ½ cupful water, 2 well-beaten egg yolks, and 1 tablespoonful melted butter, stirring constantly until thoroughly mixed. Fold in the 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and bake on a hot greased griddle, turning so that they are brown on both sides. Serve immediately with powdered sugar.

St. Francis Salad

DISCARD the outside leaves of 2 heads of lettuce, wash them, and drain thoroughly. Cut each into thirds through the center of the heads. Arrange in a salad-bowl. Mix 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar, 1 tablespoonful powdered sugar, ½ teaspoonful salt, and ¼ teaspoonful paprika, and stir until the sugar dissolves. Add 4 tablespoonfuls salad-oil and ½ cupful crushed pineapple, and beat until thoroughly mixed. Chill and pour over the salad just before serving. Garnish with strips of pimiento.

Luncheon Toast

TOAST 6 slices of bread on one side and put in a warm place while preparing the pineapple. Melt 2 tablespoonfuls butter, add 2 tablespoonfuls flour, and when well mixed add 2 cupfuls crushed pineapple and ¼ cupful water, and stir constantly until the boiling-point is reached. Add 2 tablespoonfuls sugar and pour over the toast, which has been arranged, toasted side up, on a hot platter. Sprinkle with ¾ cupful grated cheese and serve at once.

THE following tea suggestions will make it thankful the hostess eager for new ideas for her social service, for they are quickly prepared, delicious, and different enough to arouse the interest of the most sophisticated guest.

Tea Tarts

LINE small muffin-pans with pastry. Beat 1 egg, add ½ cupful sugar, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 cupful crushed pineapple, ¼ cupful fine crums, 2 tablespoonfuls coconut, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped walnuts, and 1 tablespoonful melted butter. Pour into the pastry-lined muffin-pans and put into a hot oven. After ten minutes of baking reduce the heat, and bake until centers are firm. Serve warm.

Tea-hour Toast

TOAST 8 slices of bread on one side. Melt 2 tablespoonfuls butter in a frying-pan, add ¼ cupful brown sugar and ½ teaspoonful ground cinnamon, which have been mixed, and stir until smooth. Add 1 cupful crushed pineapple, and spread on untoasted side of bread. Place on broiler close to gas-flame just long enough for the mixture to fill with bubbles and serve at once with hot tea.

FOR dinner pineapple desserts are always welcome, as pineapple is considered to be an efficient aid to the digestion of a hearty meal. These are served either hot or cold.

Pineapple Caramel Custard

PUT ¼ cupful sugar in a frying-pan and stir constantly over a low fire until a golden-brown syrup forms. Pour into the bottom of a greased mold. Beat 3 eggs, add ¼ cupful sugar, ½ teaspoonful salt, 2 cupfuls milk, 1 cupful well-drained crushed pineapple, and ½ teaspoonful of flavoring. Pour into the mold and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until the center is firm. Turn out onto serving-dish and serve hot or cold.

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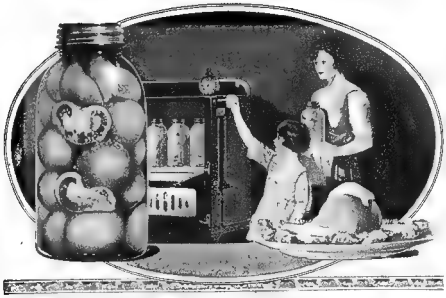

Home-canned Tomatoes firm enough *for* Salads

HOME-CANNED Tomatoes, firm enough for salads—how interesting! Usually, canned tomatoes are nothing more than a pulpy mess, with none of the firmness, and little of the color and flavor of the fresh vegetable.

The picture of the big jar, made from an actual photograph, will give you an idea of the appearance of Lorain-canned tomatoes. But, neither pictures nor words can possibly describe the fresh-tasting deliciousness of fruits and vegetables canned at home by this new method, which is so simple that a child can understand it.

Thousands upon thousands of happy housewives who own Lorain-equipped gas ranges now do all their canning in the oven, and do it quicker, easier, cheaper, and with far better results.

One easy turn of the Lorain red wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

If you owned a gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator this is the way you'd can tomatoes: First you'd scald them to loosen skins: Then you'd dip them quickly into cold water; and peel. Next, you'd pack them whole in sterilized jars, or, if too large, you'd halve or quarter them.

No water is used. A teaspoonful of salt is put into every quart jar, half that amount in every pint jar. Then the scalded rubber is placed on the filled jar, and the cover loosely adjusted.

The filled jars are then put into the lighted oven, the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator set at 250 degrees, and the door closed. Quart jars are left in the oven one hour, pint jars forty minutes. After putting the jars in the oven you'd set the alarm clock. Then you'd go out of the kitchen. When the clock signalled you'd return, remove jars from oven, tighten the lids, and your canning would be done.

Any fruit or vegetable canned by the Lorain Oven Method will keep indefinitely, and have a firmness, color and flavor that you expect to find only in things that come fresh from the garden.

Wherever gas is used you'll find dealers who'll gladly demonstrate the marvelous cooking-achievements of a Lorain-equipped gas range—oven canning, unattended whole-meal cooking, and baking that never fails.

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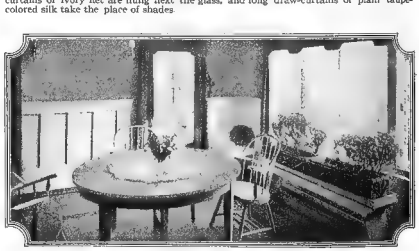
1922

DISTINCTIVE DINING-ROOMS

SELECTED AND DESCRIBED BY COLLIER STEVENSON

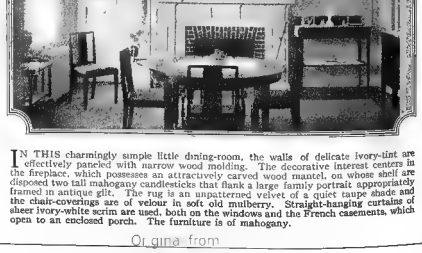
A CHINESE rug in golden-yellow, blue, and old pink is the basis of the interesting color-scheme of this dining-room. A fabric carrying narrow alternate stripes of blue and yellow is used for the chair-covering; and, rather daringly, still another striped fabric is employed for the door-hangings. In this material all the hues of the rug appear Against the glass of windows and French casements, gathered curtains of square-meshed ivory net are hung with good effect. The furniture of antique mahogany has a happy background in the simply-paneled walls which are painted a soft ivory.

THE paneled walls of this dining-room are painted a mellow ivory-white to match the enameled woodwork. A large Oriental rug is used for the floor-covering and its blending of old blues, yellows, and pinks is repeated in the hangings of English chints. The chints, which is fringe-bordered, also carries in its color-scheme subtle touches of gray, taupe, and sulfur—and the taupe note of the hangings is sounded again in the velour chair-upholstery. In addition to the inner hangings of the chints, sheer curtains of ivory net are hung next the glass, and long draw-curtains of plain taupe-colored silk take the place of shades



AROUND the lower walls of this sunny dining-room, a high, paneled wainscot of white-enameled wood extends. Above the wainscot, the walls are hung with a fabric-effect paper of warm light-gray hue and the ceiling is tinted ivory-white.

The rug carries a small, all-over pattern in dull-blue and gray, with a narrow border in which black appears. The treatment of the windows is particularly attractive. Next the leaded glass hang dainty ruffled curtains of dotted Swiss muslin, and, over them, straight old-blue curtains fall from beneath shaped lambrequins. The quaint furniture is finished in ivory-white enamel, the simplest of Windsor chairs being used.



IN THIS charmingly simple little dining-room, the walls of delicate ivory-tint are effectively paneled with narrow wood molding. The decorative interest centers in the fireplace, which possesses an attractively carved wood mantel, on whose shelf are disposed two tall mahogany candlesticks that flank a large family portrait appropriately framed in antique gilt. The rug is an unpatterned velvet of a quiet taupe shade and the chair-coverings are of velour in soft old mulberry. Straight-hanging curtains of sheer ivory-white scrim are used, both on the windows and the French casements which open to an enclosed porch. The furniture is of mahogany.

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QUICK COOKING BY STEAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

Combination Four

FRICASSEED CHICKEN WITH RICE ONIONS

WASH the rice well. Drain. Put in a cooker inset and soak for three hours, using twice as much water as rice. Add ½ teaspoonful of salt for each cupful of rice used. Dress, clean, and cut up the chicken. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour, and sauté in oil or margarin in the bottom of the cooker until a golden brown. Add ½ cupful of water; place the rack over the chicken. Put onions, which have been peeled, in the cooker inset, salt; select onions a little smaller than medium size, or cut in two if large. Place rice and onions in the cooker with the chicken and cook for 12 minutes under 15 pounds pressure. Remove food from cooker and make sauce for chicken, as desired, using stock in the bottom of the cooker. Butter onions and serve.

Fowl requires about 25 minutes at 15 pounds pressure.

Combination Five

HAM IN MILK SCALLOPED POTATOES
GREEN STRING-BEANS

SAUTÉ a slice of ham, about ½ inch thick, in the bottom of the cooker. Put in inset pan and add enough hot scalded milk to cover. Prepare scalloped potatoes according to the usual method, adding just enough milk to cover the potatoes. Put whole string-beans in another inset; salt. Put all the food in the cooker and cook for 20 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. If desired, the potatoes may be browned in a hot oven after removing from cooker. If the beans are very young and tender and cut in pieces, do not put in cooker until the last ten minutes.

Combination Six

SWISS STEAK FRESH LIMA BEANS POTATOES
APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING

SPRINKLE a piece of steak, about an inch thick, cut from the bottom of the round, with salt and pepper and dredge with flour, using the edge of a plate to pound the flour into the meat. Try out beef fat enough so that there are at least 2 tablespoonfuls of fat in the bottom of the cooker. Brown the steak and add 1 cupful of boiling water. Lay whole peeled potatoes over the steak, salt, and place the rack on top. Put the shelled Lima beans in one of the insets. Salt. Use your own recipe for the pudding, but do all cooking in the cooker. Put it in one of the inset pans. Place the beans and the pudding in the cooker with the meat and cook 15 minutes at 15 pounds pressure.

Combination Seven

VEAL ROAST NEW BUTTERED BEETS
BROWNED POTATOES

BROWN a roast of veal in the bottom of the pressure-cooker, and cook for 30 minutes at 15 pounds pressure without water. Let out the steam slowly. Open the cooker and pour off the greater part of the juice. Reserve this for gravy. Put whole potatoes, which have been pared and seasoned, around the meat. Baste with the juice. Lay the rack over the meat and potatoes and put the beets in one of the inset pans. Put in cooker. Cook at fifteen pounds pressure for ten minutes. Remove food from the cooker; make the gravy in the bottom of the cooker, using the juice which has been previously taken off. Peel beets and season. If the beets are large put them in the cooker with meat at first and take out when the cooker is first opened.

Note—A 5-pound roast of veal requires approximately 40 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. A leg of lamb of the same weight requires the same length of time, and may be cooked according to the method given above.

If it is desired to have the roast browner or crisper, put in a hot oven for about 5 minutes.

Combination Eight

STEAMED SALMON WITH EGG SAUCE
POTATOES
STUFFED TOMATOES
OR STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

WIPE a slice of salmon, about 1 inch thick, and season with salt and pepper. Place in one of the inset pans. Put in cooker on top of the rack; salt has been placed in the bottom of the cooker.

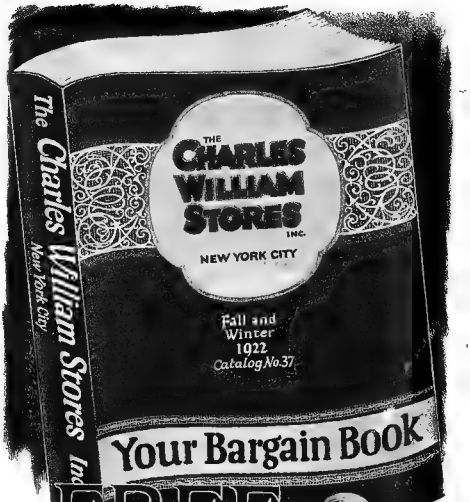
Prepare stuffed tomatoes or peppers as for baking, and sprinkle sauté crums over the top. Put the potatoes, which have been peeled, in another inset. Season. Put all food in the cooker and cook for 10 minutes at 15 pounds pressure.

Prepare the egg sauce on top of the stove. Serve the potatoes either mashed, or buttered and sprinkled with parsley.

Boston "Baked Beans"

SOAK 1 quart of pea or navy-beans overnight in cold water, drain, and cook the beans for 5 minutes at 15 pounds pressure.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70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QUICK COOKING BY STEAM

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Use twice as much hot water as beans. Open the cooker, then add a teaspoonful of soda, stirring it through the beans. When the bubbling has ceased drain the beans and rinse in cold water. Drain.

Scald the rind of ½ pound of salt pork, scrape, cut in slices, sauté in the bottom of the cooker, then add the beans and one whole onion. Mix 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses, 2 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful of mustard, and 1 cupful of boiling water. Stir until the ingredients are thoroughly dissolved, and pour the mixture over the beans, then add enough boiling water to cover the beans at least 1 inch. Cook for 30 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. Let the steam out of the cooker very slowly, thereby keeping the beans from getting mushy. Turn the beans into a bean-pot or baking-dish, putting some of the salt pork on the top. Set the uncovered dish in a moderate oven and bake until the pork and beans are brown on top and the beans have the desired moisture.

Roast Fowl

CLEAN a fowl, stuff and truss, and rub with oil which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Sprinkle over a film of flour. Heat the pressure-cooker, put in 2 tablespoonfuls of oil, and sauté the fowl in the cooker until a light brown, turning often to prevent browning unevenly. Lay the fowl on its breast and do not add any water, but merely clamp the lid on quickly to prevent the escape of steam. Cook for 40 minutes at 15 pounds pressure, or open the cooker after 30 minutes, lay the rack over the chicken, and add potatoes and another short-time vegetable, in insets. The dry, raw, salted potatoes might be placed around the chicken and the space above used for two short-time vegetables or a short-time vegetable and a dessert. A roasting chicken requires 25 minutes at 15 pounds pressure.

Baked Ham

SOAK the ham for several hours or overnight in enough cold water to cover. Scrape, wash, and put in pressure-cooker with 2 quarts of boiling water. Cook for 1¼ hour at 15 pounds pressure. Remove the cooker from the fire, and without opening the pet-cock allow the pressure to come back to zero. Allow the ham to cool in the liquor. Then remove from the cooker, skin, rub with brown sugar, and dot with cloves and sprinkle with paprika. If available, pour over a cupful of syrup from pickled peaches. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour.

Another Method of Preparing Ham

IF SALTY, soak in cold water to cover. Remove from water and put in pressure-cooker, half cover with water, and parboil 20 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. Drain. Remove the skin and rub with brown sugar and dot with cloves. Put in cooker without water and cook for 60 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. Remove from the cooker and baste with the juice in the bottom of the cooker. Brown in a hot oven.

THE GREERS

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seemed on very good terms. He had darkred curly hair; his features, without being insignificant, were small and fine, so that he'd have made an unusually pretty girl, tho his build was sturdy enough. He walked with a well-marked limp.

Joe heard him call her Trixie, and took his first opportunity to ask, not of the girl herself, who he was. His informant was Mrs. Hugh Corbett.

"He's Lanaing Ware," she told him, but stopped at that, short of giving him any further details.

Joe asked if he'd been wounded in the War, and noted a momentary hesitation about her reply.

"He was in the air service," she said. "He got that stiff ankle in an accident at his training-camp. I don't know—I don't know exactly what it was." She added at once, "I'll always be grateful to his sister, Muriel. She gave me a chance to be a bridesmaid at Anne Corbett's wedding by getting a sty just before the day of the ceremony."

JOE asked no more questions about his daughter's cavalier. The boy was placed, implicitly, as one of the "nice" people he wanted her to know, and that "Trixie," along with his rather intimate way with her, was, as far as he could see, merely part and parcel of the manners current here.

Driving home with her that afternoon, after a few miles of thoughtful silence, he told her she needn't, unless she liked, go to Cape Cod with Margaret -oh, perhaps for a week or two later. Joe was vaguely aware that it had been in the course of his one talk with Violet that he'd changed his plans for his daughter's Summer. Yet he'd hardly have said that Violet was respon-

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

sible for the change, let alone that she'd suggested it.

The visit had not produced quite the sort of step in his acquaintance with Violet that he'd looked forward to. She hadn't carried him off for a walk, nor withdrawn with him to the shade of that grove of oaks to look down upon the show she'd once promised him. She'd been, decidedly, one of the performers in it all the while. Her duties as hostess had been made heavier, too, by the presence, among the guests, of three or four opera-singers just arrived for the Ravinia season, one of them especially—a Frenchman named Fournier who spoke no English and needed careful management to keep him from getting stranded. But Joe hadn't felt slighted. Even her uncommon had suggested a certain friendliness, and, on the terrace after lunch, she'd openly made an opportunity for a talk with him.

HIS first sight of her that morning had affected him powerfully, too, renewing the bewildered incredulity, the discoverer's excitement, and the strong sensuous attraction that he'd felt the first morning she appeared at the traps. She was in the pool when he and Beatrice arrived, among the earliest of the day's visitors, and it was literally true that, for a moment, after she'd climbed the ladder at the deep end and come to greet them, he didn't know her. The tight blue-rubber bathing-cap which confined her hair, and the clinging wet sheen of the swimming-suit, no more ample than one her daughter would have worn, triumphantly challenged youth itself. She'd smiled at his stare, and laughed at his explanation of it. Dorothy, who had escorted them down from the house, said, dispassionately, to Beatrice, "You see how hopeless it is. Now do you wonder I don't call her mother?" Joe did not, at all events. She seemed, standing there—erect, unsmiling, a little detached, the elder of the two.

His vision of Violet—revealed, Dianalike, finer and whiter and silkier than his imagination would have dared pretend, persisted. It was not far in the background of his thoughts while they talked on the terrace. Yet this sensuous appeal was not the only, nor, perhaps, the strongest, she'd made to him. He'd enjoyed the friendly good humor of her ready laugh; her sallies of what might pass, unscrutinized, for wit; her light-handed way of redisposing people when the old groupings were growing a little stale— She took it easier than Margaret, and therefore did it better.

He was pleasantly stirred by her relation with her daughter—that one theme of which sometimes presented of a complete reversal of rôles. The pair understood each other, down to the ground, and were, no doubt, deeply fond of each other, tho they never expressed the fact in any of the orthodox ways. He wondered how it would seem to have Beatrice calling him Joe, but decided he wouldn't like it. There were scores of girls who'd done that, at one time or another, but she was the only one who called him dad. But, as between Violet and Dorothy, where none of these echoes intruded, it bespoke a charming confidence which couldn't have been built up in the absence of a sympathetic understanding on the part of the mother.

Violet had given him, too, one evidence of friendly concern that touched him. She'd remembered the wish he'd expressed to meet Hugh Corbett, and had made, it seemed, a special effort to secure Hugh and his wife to-day for the purpose of bringing this meeting about. (Joe had had a wonderful talk with Hugh, having found in him one whose imagination could do justice to cellulose fiber—one to whom it mightn't just as well have been putty or prunes.)

THE sum of all this was that, when Violet told him to pull that chair a little farther around the corner into a position more easily overlooked, and then sat down in it with the expressed hope that they might have a few minutes to themselves, his jungle wariness was in abeyance. She spoke at once about Beatrice, in terms, of course, of praise. Everything, she called her, and a dear. Delightful to look at, too, clothes and all, and with a freshness about her most engaging. To the father's charmed ear there was nothing suggestive of the cannibal princess in any of this. He let himself begin to talk, more freely than he'd ever supposed he could talk with a woman who attracted him as this one did, about the girl, his hopes for her, the problems she presented. And in this connection he told her how Margaret figured in the design, and about the contemplated Summer on Cape Cod.

All he perceived, at first, was that Violet saw some aspect of this plan that hadn't occurred to him—and that she was quietly finding a source of amusement in it. Yet it wasn't as if she were laughing at him. There was a gleam of mischief about her almost unrecognized smile which hinted that she'd like to share the joke with him, if she dared.

He didn't ask her to tell him what the joke was. His returning wariness warned him, indeed, not to let her guess he saw she had one. What he did ask her was whether she didn't think an association like that was just what the girl needed.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," Violet assented, dubiously, "only I'm not sure it isn't a little—austere. The place they're

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

going is awfully quiet; Rose and Rodney never go there except when they want to get away from absolutely everybody. The only people there are some professors and a writer or two. And, of course, a complete rest is what Margaret is supposed to need. So, if the girl's been having—well, rather a thin time, this might strike her as not very jolly— She's adoring it here to-day; any one could see that."

She went on, with an earnestness he couldn't account for, to sing Margaret's praises, as if she feared that what she'd just said might have done her cousin a disservice, thrown out of gear some plan of hers. "We've always thought she was a perfect wonder, John and I. The way she waited hand and foot on her mother all those years—fifteen anyhow, after Uncle Chauncey died; and managed, and kept afloat—even kept her looks—through it all. It takes a real person to do that; I couldn't have, I know. I'd have looked a hag, if I'd been through half Margaret has. And *she* couldn't have stood much more of it. She must have been just about desperate—never showing a thing, of course; she never does—when you came along with that invention of yours, and made a real job for Henry."

Joe remarked, with a grin, that he hadn't done anything for Henry, except by being the sort of person John Williamson had thought it necessary to appoint somebody to watch.

She colored a little at this, he thought, but went on without contradicting it. "Well, anyhow, I don't want to interfere with any plan of Margaret's. If she wants —Beatrice, to brighten things a bit and—well, be a sort of mother to, I hope you'll let her have her. And, of course," she concluded, getting up to receive the farewell of an approaching guest, "if you could manage to run down there for a while, that would be great—for everybody."

"I'd thought of sending Henry," he began, but it wasn't until then that he saw the recurrent gleam of that enigmatic smile of hers upon her lips. He no longer sought to interpret it; dismissed, indeed, the interpretation that suggested itself as damn nonsense. But there came a faint reflection of the same smile in his face, and it recurred when he told Beatrice she needn't count on Margaret and Cape Cod for this Summer unless she liked. "Wanted to be a sort of mother to her," eh? Violet might be mistaken as to her cousin's plan, but she had given him, he'd come by then to believe, a useful tip.

THE change of the plan for Trixie's Summer amazed Joe and thoroughly alarmed him by bringing about their first quarrel. She'd struck him as being oddly noncommittal, even ungracious, about it, on the way home from Lake Forest, and, at one point in his explanation of the change—it was substantially a restatement of Violet's objections, the sole source of them was not acknowledged—she'd uttered a short laugh and had refused to tell him why. But he was in no mood for flat-finding with her, and, dropping the subject, wooed her back into an affectionate humor with him by telling her stories and taking her for a long ride. They swung out west to the Fox River valley, and, by avoiding the crowded thoroughfares, as his minute knowledge of the roads enabled him to do, they had a delightful cruise. For the last hour she lay contentedly against his shoulder, so soft and still that he believed her to be asleep; while he, incredulous of the happiness this long-delayed experience in fatherhood had brought him, could have thought he was dreaming, too.

Two or three evenings later, without misgiving, he brought up the matter of Margaret again, this time as a question comfortably disposed of. He was glad, indeed, of something sensible to discuss with her that night, for a trifling incident upon his return from the office, just before dinner, had been rankling absurdly in his mind ever since.

Anson, on letting him in and being asked where she was, had expressed the correctly servile "belief" that she was at the telephone. A minute later Joe had met her coming down the hall, kissed her with his accustomed hug, and then, merely by way of saying something, asked her whom she'd been telephoning to. She'd answered, instantly, "I wasn't telephoning"; adding, a moment later, "Oh, it was just a wrong number."

The thing had been buzzing in his brain ever since like a plaguy mosquito. The servants in that somewhat understaffed establishment were supposed to answer the phone, and Beatrice, lazy and disposed to lounge when there was no particular call upon her energy, didn't make a practise of snatching their duties away from them; she was distinctly unwilling, as a child, in the unaccustomed luxury of having things done for her. Then the form of Anson's reply suggested a real conversation. And had there been about the look of the girl, when her eye first fell upon him, a somewhat flurried air? No, damn it, there had not! That was a mere imagining, prompted by jealousy that went along with a strong newborn love like his. But why hadn't she said it was a wrong number in the first place rather than at the end of a palpable hesitation? There must be a dozen ways of ex-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Women Who Shave

or who use harmful depilatories can destroy the heaviest growth by devitalizing the roots absolutely without harm, by using ZIP.

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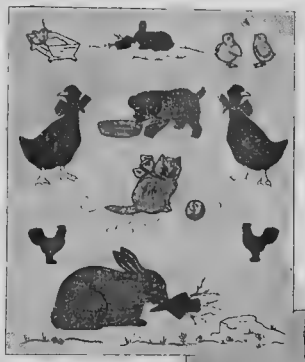
Extracts from Fashion's Collection of Needlework Designs

To Adorn Kiddies' Clothes As Well As Grown-Ups

THE all-important decorative finish given to a garment now-a-days may be the simplest cross-stitch design, fantastic and sometimes crude representations of flowers and animals in bold appliqué, or intricate beadwork and embroidery of extreme delicacy. No matter which type is employed, the general idea remains the same—harmony of color and effectiveness of design. For the approaching season, embroideries will once more play a leading part with a great deal of allover scroll effects in metal threads being used.



No. 12682 Motifs for Appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12682, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), furnishes 2 of each of the motifs illustrated with extra patch pieces for the appliqué. Blanket, simple outline, or chain stitches may be used. Chambray and linen are favored materials.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12730, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), provides 3 yards of a 3-inch border and four motifs 5½ inches square. These are especially suited to sports costumes and should be worked in bright peasant colors. Purple, red, yellow and green are favorites.

No. 12681—For Beading or Embroidery

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12681, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), contains 2 each of the 2 motifs shown with a reverse of both. This is a popular design for beading.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12734, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), supplies 5 animal motifs for appliqué, some with extra transfers and reverses. Suitable for trimming children's clothes.

No. 12736—One of the New Peasant Designs Applicable to Sports Costumes, Sweaters, etc., Embroidered in Colors

No. 12734 Appliqué Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12671, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes 4 each of the 17 motifs shown with a cutting guide for the appliqué pieces.

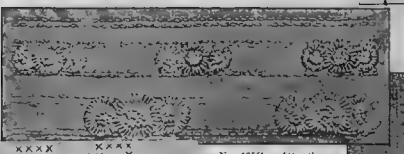
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12561, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), provides 2 yards each of 2-inch and 1-inch borders as well as the plain border made of dashes.

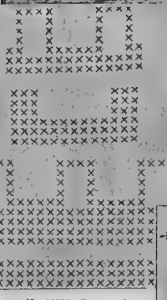
No. 12671—Motifs for Fascinating Appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12599, blue or yellow, 40 cents (English Price 2/–), furnishes 3 yards of an 8-inch beading or embroidery border.

No. 12672—Flowers and Fruit Are Quaint Subjects for Appliqué

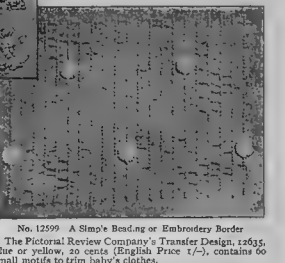
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12672, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), contains 3 each of 15 different appliqué motifs with a guide for cutting out the pieces.





No. 12561 — Attractive Border Design for Costume Decoration

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12435, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes 2 yards of a 5-inch border, 4 yards of 1½-inch border, 2 motifs 4 by 7¾, and 2 corners 3¾ by 7¾ inches. Pearl cotton No. 3, floss, or 6-strand cotton may be used for this effective cross-stitch design.



No. 12599 A Simple Beading or Embroidery Border

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12635, blue or yellow, 20 cents (English Price 1/–), contains 60 small motifs to trim baby's clothes.

No. 12645—Conventional Embroidery Design and Border

No. 12735 Cross-stitch Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12645, blue or yellow, 40 cents (English Price 2/–), provides 6 yards of 2¼-inch border and 3 motifs 8¾ by 8¾ inches, worked in darning, raised, and flat satin stitch combined with French knots or with beads. A conventional design like this is always effective.

No. 12635—Baby's Clothes May Be Trimmed with These Wee Sprays

by Google

Easily Made Baby Things with Dainty Bits of Embroidery

A Tufted Carriage-Cover Is the Center of Attraction

No. 12732—Design for Bootees

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12732, blue, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), contains borders and motifs for infant's wear.

No. 12635—For a Pair of Baby's Bootees

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12635, blue or yellow, 20 cents (English Price 1/-), provides 60 small motifs suitable for a layette and makes a dainty finishing touch for the bootees shown above.

No. 12730—Adds a Pretty Touch to a Cap

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12730, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6).

No. 12643—Cap Design

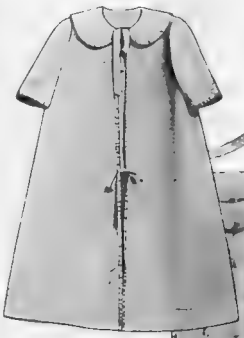
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12643, blue, 20 cents (English Price 1/-).

No. 12636—For Baby's Cap

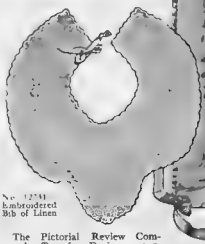
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12636, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), provides designs for baby's cap and dress to match. The shape of cap is included.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12732, blue, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), contains borders and motifs suitable for infant's clothes. One is used to elaborate the tiny kimono at the left, 8402, 30 cents (English Price 1/6). One size. It is made of the softest cream-colored cashmere and has its edges bound with narrow satin ribbon. The embroidery may be carried out in white mercerized cotton or a color to match the binding may be used.

The petals and leaves are worked in raised satin stitch, the stems in outline and an eyelet or French knot for the center.

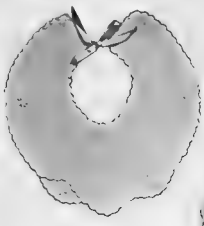


No. 12732—Makes a Pretty Finishing Touch for this Kimono 8402



No. 12731 Embroidered Bib of Linen

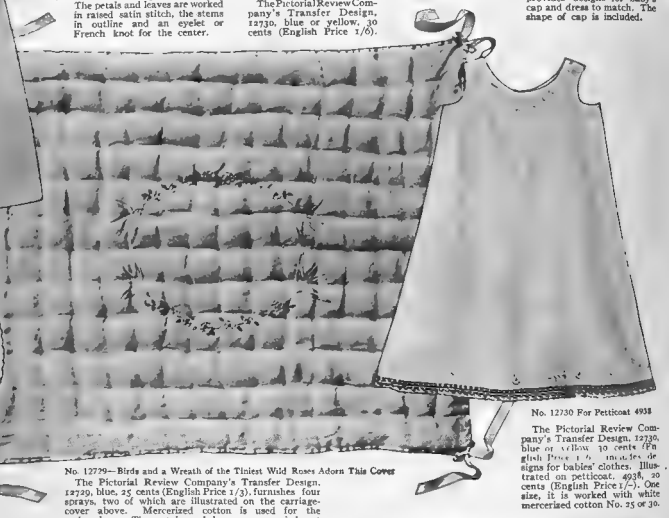
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12731, blue, 20 cents (English Price 1/-), gives outline and design for two bibs, one shown above, the other below.



No. 12731 Is an Attractive Bib Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12733, blue, 30 cents (English Price 1/6). A collar and cuff set is furnished, also an extra small collar. The scallops are padded and worked in buttonhole stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12730, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), provides 1½ yard each of two borders and other designs appropriate for babies' clothes. This dainty design is illustrated at the right on dress 8458, 20 cents (English Price 1/-). One size.



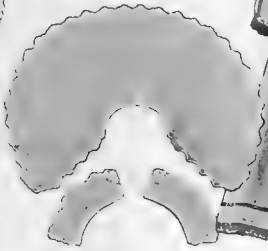
No. 12730 For Petticoat 4938

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12730, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), includes designs for babies' clothes. Illustrated on petticoat, 4938, 20 cents (English Price 1/-). One size, it is worked with white mercerized cotton No. 25 or 30.

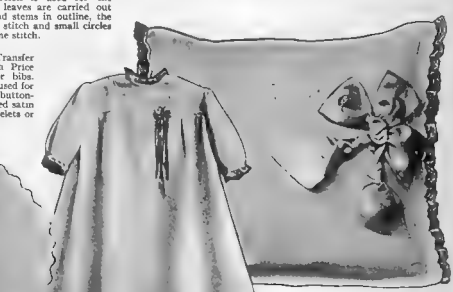
No. 12779—Birds and a Wreath of the Tiniest Wild Roses Adorn This Cover

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12729, blue, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), furnishes four sprays, two of which are illustrated on the carriage-cover above. Mercerized cotton is used for the embroidery. The petals and leaves are carried out in raised satin stitch, veins and stems in outline, the center in raised satin or eyelet stitch and small circles in French knots. Bird in outline stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12731, blue, 20 cents (English Price 1/-), furnishes design and outline for bibs. White mercerized cotton No. 25 or 30 is used for the work. The scallops are padded and buttonholed. The leaves and petals are in raised satin stitch, stems in outline and circles in eyelets or French knots.



No. 12733—Decoration for Collar and Cuff Set



No. 12654 Makes a Decorative Carriage-Pillow

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12654, blue, 20 cents (English Price 1/-), furnishes the design and scallop shown on this baby-carriage pillow as well as a duplicate. Mercerized cotton No. 20 and No. 12 needle are used, with design worked in raised satin, stem, and seeding stitches. White handkerchief linen is used.

No. 12730—Dress 8458 Prettily Decorated with Embroidery

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BILLIE BURKE writes—"The impression of youth in a woman's face is merely the health and freshness and vitality of her skin. Real beauty can not be had by covering blemishes and imperfections with cosmetics. It can only be had in a natural way, by building up the perfect skin from beneath. My greatest aid in accomplishing this has been Mineralava, the constant and faithful use of which has kept my skin in a state of radiant health, so that today my contour is as firm and my face as colorful and fresh as when I was a young girl."

Billie Burke

Science as an Aid to Beauty

By HECTOR FULLER

Imperfections of the skin, marring the beauty of the human face, are not merely dirt to be washed away from the surface. They are functional disorders which must be reached—and cured! You cannot reach them by massage which stretches the skin and breaks down the delicate tissues. You accomplish less than nothing by trying to cover the imperfections with cosmetics.

One perfect remedy, endorsed by surgeons and dermatologists; praised by beautiful women everywhere, is the great natural discovery, Mineralava!

SIR ERASMUS WILSON, M.D., F.R.S., CONSULTING SURGEON OF ST. PANCRAS HOSPITAL, LONDON, tells us in his authoritative book, "Healthy Skin," that the human skin is made up of two distinct layers: the outer skin called the Epidermis; the inner, or true skin, called the Dermis. The outer skin, having no blood vessels of its own, slowly withers and flakes away; but all the time the under or baby-skin is growing—ready to take its place. The vital care of every woman should be, then, to keep the inner skin in a state of robust health, and the one and only way this can be done is by stirring up and stimulating an active blood circulation through all the tiny muscles and nerve tissues of which the under skin is composed. Kept healthy and vital by increased blood circulation, the under skin is able to throw off, through the pores, the poisons and impurities which mar its health. Without this stimulated circulation and nourishment, the under skin instead of having muscles and tissues alert with vitality, sags into flabbiness, and lines and wrinkles appear. Lacking the much-needed circulation, the skin becomes sallow and dead-looking, a prey to pimples, blackheads and enlarged pores; subject to all the blemishes and imperfections which destroy beauty.

To surgeons and skin specialists this condition is known as *skin malnutrition*, and it is this condition for which Mineralava is the only specific. It is the sole remedy which corrects these conditions and prevents their recurrence. It not only corrects the blemishes you can see, it works constantly and invisibly on the under skin, nourishing it to a ripe and lovely texture so that it is ready, as the old skin flakes away, to take its place new-born and beautiful.

Although in its early stage the use of Mineralava was confined to exclusive beauty parlors, there never has been a scientific treatment for the face and neck so convenient for home use. Apply Mineralava with a brush; allow it to dry, which it does in fifteen minutes; remove with cold water.

Manufacturer's Note

At the urgent request of thousands of our good friends, the men and women behind the counters in Drug and Department stores, we have decided to place on the market a 50c trial tube of Mineralava, so that every reader of the PICTORIAL REVIEW may know its value. If you are thus introduced to MINERALAVA for the first time, use these three treatments and you will, like millions of others, be certain to add the regular bottle size with brush for easy application, and the Mineralava Face Finish, which acts as a tonic and a perfect base for powder, as a regular part of your toilet requisites.

In Beauty Parlors many women paid $5, $10 and even $15 for a single Mineralava treatment. Today Mineralava comes at $2.00 a bottle, each bottle containing enough for 18 treatments; a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. Try it and if it does not perform all that we claim for it, your dealer has our positive authorization to refund your money in full. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 10 East 38th Street, New York City.

Introducing the MINERALAVA Trial Tube

The Mineralava Trial Tube is merely an introductory size that will enable you to prove to your own satisfaction the wonderful merits of Mineralava.

Use the treatments as directed and you will, like millions of others, buy the regular size bottle with brush for applying. The regular size bottle of Mineralava—$2.00—contains eighteen full treatments, slightly more than ten cents a treatment.

After using Mineralava it is pleasant and beneficial to apply Mineralava Face Finish, a perfect skin food and tonic and an ideal base for powder. Its price is $1.50 a bottle.

Remember!

MINERALAVA absolutely removes all lines and wrinkles!

MINERALAVA tightens sagging muscles!

MINERALAVA banishes all complexion blemishes!

MINERALAVA restores the bloom of Youth!

Go to your Druggist or Department Store. Ask for Mineralava in the Trial Tube. If your Drug or Department Store does not have it, fill out the coupon below and we will at once forward to you the trial tube of Mineralava, and see that your dealer is supplied to fill your future requirements.

Mineralava is impossible of successful imitation; even to experiment with any of the so-called imitations of Mineralava is to defraud yourself. It can't be imitated!

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Enclosed find 50c for which send me a MINERALAVA Trial Tube.

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Makers of silk underwear and stockings make tests and find safest way to wash them

SILK is not perishable when it is properly cared for. With the right laundering it will outwear cotton or even linen. Careless washings will quickly ruin it—weaken the fibre, yellow the silk and destroy its lustre.

It is as important to the manufacturer as to the wearer to find the safe way of laundering silks. For this reason the makers of McCallum Hosiery and Van Raalte Silk Underwear had thorough washing tests made.

Read the letters from these two companies. They tell many interesting things about washing and why, as a result of these tests, they are eager to have their customers wash silks in Lux.

—

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept.C-9, Cambridge, Mass.

McCallum Hosiery Co.
Northampton, Mass.

Lever Brothers Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.
Gentlemen:

We had street stockings in black, brown and grey, and evening stockings in cerise, emerald, and pale blue washed in Lux, following very closely the directions given, being especially careful to cool the Lux solution.

It is important to wash colored silk stockings in lukewarm water. Very hot water may cause the color to bleed.

Each pair of stockings was given the number of launderings the average stockings receive.

The stockings were still in excellent condition at the end of the washings. The color changes were not noticeable and the silk was in good condition, strong, springy, and with no frayed or broken threads such as appear when rubbing is necessary or when a harsh soap is used.

Many people do not know that a strong soap not only fades silk, but it weakens it and destroys the lustre.

The excellent results we obtained with Lux were due only in part to the fact that it does away with rubbing; themain factor in our minds is its mildness and purity. If silk hose are washed, following the directions, with Lux after each wearing they will give longer service.

Very truly yours,
McCALLUM HOSIERY COMPANY
C. B. McCallum
President.

VAN RAALTE COMPANY
FIFTH AVE. 30TH to 31ST STREET
NEW YORK

Lever Brothers Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

No silk undergarment gets harder usage than a vest, so we had three flesh colored silk vests, of sheer, medium and heavy quality, launcered in Lux the average number of times an undergarment is washed before it wears out.

The vests lost astonishingly little color - there was practically no fading. In fact, at the end of the washings, they were about as soft and lustrous as when new.

We attribute our success with Lux especially to its purity. A very harsh soap or soap flake is ruinous to silk. The mild Lux lather cleanses so quickly and with such gentleness that it is impossible for it to injure the garment. We are glad to recommend it to the women who wear our silk underwear.

Very truly yours,
Bernard Van Raalte Co.

LUX

How to wash silk underwear and silk stockings

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly to keep colors from running. Press suds through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring.* Silk underwear should be stretched into shape and rolled in a towel. When nearly dry, press with warm iron—*never a hot one.* Silk stockings should be pulled into shape while still damp. Hang in the shade or indoors.

They last longer if they are not ironed. If pressed, iron on the wrong side while still damp with a warm iron. Stockings clocked in contrasting colors should be dried with tissue paper inside to absorb the moisture.

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Dainty Picturesque Apparel for the Rising Generation

1178—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch tricotine—1¼ yard braid for trimming collar. This frock of tricotine is both smart and practical for school days. Double box-plaits are formed at the side-fronts and a leather belt holds in the fulness at the waist-line.

9270—Child's Pantalet Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar, cuffs, and trimming-bands. Appliqué, in design 12629, gives a novel touch to this little pantalet frock. The motifs may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in blanket, chain, or buttonhole stitches.

1177—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 yard 54-inch tweed—1⅛ yard 54-inch check tweed for skirt—2¼ yards lace for collar—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. Tweed makes a practical dress for the schoolgirl.

1225—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed—2¾ yards 36-inch lining for jacket. The suit consists of a jacket and front-closing knickerbocker trousers.

1236—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch figured voile—4 yards grosgrain ribbon In place of voile this frock could also be developed in a soft silken fabric, such as crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, satin or Georgette crêpe.

1007—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch satin—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and applied plait. For more practical wear the suit could be developed in French serge, Poiret twill, corduroy, tweed, or cheviot.

1098—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tweed, 6 yards ribbon for trimming.

1169—Girls' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch taffeta—1¼ yard 36-inch contrasting taffeta for lower section and piping. Appliqué, in design 12564, gives a smart trimming note to this little frock. The design may be cut from contrasting silk and couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

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Individuality of Lines Is Conspicuous in the Newest Frocks

1198—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting for collar and facings—⅛ yard 36-inch check silk. The dress closes in front in slot-seam effect. The one-piece flowing sleeves are slashed up from the lower edges, showing the arms. The panels at each side extend below the hem of the skirt.

1176—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch covert cloth—2⅜ yards 1-inch velvet ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This dress shows the popular tunic effect, with open front, smartly trimmed with narrow ribbon tabs. The two-piece skirt is laid in plaits at the top, and attached to a sleeveless underbody, also closing in front.

Dress 1176

Dress 1248

Dress 1198

Dress 1213

Dress 1242

Dress 1260

Dress 1250

Dress 1259

1242—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch lace for collar. The dress slips on over the head, closing on shoulders. The handkerchief draperies fall in graceful folds at each side.

1260—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch charmeuse—1¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for vestee and cuffs. Plaited panels of Georgette add to the smartness of this frock which is suitable for informal wear

1248—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch velspun—½ yard 36-inch satin for inserted vestee and collar—4¾ yards braid—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A coat-frock of this description is smart for many occasions and shows the long line so becoming to the average figure. The skirt and sleeves both show the uneven line of treatment.

1213—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine—1⅛ yard green braid—4⅜ yards red braid—8⅞ yards wide braid. The dress slips on over the head, and closes at center front. A collar finishes the V shaped neck, while the fulness at the waist line is held in with a novelty girdle.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

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Soft Silks Contribute to the Supple Expression of the Mode

1144—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch satin charmeuse—⅝ yard lace and 1¾ yard edging for collar. The long loose panels are attractively appliquéd in constrasting colors, in design 12564.

1120—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—⅞ yard 40-inch contrasting satin for collar—2⅛ yards novelty braid—3 yards ribbon for sash. Panels at either side of the front give this model a splendid long line effect.

1252—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette—3 yards 40-inch satin for foundation—⅝ yard 36-inch lace for collar. The irregular outline of the collar gives it the effect of drapery that is very softening.

1262—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs, and vestee—2¼ yards lace—4 yards velvet ribbon. Long sleeves, gathered to wristbands in peasant style together with the graceful swinging panels at the sides of the skirt mark this model as being distinctly up-to-date. Embroidery in design 12596 is carried out in flat satin stitch with silk floss.

1126—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting—3¼ yards ribbon for sash. An enlivening touch of color is supplied by the embroidery worked in raised satin stitch in design 12510

1200—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar and front inserted section—3 yards ribbon for sash. The border forms a novel trimming on the waist, in design 12559, and is worked in simple embroidery, stitched in silk floss

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Quaint Lace Collars Lend Charm to the Smart Evening Gown

Blouse 1265
Skirt 9774

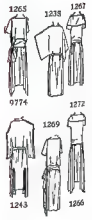
Dress 1238

Dress 1267

Dress 1243
Beading 12601

Dress 1269

Blouse 1272
Skirt 1266
Beading 12612



1265—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9774—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1¾ yard 36-inch satin for outer front—3½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2⅝ yards monkey-fur—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. When dress is made of Georgette a satin foundation skirt is worn.

1243—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch satin—3⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for overdress—2 yards ribbon for sash—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The beading on overdress is very effectively carried out through design 12601 in steel or iridescent beads.

1269—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—1¼ yard 9-inch lace for collar.

1238—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Georgette. The winglike draperies which fall from the shoulders in graceful folds, edges of the arm openings, and V-neck are finished with beads. A satin foundation slip is worn.

1267—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch satin—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette for panels—2¾ yards 10-inch lace for collar and panels—3¼ yards velvet ribbon. The collar and ends of the flying panels on the skirt are of wide lace which makes a very effective trimming. A cluster of silver roses adds a dainty finish to the ribbon girdle.

1272—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1266—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch taffeta for skirt—3¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for waist and panels—2⅛ yards Georgette frilling—10 yards picot ribbon for girdle. The panels hang below the skirt and a very effective trimming is carried out in design 12612 worked in crystal or iridescent beads.

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Fall Styles Provide a Play for Novel Trimmings and Soft Fabrics

1129—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch French serge—¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for vest—8⅛ yards braid—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Serviceable for street and every-day wear is this frock with becoming tunic blouse and new peasant sleeves. A vestee of white crêpe de Chine fills in the deep V opening.

1017—Ladies' Slip-on Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch wool poplin—⅛ yard 18-inch tucked vesting. This youthful model is made with a tucked skirt and wide sleeves gathered to wrist-bands.

1210—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe. Easy to get into as well as to make is this one-piece frock with long side-panels. The latter lend a novel touch by forming pockets. A simple beaded design, 12558, trims the skirt and may be carried out in glass beads, adding considerably to the attractiveness of the frock.

1209—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2⅛ yards 40-inch satin for gores—⅛ yard 18-inch tucked vesting—⅛ yard 1¾-inch lace to trim vestee—3 yards narrow grosgrain ribbon. The decorative note is furnished by the beading design 12320 which borders the collar and skirt drapery. The design may be carried out in crystal, steel, chalk or iridescent beads. Picoting is also a feature of this frock.

1207—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 42-inch wool éponge—¼ yard 36-inch white linen for vestee—8¾ yards braid. To complete the Fall wardrobe, one should have a neat frock like this to slip on for practical wear. It is a youthful style and is easy to make. The front of the waist is open to display a tiny vestee of immaculate white linen. The pockets are the stitched-on variety and the sleeves are long.

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Slimness Is Preserved in Cloth and Silk Frocks for the Matron

9976—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 42-inch wool éponge—⅜ yard 40-inch satin for collar, cuffs and vestee. A dress like this will give one excellent wear and can be made in a very short time as it is a simple, one-piece style.

1208—Ladies' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe —2⅜ yards 40-inch satin for foundation —¾ yard 36-inch lace Posed over a satin slip is a one-piece frock of Georgette which is open all the way down the front and has wide flare sleeves of lace. The narrow girdle of satin is slipped through fancy cut steel ornaments.

Dress 1030 Embroidery 12612

Dress 1203

Dress 9976

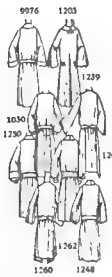
Blouse 1239 Skirt 1266

Dress 1260

Dress 1250

Dress 1262

Dress 1248



1239—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 1266—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 40-inch crêpe Romain—¼ yard 36-inch lace for vestee—1 yard 36-inch lining. Expressive of the prevailing mode for early Fall wear is this soft frock of crêpe Romain. This material is not as transparent as Georgette but is soft, sheer and very fashionable. Picot-edged panels add interest to the skirt. The waist has wide flowing sleeves and is plain except for a tiny vestee of heavy lace.

1030—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe for waist—2⅛ yards 54-inch tricotine for skirt and panels. The combination of silk and woolen materials is finding favor for the street frock and is very well suited to the model shown The waist, which is made of the Canton crêpe in a contrasting color is embroidered with silk floss in allover effect in design 12612. Couching, running or outline stitch may be used.

1260—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool crêpe—⅛ yard 36-inch lining. Knife-plaited side-panels finished with novel ornaments are the center of interest in this good-looking model. The waist is collarless and has a set-in vestee.

1248—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch satin-crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch net for collar and vestee—2¼ yards lace edging—2½ yards lace insertion to trim—1 yard 36-inch lining.

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Separate Skirts and New Blouses that Register Smart Simplicity

9570—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. No. 9905—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 26 requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed.

1089—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. No. 9974—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch velvet. The beading on the blouse, design 12574, may be carried out in steel, crystal, opalescent, colored glass, or chalk beads. The design outlines the deep slash in front and also the slashes in the sleeves.

Blouse 1197
Beading 12662

Blouse 1089
Skirt 9974
Beading 12574

Blouse 9570
Skirt 9905

Blouse 1239

Blouse 9848
Skirt 1060
Embroidery 12095

Blouse 9770
Skirt 9308

1188—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. Beading, in design 12560, forms an allover design on the front section of blouse. The beading may be carried out in crystal, chalk, opalescent, steel, jet, or colored glass beads. If preferred embroidery may be substituted, worked out in running or chain stitches.

9989—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine. The blouse slips on over the head. The long sleeves which are gathered to straight wrist-bands are slashed up from lower edges showing the arms, and the lower edge of blouse is gathered to straight bands which are finished at left side with sash ends.

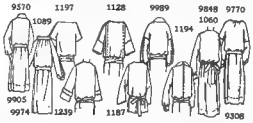
Blouse 9989

Blouse 1128
Beading 12560

Blouse 1187
Braiding 12319

1187—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Tie strings are attached at the side-fronts and tie in a bow at the back. The braiding, design 12319, which outlines the oval neck, slash, sleeve edges, and the lower edge of blouse may be carried out in silk soutache braid.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 89



Blouse 1194

Blouse 1197
Beading 12612

1194—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch novelty voile—¼ yard 36-inch plain voile. The blouse buttons down the back which extends over the shoulders forming a yoke effect.

1197—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe for bands and girdle. The beading in design 12612 may be carried out in chalk beads.

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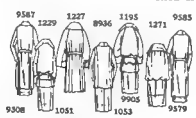
Longer Coats Tend to Keep the New Silhouette Quite Slender

9587—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 40¾ inches. No. 9308—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—3¼ yards 36-inch satin to line jacket. Well-cut tailored lines mark this up-to-date trotteur suit, distinguished by its length of coat, slenderness, the double inserted pockets, long pointed revers, two-button closing and patent leather belt with small steel buckle.

1229—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 28 inches. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch velveteen—2¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. No. 1051—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plaid worsted. The smart easy lines of this jacket blousing a bit over a suède belt, with its unique deep cuff turned up all around the hem, and flaring collar are rather appealing from an artistic point of view. The fashion of wearing Scotch plaid skirts with separate jackets of contrasting material is much in vogue at present.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 89



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A Glimpse of What Fall Has in Store for the Miss

1230—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch velvet—2¼ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket. No. 9904—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plaid. For sports wear this velvet jacket combined with a plaid skirt would be ideal. The jacket is finished with an applied band which is left open, forming pockets.

Jacket 1230
Skirt 9904

Jacket 1196
Skirt 9392

Coat 1228

Dress 1253

Dress 1189

Cape 9896

1228—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth—3¾ yards 36-inch silk serge for lining. A novel touch is introduced in the patch pockets which are covered with deep flaps extending beyond the lower edge of the pockets.

1253—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The side panels are stitched to form pockets, the top lapping over forming pocket flaps.

1196—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9892—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Bodice Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch tricotine—2½ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket.

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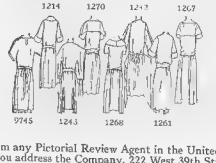
9745—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅓ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 40 inch crêpe de Chine, in contrasting shade, for piping. The dress closes on the shoulders and is slashed down from the neck edges both front and back. Picoting finishes the edges of the panels.

1214—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅔ yards 54-inch tricotine. The dress is slashed and closed at the center front. The embroidery border, in design 12596, furnishes an attractive color note, and may be developed in wool or rope silk.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 89



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New Kiddie Frocks that Flaunt Dainty Trimmings

8967—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch tweed —1¾ yard 36-inch satin for lining. Stitching forms the only note of trimming on this smart little tweed coat.

1264—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅜ yard velvet ribbon. The embroidery, design 12564, may be carried out in flat satin, outline, or lazy daisy stitches with silk floss.

1263—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch voile—4¼ yards insertion. This little frock would be equally as dainty if developed in organdy, fine batiste, dotted swiss, or for more elaborate wear Georgette crêpe or crêpe de Chine would be cunning.

1255—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—2¾ yards insertion—3 yards frilling.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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1237—Ladies' Brassière Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires ⅔ yard 32-inch coutil—1¼ yard edging to trim

9224—Ladies' Corset Cover. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch dimity. The neck and sleeves are scalloped in white cotton in design 11661.

9975—Ladies' One-piece Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36 inch longcloth. The charm of this gown is its simplicity, the only trimming being the scalloped edge, worked in cotton floss, in design 11661 and knots of ribbon.

1257—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe—3 yards insertion. Piped in shell pink with pink ribbons is an idea which will add to its daintiness.

1232—Men's Golf Shirt. Designed for 14 to 18 neck. Size 15 requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch chambray.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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FASHIONS

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1092—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch wool jersey—⅝ yard 36-inch cretonne for trimming—2⅜ yards braid. The dress is gathered to a yoke which is square in front and round at back.

1233—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen—6 yards braid. Little cherry motifs, in design 12623, are applied to this little bloomer frock. They may be cut from colored linen and couched down in chain, buttonhole, blanket, or outline stitches.

1179 Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years Size 14 requires 4½ yards 36-inch linen—4¼ yards ribbon—6 yards insertion. The embroidery design 12623 may be carried out in outline or running stitches or French knots.

1234—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe, ⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting for yoke and sleevebands—3 yards ribbon for sash.

1247 -Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—9¾ yards frilling—3 yards velvet ribbon.

1235—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for vestee and sash. Embroidery, in design 12506, gives a novel touch to this dress. The design may be worked in flat satin stitch with rope silk or embroidery wool.

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1260—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch veldyne—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar—2¼ yards narrow braid. This dress shows another smart version of the popular slip-over-the-head type, and would be equally effective made of serge, tweed or a silk fabric. The lines are long and graceful.

1259—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch Roshanara crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch satin for collar—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

1251 -Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch charmeen—1⅝ yard 36-inch net for collar and band on sleeves—8⅝ yards braid for binding—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1241 —Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe back satin—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The effective decorative note is supplied by design 12574 worked with beads and embroidery.

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1230—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8509—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch lace for vestee—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. One of the season's most charming afternoon frocks is shown which interprets the vogue for long-paneled skirts and simple low-belted waists. The long sleeves are slashed and caught into the narrowest wristbands. A touch of rose of the same material as the dress provide a most unusual trimming effect. Braiding, in design 12319, also contributes toward the trimming. Silk soutache braid may be used.

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1250—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch kasha cloth —⅝ yard 36-inch satin. Simplicity and conventionality are the controlling factors in this smart street frock.

1208—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch satin glace for collar, cuffs and vestee—1⅝ yard edging—7⅛ yards silk braid—1 yard 36-inch lining.

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1197—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The front of blouse and the short kimono sleeves are trimmed with beading. The design, 12662, may be carried out in steel, crystal, chalk, opalescent or colored glass beads.

1239—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch satin crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vestee—2⅛ yards braid for trimming—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9848—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. No. 1060—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 30 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 26 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch velours. The embroidery, design 12095, if worked in bright colored silk gives a very effective touch to the blouse. Raised or flat satin, lazy-daisy or outline stitches may be used.

9770—Ladies' One-piece Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 9508—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tweed.

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8936—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 25 inches. No. 1058—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 yards 54-inch velour—2½ yards braid to bind—3 yards 36-inch satin to line jacket.

1195—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 28½ inches. No. 8905—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 yards 54-inch velour—2¼ yards 36-inch satin to line jacket. The scallops on the deep turned-back cuffs and bottom of the Russian blouse, and high turned-back collar produce a youthful look quite refreshing from the usual strictly tailored suits. The belt is of soft suède, and the collar is stitched with two rows of rather large stitches.

9385—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 40 inches. No. 9079—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3¾ yards braid to bind —3 yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. In order to keep the prevailing silhouette, which is built on slender long lines, the jackets of street suits have been elongated until they reach sometimes within a foot of the skirt hem. The pointed revers are bound with black braid which runs down the open edges of the coat and there is a linked one-button fastening.

1227 -Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch imported tweed—4¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The extremely large "haversack" pockets, and raglan sleeves tend to produce a rather English air on this top-coat. As for the stole collar, it may button high with one large button. A belt of the coating completes a harmonious whole.

1271—Ladies' Wrap. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch Roshanara crêpe—4½ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining—⅝ yard 36-inch extra lining for foundation back.

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1189—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch tricotine—1¾ yard 36-inch satin.

9896—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch velvdyne—⅞ yard 9-inch fur banding for collar —2⅝ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe for lining. This practical cape is gathered at the neck and finished with a wide collar of fur. The diamond-shaped trimming-pieces are novel.

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1243—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 18 and 20 years and 38 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 18 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch satin—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The dress closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The tunic is in two sections, gathered at the upper edge, the front one being pointed at the lower edge. The neck and sleeves are embroidered in design 12509, and add a most attractive finish in raised or flat satin stitch.

1270—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 36-inch lace for collar—3¼ yards 3-inch ribbon for sash. A dress of this type is particularly dainty and girlish and suitable for many occasions. It would be equally attractive made with or without the applied flower motifs shown on the skirt. Beading in design 12319 furnishes a smart sleeve finish and may be carried out in iridescent, steel or chalk beads.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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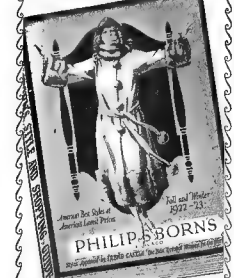

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

1242—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. The dress closes on the shoulders, while the neck is perforated for oval-shaped neckline in front and straight outline at the back. Panels are inserted in the underarm seams, and extend below the lower edge of dress.

1201—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—1⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for panels—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The panels, which may be side-plaited, or gathered, are attached to the upper edge of the skirt, each side of the center-front. The crushed girdle closes at the left side.

1208—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—1¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar and panels—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This would be a delightful frock for informal evening wear, or for the dressy afternoon affair. Beading in design 12560 is effectively used to border the collar and sleeves, as well as to furnish a most attractive decoration for the skirt, especially when steel or iridescent beads are used

1207—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch satin—3⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for panels—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A frock of this type would also be equally pretty made entirely of Georgette. The deep collar adds a particularly youthful note.

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9805—Child's Panalet Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 27-inch chambray—1⅜ yard 32-inch check gingham. Little appliqué motifs, in design 12562, are applied all around the lower edge of dress. The design may be cut from colored scraps of chambray and couched down in blanket, outline, buttonhole, or chain stitches.

1249 Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—2¼ yards ribbon.

1172—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

1023—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar—¾ yard ribbon.

1094—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch velvet—1½ yard 9-inch camel's hair banding—2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

1090—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen. Fruit motifs, in design 12564, supply the only note of trimming on this frock. The motifs may be cut from colored linen and couched down in outline, darning, chain, buttonhole or blanket stitches.

1133—Girls' One-piece Cape. Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch tweed—1⅞ yard 36-inch Canton crêpe for lining.

1244—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Braiding, in design 12379, outlines the oval neck, waist extensions, and side panels. Silk soutache braid may be used stitched down in tiny running stitches.

1096—Girls' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch check—3⅝ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining.

1256—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch voile—1⅝ yard frilling.

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1238—Ladies' Dress Collars. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ¼ yard 40-inch material for collar at left—⅝ yard 40-inch material for center collar—½ yard 40-inch material for collar at right.

1245—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. For illustration at left size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1¼ yard ribbon.

8970—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, 44 and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch China silk—1¼ yard banding—1 yard ribbon for straps. No. 1240—Ladies' Two-piece Step-in Drawers. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2 yards 36-inch China silk—1⅝ yard insertion. A band of lace trims the sides and tiny pink crêpe de Chine roses would be very pretty placed in each corner of the skirt portion.

1254—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch material for upper sleeves—¼ yard 40-inch material for lower sleeves. Sleeves, of course, are made from the same material as the gown or contrasting lace or crêpe.

1245—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3⅜ yards wide ribbon—2⅜ yard narrow ribbon. Illustrated at right of page.

8555 Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, 44 and 48 bust. No. 1246—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, 44 and 48 bust. The set in medium size requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch medium silk—4⅝ yards insertion 1¾ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. The combination consists of two-piece bloomers and a two-piece petticoat

PUTTING SALT ON THE BLUEBIRD'S TAIL

By MAY P. HOYT

SOMETHING new in the way of a game for the children's party is a subject every mother is interested in.

Here is one I originated for my own children with great success. You remember the old saying, "Catch a bird by putting salt on his tail." This gave me my idea for the game.

First cut out a bird eighteen inches long from cardboard or thick paper and color in blue with crayon or water-colors.

Spread a single sheet over the rug on the floor of the room in which you wish to have the game and pin it down on the four corners, placing the bird in the center. Have a salt-cellar, the kind you shake, full of salt, a large handkerchief, and a piece of black charcoal pencil, and you are ready.

Blindfold each child in turn, placing the salt-cellar in the right hand, and explain that he is to walk forward and catch the bird by shaking salt on his tail

CHILDREN should be started about six feet from the bird, and by number. This number should be marked on the sheet, as near as possible to the spot where they should start, so there will be no dispute at the end of the contest as to which is the winner.

When all have had a turn, decide who has shaken the salt on or nearest the bird's tail, and give out prizes accordingly. The farthest away should receive some funny bird prize if possible.

All the prizes should suggest birds—

A box of candy with bird picture on cover.
A book on birds.
A cup and saucer with bluebird pattern.
A vase with bird scene.
A quill pen.
A feather fan, and many other little articles will suggest themselves to you.

This game also gives much fun at family gatherings, where the older ones seem to enjoy participating in the watching also the amusing efforts of the others, who often carefully shake the salt in the most absurd places.

WHEN planning the refreshments for a children's party be sure to keep them simple, as mothers do not like to have their little folk given too many sweet things.

The following menu was used recently and proved very popular:

COCOA WITH MARSHMALLOWS
THIN WAFERS ANIMAL SANDWICHES
FROZEN CUSTARD

Do not make the cocoa very rich, and when serving float a nice big marshmallow on top of each cupful. Make the animal sandwiches of thinly sliced buttered bread and a chopped fruit-filling. On the top of each one place a small round of frosting made from powdered sugar, cocoa, and milk. In each round stand an animal cracker.

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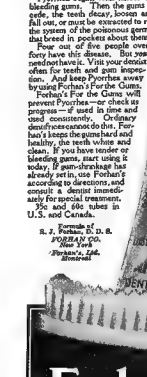

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

plaining the contradiction, only he couldn't think of one nor could he make up his mind to ask her. It was with a sense of escape from all this that he launched a subject that could be talked about.

"You needn't worry any more about that Cape Cod idea," he told her. "That's all fixed. I told Henry, yesterday, that I meant to keep you round with me for a while before you went anywhere; but he gave me sort of a hint that I'd better talk it over with Margaret, myself, so I dropped in there to-night on the way home. The invitation's still open; any time you want to go down there for a week or two, we're to let her know a few days ahead. But she understands it won't be for the Summer."

Beatrice said, rather dryly, "I suppose she's broken-hearted about that." He suppressed a momentary irritation over the tone she'd taken and answered simply that Margaret was disappointed, all right, but that she'd been perfectly friendly about it.

"They're all perfectly friendly with you, seems to me," the girl commented.

Joe said he was glad they were. "One thing I've learned in fifty years is to take the best advice I can get whenever I'm off my own beat. And there's probably nothing I'm more ignorant about than bringing up young girls. So if Margaret or Jennie MacArthur or Mrs. Williamson feels friendly enough to offer me any suggestions, I'm just that much ahead. So far as I know, there aren't any professional consultants in that field, tho it's plain there ought to be."

All this was said into a vacuum. She'd turned, petulantly, her back upon him and gave no indication even that she'd heard. His patience under this sort of treatment would have amazed Jennie MacArthur.

"I don't know just how we're going to manage things," he went on, a prostratory good humor transforming the words. "It's the biggest handful I ever tackled. You see, you can't live here alone, a prostitutory good humor transforming the words. "It's just the servants, if only for the look of the thing. It looks to me as if the thing to do was to hire some middle-aged woman to be a sort of governess-companion for you and housekeeper on the side. Then I could go away, when I had to, without leaving you high and dry. I'm going to have to be away a good deal, too, this Summer and Fall especially. Even when I'm not away, you're alone too much in the daytime. She could take you to matinées—all sorts of places where you wouldn't want to go alone. And mornings she could give you lessons. She'd want to be the right sort, of course. But there wouldn't be much trouble about that; there are plenty of them to choose among—some Englishwoman, I suppose, would be best."

STILL without looking around at him, she asked, "What kind of lessons? History and French and things like that?"

Her tone was muffled, ambiguous; and it was this, more than anything else, that made him hesitate. "Why, I suppose so," he answered dubiously.

"Manners, too?" she inquired. "How to talk with an English accent and never raise my voice? And what kind of clothes to wear, so that that nasty little Dorothy Williamson can't laugh at me behind my back?"

"Look here, Trix," he commanded. "We've been over this before. You ought to learn their game. It's no disgrace not to know it, but it's silly to make a fuss about learning it, when you've got the chance. It will put you at a disadvantage. It won't be hard to do. I know a girl who learned enough of it to get by, and she'd never been one Summer. And she was a real roughneck, to begin with; an illiterate little musical-comedy kid, in a way. Used to get worked up an imitation stunt they let her do. She got a chance at a part she wanted, but a friend of hers told her that, to make good with it, she'd have to change her voice, speech, way of moving around—everything. Instead of getting sore she sailed in to do it; spent whole days somewhere she had the right sort of people around, and she didn't miss a trick. Watched how they did things; listened to everything they said; and, when the piece went into production, she walked on and knocked 'em cold. And she had the time of her life learning it, too, she said.

"You would, too, if you'd take it like that. But you go around flinching at everything and imagining people are laughing at you, you can be damn unhappy. It *is* imagination, mostly, with you. Certainly no one was laughing at you last Sunday up at Williamsons'."

She whipped round upon him with a furious contradiction. "They were! A whole lot you know about it! You weren't there to see!

"I could see you were having what sounded like a good time."

"I laughed too loud, I suppose," she commented. "Oh, some of the fellows were decent enough. But the girls, especially your darling Dodo— Oh, she makes me sick!"

"She's no darling of mine," he declared—with a grin, for the notion that Trix might be jealous amused him. "Go after her, if you don't like her. Beat her at her own game. Take her boys away from her. Show her up— Only you won't do it by wishing you could. Let me hire you the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Missing Heirs

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We invite you, without obligation, to send for your copy of this Questionnaire. We ask you to co-operate with the new forces in the motion picture industry by making this free test of your creative talent in your own home.

We shall be frank with you

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is the largest seller of motion picture scenarios in the United States. It is in business to secure scenarios for which producers will pay large sums.

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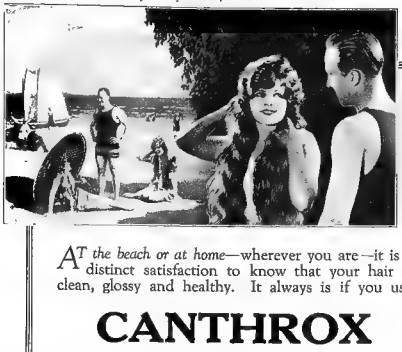

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

right sort of governess, and after she's showed you the ropes you'll be able to give Dodo the laugh."

"That isn't what you want her for," the girl said, with sulky conviction, at the end of a long stare. "You want her because those women have been telling you how horrible it is for me to have any fun my own way; going anywhere alone, or taking drives with nobody but George— George Burns, I mean."— This in answer to his sharply interrogatory frown.— "I suppose Dodo would call him Burns. They've made you ashamed of me, too, I guess. That's why you think I'm like that musical-comedy kid you told me about. Did *you* hire a governess for her?"

"Don't be a fool, Trix!" He hadn't meant to be as sharp as that, tho, and he paused to get control of a quieter manner. "I'm sorry, but I guess you didn't know how that sounded. Nobody's said a word to me about Burns, and I'd never thought of there being any special harm in it, but of course you ought to have some one besides a professional chauffeur with you when you go out on long drives. And when it comes to entertaining your friends here, you can't have young men coming to see you and finding you alone; nobody but the servants. Even for going anywhere at night, when I'm away, you'll want some one. I hadn't thought it through as far as that before. We'll call that settled, I guess, Trix."

BUT he saw it was anything but settled in his daughter's mind. "All my life," she said, with a sort of vicious quietness, "I've had people sticking their noses into the things I was doing, telling tales on me, making mother say I couldn't do this or it was wrong to do that. And now you talk about hiring some one to do just that thing. Well, it isn't what I came here for. If you trusted me you wouldn't mind having people coming to see me without a chaperon spying on me all the time. But you don't trust me; that's the trouble. You asked me to-night who I'd been telephoning to. It wasn't anybody—but if it had been I wouldn't have told you."

She was, beyond concealment, crying now, and this phenomenon, while it paralyzed him, seemed to rob her of even the wish for self-control. "You wouldn't have thought of it, yourself," she sobbed. "It's all been put into your head—that I'm a freak that has to be taught how to act, and watched to see that I don't do anything awful—Jennie MacArthur and Mrs. Williamson—and 'Margaret'!"

She crumpled her handkerchief into her fist and beat on the table with it. "I'm not going to have your mistresses telling you what I'm to do," she cried. "Nor an old maid that's trying to marry you, either!"

He reached across and seized her by the arms. "What the devil do you mean by that?" he roared at her. She wasted no breath answering; her single-minded purpose was to break out of his grip. Her teeth were locked, her face flushed, her eyes blazing. "You listen!" he went on during a panting lull in the struggle. "If you were a boy you'd get the finest licking of your young life for saying a thing like that. Being a girl, you oughtn't to know enough to pay it. But this is the fact, and don't you ever forget it. Jennie MacArthur is as good a woman as your mother is. And for anything I know to the contrary she may be other, Mrs. Williamson is, too— You little wildcat! Stop fighting and I'll let you go."

But with an unexpected sudden wrench that pulled him a little off balance, she broke away, "I don't have to stay here," she panted from the doorway. "I can go back to California. I've got the rest of that thousand dollars—where you can't find it." Another sob got in the way of whatever more she had to tell him, and she fled to her room and slammed the door behind her.

SHE left her father completely disorganized, like a man just awakened from a nightmare, tremor running through his muscles in ripples, his mouth dry, and the only thought he was capable of, an incredulous assertion that it couldn't have happened.

He had been wont to argue with Jennie that quarrels did him good, opened his pores, stimulated his mind, made even his disposition more benevolent. It was nonsense to pretend that there was anything poisonous about them. Evidently, tho, quarrels with his daughter went into a special class.

The sober processes of reflection, when he had cooled down enough to make them possible, brought him little comfort. He had a sense of irreparable injury done to a precious fragile thing. It might be patched together after a fashion, but it could never again be as it had been before. He felt no abiding anger against the girl—was unable, indeed, to remember what she had done to provoke his explosion. He loved and admired her more than ever; her courage in fighting him off, defying him, even while his hands had gripped her. No tears, then! No hint of surrender.

For hours he sat in the chair he'd risen from to spring upon her, smoking, sipping whisky, meditating in a mood of deepening melancholy. Jennie MacArthur had warned him that his plan wouldn't work,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

and it looked as if Jennie, once more, was right. It would have worked, too, but for his infernal temper. The girl was like him; was more, in every way, his daughter than either of them had dreamed possible. They might, if he had not smashed the possibility to bits, to-night, have become the finest sort of comrades—an alliance, defensive and offensive, against the world! He'd like to prove Jennie wrong, for once.

Where the devil, he wondered, had Trix picked up that fantastic idea about him and Jennie? She couldn't have thought of such a thing by herself. Some one must have told her the slander in so many words. He'd manage to find out who the traitor was, if it was the last—no, the next to last—thing he ever did.

He got up, stiffly, feeling old, and went out into the passage on his way to bed. Outside his daughter's door he stopped to listen. Until that moment it hadn't occurred to him to wonder how she had spent the intervening hours. Had they been as miserable for her as for him? Had she been weeping quietly over her own defeated hopes? The thought brought a lump into his throat.

SHE wasn't weeping now. It was dead still in there. Then came her voice, young, clear, unmuffled. "Is that you, Dad?" His own would not at once respond to command, and she went on, "If it is, come in." It was an invitation he'd never had, nor sought, before.

She switched on the night-lamp as he entered, and patted the edge of the bed as the place where she wanted him to sit. When he was seated she held out both hands to him, displaying the full length of her bare arms. His finger-prints were upon them both, in the livid discoloration of bruises.

"Good Lord, Trix," he cried, aghast, "did I do that to you?"

She nodded, with a smile of friendly mischief. "I bruise awfully easy," she explained. "Sometimes when it hasn't hurt at all. It's been kind of lucky, in a way. It kept grandfather and the rest from getting rough with me. They never punished me except by shutting me up, and I could usually get out, somehow."

"You *can't* go back to that," he said.

"No," she admitted, soberly. "I couldn't go back there, even if Mr. Whittington wasn't going to marry mother. But I can go back to Hollywood. I'm practically sure I can get a job there."

"Then you can't forgive me?" he asked.

"Of course I do!" She seemed astonished at the question. "It was mostly my fault, anyhow. It seemed as if I just *had* to get you mad. I don't know why—exactly. But I'm crazy about you, Dad. I think you're the most wonderful man in the world."

"Then why," he demanded, "do you talk about going off and leaving me? Is it just because I wanted to hire a—companion for you?"

She stirred uneasily at the question; it wasn't one, apparently, that she had a categorical answer for. "I could have got on well enough with my mother," she said at last, "if grandpa and grandma hadn't kept butting in all the time, putting ideas into her head and making her go back on things she'd promised. I *hate* nosey, interfering people, whoever they are— So when I saw those women deciding things for you—about me—changing you round just as they liked, it made me so mad I didn't care what happened." She added, after a moment's pause, "I'm glad I found out about—Miss MacArthur, tho."

"Trix," he asked, "do you mind telling me—it's just a matter of curiosity—who put an idea like that into your head? It was a hell of a thing to do, whoever did it."

"Why, nobody did it," she declared, instantly, wide-eyed. "Nobody but you and her. The way you acted together, her calling you Joe and knowing such a lot about me and telling you you needn't stay and work that day unless you liked. When you were supposed to be her beau! And the way you liked it, and wanted to sit around and talk. I don't know. It struck me as natural, that day, all."

"But how could it? That's what I want to know. How could you think of a thing like that? Or don't you know what it means?— I can't even talk to you about it!"

She smiled up at him, incredibly composed, gentle with his embarrassment. "Dad," she remonstrated, "am I supposed to think you've lived all these years since you left mother—like a monk in a monastery?"

HAD he been a mere disinterested bystander, his fine ear might have spotted that line as a quotation, picked up, treasured—rehearsed perhaps. As it was, nothing of the sort occurred to him. He stared at her in astonished silence while she, having got the whip-hand of him now, went on:

"You hate having me know things like that, and if I was going to stay with you I suppose I'd have to pretend I didn't. I guess that's the real reason I can't. You want a nice little girl, and I don't believe I ever was that. I always hated to be bossed. I wanted to find things out for myself. But everything they found I wanted to do, they told me I mustn't. They were afraid I was going to be like you, and they were trying

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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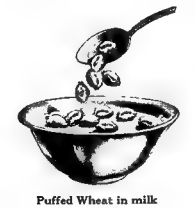

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The good-night dish

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2—All word lists must be received before midnight, Nov. 15th, 1922. Address Reefer's Yeast, Reefer Building, Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Any one may enter as many times as desired, but each list must be accompanied by a Contest Card. Contest Cards will be mailed on request.

3—Contestants who have sent little or nothing for Reefer's Yeast Tablets will be judged for the highest prize provided a request for Contest Card is received before midnight, November 15, 1922.

4—Only English words will be counted. Words spelled alike but pronounced differently will not be counted. Only the simplest of the plural of a word will be used, but (as), digested and plural will not count. Flesh article or subject can be given only one time. Slang words will not be used. Obsolete words or words, such as tenderloin, tenant, or tendon will not count. Weather is considered. Where several words are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a word substituting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for any word only.

5—The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "R" will receive first prize. The second largest list will win the second prize. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants and not controlled by any predetermined list of words, selected or known only to being the "correct list of words."

6—For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.

7—Only one list of words people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However only one prize will be given to any one household or any one person.

8—If a contestant sends as more than one list of words, only the last list of words received, postmarked before midnight of contest will be considered.

9—Use paper on one side of sheet. Put your number each page and sheet. Your name, number of list of words, full address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. It will aid the judges materially if you will separate your words alphabetically. Use a pen and ink or pencil. Do not use a typewriter.

10—Failure to do so, however, will not disqualify you. Use no magazine or handwriting affect your score. Typewrite or write plainly. Your list of words will be judged solely on its merits. The decision of the judges will be made by the Contest Committee appointed by the E. J. Reefer Company. They will judge the contest fairly and will award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each and every decision of the judges will be accepted by all those who have entered the contest as final and conclusive without argument or question. All contestants agree to abide by the decisions of the judges as a condition to entering the contest. Duplicate prizes will be paid upon receipt of any ties that may occur. In case a tie should exist between two winners, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each. Duplicate prizes will be paid upon receipt of any ties that may occur. In case a tie should exist between two winners, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

He didn't mention to John that, for three months, he had put in odd hours designing a harvester that would pull flax up by the roots. He was always as secretive with his immature ideas as a cat with her blind kittens.

"All right," said John, "we'll plan to go out there some time, within the next week or so."

"Why not call him up," Joe asked, "and see if he's there now? If he's really got anything to tell me, the sooner I know it the better. Unless you've got something to do that you can't get out of," he added, for John looked dubious and unhappy.

"Why, I have, as a matter of fact," he said, uncertainly.

JOE grinned in his beard. He could manage it to-morrow, he said, tho it was a pretty full day. And he was going North to-morrow night.

"To-morrow's impossible for me," said John. "Oh, damn it, yes, I'll make it today. If Nicholson's there, I'd promised Dodo I'd go to a ball-game with her—Giants and the Cubs. But she'll let me off, I guess."

Nicholson was at home and would be glad to see them. So the date with Dorothy had to be broken. (Joe made a mental note to tell Trix about this and a promise to take her to the game to-morrow. Ball-games were a thing he hadn't thought of as a resource for her.) The two ate lunch together, and immediately afterward, in Joe's roadster, drove out the Elgin road to Nicholson's. It was a fine hot July day, sultry and rather still, with the possibility, low down in the western sky, of a Summer storm.

Joe enjoyed the afternoon thoroughly. He'd never liked John Williamson so well before; he had never had as little the sense that they belonged to two different species. They talked, for the first time, at ease, and found, within rather narrow limits, a common language.

As for old Nicholson, he proved clear treasure-trove. He was wild, possibly a little mad, utterly unsound in all his scientific ideas; and his manners, tho somewhat more elaborate, were as outrageous as Joe's own. But he was a perfectly real, unaffected person, happily living a life that was just about as he wanted it, and as sublimely indifferent to collective opinion as he was to the facts of physics and chemistry.

He and Joe, as they tramped out to the flax-fields and back to the "laboratories," and as they sat in his veranda discussing a hospitable supply of Scotch and soda, argued and swore at each other, until, by five o'clock, they were old friends. It was about this time that John was called to the telephone. Joe took advantage of the interruption for a look at the sky.

"We're going to have a hell of a big rain before night," he remarked.

Old Nicholson nodded. "I could have told you that this morning, when you telephoned, only you wouldn't have believed me. For that matter, I could have told you a week ago. Got it written down in my almanac, if you want to look. I've got a weather bureau of my own out here that makes those meteorological experts the Government pays good money to, look foolish."

Joe would have asked for a look at the almanac (it ought to be an amusing thing to see) if Williamson hadn't come back, just then, with something else to talk about. It was Violet who had telephoned. Dorothy had driven her out to Hickory Hill—this was Graham Stannard's and Rush Wollaston's farm—and, with the storm coming up, she didn't care to let the girl drive back. The Nicholson place was only three or four miles away, and Violet's idea was that John should pick them up at Hickory Hill and drive them home. "I told them," John concluded, "that we'd come out in your car, but that I didn't think you'd mind taking me over there, and, perhaps, take Violet home in my place. That little roadster of Dodo's would be a tight fit for three. It's taking you a lot out of your way, of course."

The request pleased Joe. It was of a piece with the more companionable feeling he'd been aware of between them all the afternoon. He would be late for dinner—and he'd been punctual as a commuter since Trix had been promoted to the head of his household—but he'd contrive to telephone from somewhere and let her know what to expect.

THEY left Nicholson's at once, but the stop at Hickory Hill used up a good deal more time than they'd counted upon. They were an attractive lot of people there, with whom it was easy to linger and chat—Miss Wollaston, whom Joe had already met at the Cravens', and Graham Stannard, convalescing from his desperate illness of the Spring; the two boys, and, utterly in her element, young Sylvia. They had an amusing house which Joe had to be shown over. Then there were chains to be put on the cars, and the vigorous discussion of what would be the best road, in view of the now imminent storm. No road was good all the way, and most of the detours would be tricky in bad weather.

It amused Joe to note that there never was the slightest question in John's mind as to how their party of four should be divided up. John, and nobody else, was going to drive his precious Dorothy over those tricky detours. Violet, he believed from a gleam he caught in her eye, was somewhat dryly aware of the same thing.

Joe, with Violet, started out ahead; but the position was reversed as soon as it began to rain, for he pulled out to the side of the road at once and began putting up the storm-curtains, and the others came on by, passing with a derisive honk from John and a shouted comment, only half audible, from Dorothy. Her idea seemed to be that the storm wasn't going to amount to anything and that the rain felt good anyway.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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THE GREERS: By Henry Kitchell Webster

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

"They'll go on like that till they're soaked," Violet said, discontentedly, "and then they'll put up the curtains to keep the wetness in. I'm like a cat about getting wet," she added. "I hate it."

Joe's car had a right-hand drive, and his levers, especially with the hand-brake set and the storm-curtains up, barred his entrance to the driving-seat. It was raining in good earnest before he'd finished with the curtains, and, in the light of that last remark of hers, he hesitated to ask her to get out so that he could get in.

"I can climb in over you," he suggested, "if you don't mind being squeezed a bit."

"I don't mind," she said, and he clambered in, over her knees. Then he reached across her and buttoned the last curtain fast.

THE state of his mind and feeling toward her, when they had started out from Hickory Hill, would have satisfied the most exacting husband in the world. John Williamson, had he possessed the clairvoyant power to read it, would probably have smiled over it as not quite credibly austere. No human male of virile years could be expected to set ou upon a long drive with as pretty a woman as Violet for his sole companion without a little more disposition to improve the shining hour—oh, in a perfectly harmless, decent way, of course—than could be ead in Joe's intentions.

Her sensuous appeal to him was completely in abeyance. She was John Williamson's wife, and John was, after all, a thoroughly good fellow. She was also, in a way he'd never been lucky enough to experience before, willing to make friends with him. He wanted her for a friend, on Trix's account as well as on his own. And then, last and first and all the time, he was that newly discovered being, Trix's father. Emotions awakened on the night of his quarrel with her hadn't had time to subside into commonplace tepidity. The chance that Trix's father should even glance aside at the amorous possibilities of another woman would have been unthinkable to him—when he left Hickory Hill. But when he started the car, after that pause to put the curtains up, there had been a change.

The subtlety of the sense-perceptions, when they are trained and relied upon, as Joe's were, is beyond language altogether. It was with perfect innocence that he suggested it migh.n't be necessary for her to get out of the car in order to let him in, if she didn't mind being squeezed a bit. But some quality of her voice when she answered, "I don't mind," roused him. She had inflected it in a thoroughly matter-of-fact way, too. There was the same message in the feel of her body as he crowded across it, in the non-withdrawal of her breast from contact with his arm as he buttoned the curtains, in her discovery of the wetness of his coat, and in the way she helped him out of it. A series of acts which could have been described in precisely the same words might have told him nothing at all, might have left him as coolly unconscious of her sex as he'd been when he stopped the car. There wasn't the faintest doubt in him of the authenticity of the message. Whether she'd meant to convey it, or even was aware she had, he couldn't feel sure.

He called up a sullen resistance to meet it. He drove bruskly and hard through the pounding rain. His left hand was kept busy sweeping the windshield clear with the squilgee, and every time his arm came back to the driving position it had to crowd its way in beside her body. There was nothing tender about the way he did it. He talked, doggedly, dully, about old Nicholson and his flax and his mad ideas. He talked about the Wollastons and the success John's wife was making at Ravinia. Anything that would press back his consciousness—and his awareness of hers—that they were shut in together snug and close against the storm, alone and secure; of their bodily warmth, the nearness of flesh to flesh.

She did nothing to help him. She said little, made no conversation of her own. And what she did say was no longer friendly but curt, preoccupied. Well, he knew—he knew too damned well—what her preoccupation was.

He gave over trying to talk at last, and drove all the harder. He could feel his heart pounding like a sulky motor. The rain had increased to a cloudburst. It looked like a solid wall of water he was driving into. There was only a lurid dusk of daylight left, and the two misty pencils from his headlights illuminated nothing.

"I suppose it's dangerous to go on through this," she remarked, indifferently.

"It'd be a damn sight more dangerous to stop," he growled, and didn't know whether she had heard or not. She gave no sign, anyhow, that he could hear or feel, and he didn't turn to look.

But within a minute or two the question of going on was settled for him. He had been balancing the car on the crown of a newly worked dirt road. It was a trick comparable to walking a tight rope, and when a loose stone threw him a little to one side the car instantly became unsteerable. He killed the motor and braked as hard as he dared, which wasn't much, to check their momentum, but there was no way to stop their side-slip. The only question was whether they would bring up in a ditch, in which case the car would no doubt roll over, or against a cut-down bank. It depended on which was there.

Violet laughed as she felt them going, but not, he noted, the sort of laugh one might expect. There was nothing of panic in it. It was only a matter of seconds before they brought up against the bank and stopped with a jolt which threw her violently upon him.

For a moment her body was like steel, every muscle stretched taut; but even so she made no movement away from him. He eased the position of his shoulder by slipping it under her, and at that, with a gasp, she went soft. His arm closed round her and held her where she was.

"You're a good sport," he told her, hoarsely. "There's no telling where you're going to bring up when you start a side-slip like that."

Her answer was hardly articulate. "—been slipping a long while" was what he thought he heard.

He felt an imperious need to see her face, and, reaching out with his free hand, he switched on the dash-lamp. She flinched at the faint glow, but made no spoken protest. The little light made the outer darkness deeper. The rain shut them in like a many-folded curtain. "Oh, God!" he whispered, helplessly. Then, with a laugh, "I guess there's nothing we can do about it."

"Not a thing," she murmured.

He pulled her up higher so that her head fell back upon his shoulder, and kissed her upturned mouth, hotly, unequivocally. Then he drew back and stared down into her face.

HER eyes, wide open, luminous, returned his gaze with something in them that confounded him—an impossible thing. Innocence! The incredulous, half-terrified awakening of a new surmise! She was a mother of a grown girl. She had been married the better part of twenty years. But she made him think of Beatrice.

He shifted her over to her own side of the seat, gently enough, but with a movement of sudden resolution; then he clenched his hands on the wheel. "We can't go on with this," he said, holding his voice as steady as he could. "It isn't easy to pull up, but it can be done."

He didn't look at her; gazed out fixedly through the windshield as if he'd been driving the car. But he was aware of her, slumped down a little in her seat and shuddering. She gave no indication of listening to him, but he plunged heavily on, in spurts. The mess had got to be cleared up somehow, now, before it grew any worse.

"That's the way we feel about each other, all right; there's no getting away from that. Have from the first, I guess— But it isn't the only way—not with me anyhow— It's nobody's fault this happened. Just bad luck. And there's no harm done, yet—It's a string we can't play out, that's all. We don't want to play it out. You don't want to make a fool of your husband, and neither do I. And I do want to be friends with you—the other way. I want you for a friend, for Beatrice. And this would spoil all that. We can't have it both ways. And we can't go half-way and stop. It's got to be all or nothing—with us— I'm not saying it's easy." His voice rose and his grip on the wheel tightened. "It's a hell of a thing—the way it—jumps on you, out of the bushes. But it's not the only thing in the world."

SHE turned upon him, now, and the movement brought his eyes round to her for the first time since he'd begun speaking. She was still trembling, and her eyes were bright, but with a furious anger. "Oh, you're—unspeakable!" she cried.

"For telling the truth?"

"The truth!" Rage made her almost voiceless. "I wouldn't have listened as long as I did if I'd understood what you meant. The beastly thing you meant."

"We meant the same thing, for a minute or two," he told her, bluntly. "It shocked you to realize it. Well, it shocked me, too—tho you may not believe it. And I thought the only way for us to get back on the other basis—as friends——"

Frantically, she snatched the word away from him. "Friends? With you? After the—*beastly* things you've done—and said?"

"It's the saying that's the crime," he commented, grimly. "What we did wouldn't have mattered, to you, I guess, if we'd pretended it was nothing— *Aren't* you any realer than that?"

"If you speak to me again," she declared, wildly, "I'll get out of the car. I'll wade in the mud till I find somebody who'll come back and—" She shrank away from him, leaving the threat to be guessed at, buried her face in her hands, and began crying like a child.

He clenched the wheel again, fighting down the impulse to take her up in his arms again. He knew what would happen if he did. She'd struggle for a minute, and then go soft again—and they'd be back where they were before. The old Adam in him was grinning at him for a fool to have taken her so seriously. Even a prudential consideration whispered that she'd be less dangerous—less troublesome, anyhow; she couldn't be dangerous—so dealt with, than as now. But he sat still, and the wave passed, leaving him cool, unmoved, as if the storm had never been.

Outside, the storm was, he finally decided, thinning. He looked cautiously round at Violet. She'd about stopped crying, too, tho her face was still buried in her hands. "If you'll let me out," he said, "I'll see what can be done about getting started again."

She stepped down into the road without a word or a glance at him. When he came back, twenty minutes later, with some boards he'd found, she was at first nowhere to be seen, but presently he made her out by the faint daylight that was returning as the sky cleared, up on the bank a little distance away, looking down the road. He gave no sign of having seen her, but when he went to work jacking up the wheels and sliding the boards under them she came down and asked him, composedly enough, if he needed her help. She remained near by, just the same, when he told her he did not, and even volunteered a remark about the weather. She suggested taking the curtains off before they started on again, and a something peremptory in her voice when she said it was all that slanted in any way toward what had happened between them. She took her place beside him with no appearance of hesitation.

They had a wild mile or two slithering over those inclined planes of clay which made what was supposed to be a road. Repeatedly they began sliding toward one of the ditches or the other, and it wanted all his skill and sometimes most of his strength to avoid disaster. She said very little, but she showed a perfectly normal concern for his success, and by the time they were safely upon gravel again he felt that she was, in balance and tone, much the same person with whom he'd left Hickory Hill. But of her intentions toward him, the sort of *modus vivendi*, if any, she meant to offer him, he had no inkling whatever.

He was conscious of a growing intangibility about her as she became more at ease. Indeed, it struck him, amusedly, at something she said, that she'd have said just that thing, and in just that tone, to Jeffrey, her chauffeur. But his last impression of her that day was to be of a different sort.

They had slowed down for a right-angle turn in the road when simultaneously they saw the other car, standing in a drive that led up to a big, comfortable-looking farmhouse. Joe stopped at once, and began backing to turn in.

"You needn't do that," she said, sharply. "I can get out right here." She added, when he went on without obeying her, "I've already been in the mud, so it's too late for that."

She was fumbling with the door-handle, so, instead of cutting forward, he went on backing the car, across the culvert and up the drive. He made her no other answer until she demanded furiously, "Why don't you do as I say?— What are you going to do?"

"I don't even know your husband's in that house. I suppose he is. But I'm not going to leave you till I can turn you over to him—as good as I got you."

Again he saw she was trembling violently. "You—*cad!*" she whispered.

"I'm not going to tell him anything," he said. "I'm going to let him have a good look at me, that's all."

BY NOW he had stopped his car before the door. She sprang down and fled up the path to the door-step, but he followed, only a pace behind. At the door she turned and spoke to him in the high, clear, cultivated, leisurely tone which connotes security and place and unlimited assurance. "I'm *terribly* sorry you don't think you can stop, but I know how frightfully late I've made you, already. Good-by."

But her face made of that manner a pitiable travesty. She was on the verge of the complete demoralization of panic. She couldn't endure seeing her husband and her daughter in the same room with him. Not to-day, at any rate. There was clear hatred of him in her eyes, but there was appeal as well, and this he couldn't resist.

He turned sharply away and was getting into his car when John Williamson opened the door. He waved one hand while he slid his transmission-lever into first speed with the other. A moment more and he was driving as fast as he could back to town—and Beatrice. He didn't care a damn what John or any of the rest of that gang thought of him.

The third instalment of "The Greers" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published September 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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Mrs. George Guiterman, the day she started reducing the new way

Mrs. George Guiterman, 8 days later Note the wonderful improvement

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days Through New Discovery

Without Drugs, Medicines, Exercise, Starvation, Baths or Massage

"HURRAH! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and am feeling fine," writes Mrs. George Guiterman of New York City, whose photographs are shown above. "I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get to sleep; but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months."

To lose 13 pounds in 8 days, without discomfort, without distasteful dieting, exercise or drugs, does seem almost miraculous. Yet it is really a familiar story to thousands of formerly stout people whose experience with this new method has been somewhat similar to Mrs. Guiterman's—they also have reduced anywhere from a pound a day to ten pounds a week.

Gains Health, Vigor and Appearance Also

Best of all, Mrs. Guiterman can continue to reduce her weight, rapidly or slowly, just as she pleases. And when she reaches the exact weight she desires she can retain that weight, no increase and no further reduction. All this is completely under her own control.

Study again the two photographs, taken only 8 days apart. They are shown exactly as produced by the camera—no alteration or retouching has been permitted.

Even in this short period, folds and facial lines have vanished. Notice particularly the improvement in the eyes. The heaviness and listlessness which, sooner or later, so often appear in the eyes of stout people have gone and in their place is a brightness which shows that the *years* have disappeared with the flesh. You see in the eyes the most convincing evidence of the *additional* benefits which come when unhealthy, dangerous fat is removed, provided the proper method is employed. Increased health and vigor; deep, restful slumber; soothed nerves; all these are the result of this wonderful new method which, because it follows Nature's own law, brings youthful spirits and energy as well as youthful form.

As one grateful woman says, "It is like being asked to step into a brand new body, marvellously like what the old one was years and years ago; a body of graceful lines, fairly tingling with health and capable of any sort of physical exertion."

Results in 48 Hours

Even in so short a time as 48 hours there is a considerable reduction of weight, a clearing of the skin, brighter eyes and a firmer step which shows you that at last you have found the one safe, easy, natural way to regain youthful form and vigor.

And yet you make no change in your daily routine. You do pretty much as you please. You continue to eat the food you like—in fact, instead of giving up the pleasures of the table you actually increase them. All you really have to do is to follow one of Nature's simple laws; in return, Nature gives all and exacts nothing.

You can begin at once, the moment you make up your mind, to lose as much weight as you please. You actually can so regulate this wonderful, newly discovered law that you can reach your ideal weight in a definite time—on a date set by yourself. You can take off just as much or just as little fat as you choose. And when you have reached the weight you have decided on—your normal, perfect weight —you can retain it without gaining or losing another ounce.

You Actually EAT OFF Weight

Thousands of people are now eating off weight by this new method. Men who were so stout that even walking was a torture, men who had to deny themselves many pleasures and activities because of their burdensome flesh, report a most amazingly rapid return to normal weight and to youthful strength and energy. Stout women, who always felt tired and listless, who had to deny themselves the colorful, fluffy clothes they liked to wear, marvel that this one simple, easily followed method has enabled them to attain their ideal weight so quickly. Besides having eaten down to normal weight, they feel refreshed, strengthened and brightened, and they enjoy their meals more than ever before.

Read What Others Say—

Lost 32 Pounds

"Both my husband and myself were benefited by following the suggestions given in Weight Control. I lost thirty-two pounds."
Mrs.....
Charleston, W. Va.

Takes Off 19 Pounds

"If the directions given in Weight Control are carefully followed, they will give the required results. I lost nineteen pounds . . . and have my diet regulated so as to remain at the same weight for the last year."
Mr.....
Edgar, Neb.

Brings Weight Down 39 Pounds

"Am thankful that my attention was called to your course on Weight Control. Since January 30th of this year I have reduced 39 pounds. I have taken off 5 inches around the hips, which helps some.
"When I first started reading Weight Control I weighed 260 pounds, and could hardly walk a block without resting. I now walk ten miles by actual time every morning, weather permitting and do it easily."
Mr.....
Holton, Kansas.

Now 40 Pounds Lighter

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory.
"I lost forty pounds."
Mrs.....
Glens Falls, N. Y.

Now Weighs 30 Pounds Less

"Am glad to tell you of my experience with your lessons. I succeeded in reducing about thirty pounds, so feel that they do all that you claim for them."
Mrs.....
Doland, South Dakota.

Names and addresses of the writers of above letters will be sent, on request, when you order the course, if requested.

The Secret Explained

Scientists and specialists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control is based. But to discover this vital law of foods had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world famous food specialist, to discover, after years of experiment, the one safe, certain and easily followed method to regain a healthful, normal weight.

He discovered that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain food combinations cause fat—others *consume* fat. For instance if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you have already stored up is used up in energy.

There is nothing complicated, nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to properly combine your food.

The combinations which bring these desirable results are so much better, so much more appetizing than the *wrong* combinations that it will seem strange to you that your palate could have been so easily satisfied in the past. You will approach your meals with more zest than you have for many a year, will enjoy them more thoroughly. You will even be able to eat many delicious dishes which you have been forced to deny yourself in the past—for you will be shown how to combine your meals in such a manner that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

Free Trial of This Method

Elated with his discovery, and with the new hope, the renewed vigor and joy of living which it would bring to thousands of stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated all this valuable information in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons, under the title of "Weight Control, the Basis of Health." This is offered on free trial.

Here is what this course will do for you: It will bring your weight down to normal. It will make your flesh firm and solid. It will give a new glow to your cheek, a new sparkle to your eye, a new spring to your step. It will give you charm, grace, attractiveness. And all naturally and without the slightest harm.

Prove this for yourself. See your own unnecessary flesh vanish. See why all dieting, medicine, and exercises, are a mistake. See how this new discovery gets right down to the real reason for your stoutness and removes it by natural and delightful methods.

No Money in Advance

Send no money. Just put your name and address on the coupon. The course will be mailed you at once, IN PLAIN CONTAINER, and $1.97 (plus postage) paid to the postman will make it your property. If it doesn't do what we claim or if you are not fully satisfied in every particular you may return it within five days and your money will be refunded.

As soon as it arrives weigh yourself. Then make up your mind as to how much weight you wish to lose the first week and each week following. Try the first lesson. Weigh yourself the next day and notice the remarkable result. Still, you've taken no medicine, no exercise, put yourself to no hardships, done almost nothing you would not ordinarily have done. You'll be as happily surprised as the others who have quickly regained a beautiful, normal figure in this new, delightful, scientific way.

Mail the coupon now. You be the sole judge. But mail it this very minute before you forget. Surely you can not let so positive an opportunity to reduce to normal weight pass by unheeded. Think of the surprise and revvy you will create among your friends by your renewed appearance just one short week after you begin this wonderful method.

Remember, no money, just the coupon. As we are receiving thousands of orders daily from all over the United States for this remarkable course, it will be wise to send your coupon at once, for it is almost impossible to keep up with the demand. Some may have to be disappointed. Don't wait to lose weight, but mail the coupon or write a letter NOW, and profit immediately by Dr. Christian's wonderful discovery. The course will be sent in a plain container.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-8810, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-8810, 43 West 16th St., New York City:

You may send me, prepaid, in plain container, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it to you within five days after its receipt. It is, of course, understood that you are to return my money if I return the course.

Name.....
(Please print name and address)

Address .....

City .....

State .....

If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a postcard.

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